

RANDOM NOTES  
OF A  
TRIP TO EUROPE.



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# RANDOM NOTES

OF A

# TRIP TO EUROPE,

— BY —

JOSEPH DAVIS.

1876-77.

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SALEM, MASS.:

SALEM OBSERVER STEAM PRESS,

1883.

CARD  
CATALOGUES,



## P R E F A C E.

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In the winter of 1875 and '76, being somewhat fatigued by twenty-five years of active business life, I felt that a year of recreation amid foreign scenes might give needed rest to the mind, and increased strength to the body; so I broached the subject of a tour to Europe to Mrs. Davis. She received the suggestion with many misgivings, because of her strong love of home and of her great dread of crossing the ocean; but, thinking that the trip would give me rest, she overcame her misgivings, and gave a favorable answer to the proposition, with the proviso, however, that all the children should be included in the party. This condition was cheerfully accepted, and until the time of our departure little was discussed in our family circle except the contemplated trip to Europe, which seemed to us all a great undertaking.

In June, our party sailed from New York.

It consisted of Mrs. Davis, myself, and our five children, whose ages ranged from nineteen down to three years, as follows: — Wilbur H., Joseph Edwin, Alice Lillia, Florence Mudge and Ruth Mable. It also included Miss Isabella Craig and Mr. B. F. Watts. When aboard ship, the thought came to me, why not keep a journal, and send it home from week to week, to meet the request of many friends who wished us to write them an account of our journeyings. We would thereby save the members of our party much letter writing. This idea was carried out, and proved to be a happy expedient for satisfying the friends and kindred whom we had left behind.

After returning home, we found that the notes which had been forwarded were quite voluminous, and very much worn by use. A few friends also desired copies of them to preserve. I never dreamed of making a book of this material until one day chance threw me in the way of an old friend with considerable literary taste, who urged me to print my notes, kindly offering to see them through the press. After some hesitation, I accepted this

suggestion and gave my journal to the printer. These sketches of thirteen months' travel are not intended for the public eye, but only for family, kindred, and a few intimate friends. They would interest no others. Even the few who may read these pages must overlook their many imperfections, for they are simply off-hand sketches of scenes, incidents, and experiences, written at odd moments by one seeking relief from overwork amid new and novel surroundings, in foreign lands. Read with this feeling, we hope they may give at least temporary pleasure to those who were interested in our journey.

LYNN.

J. D.



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## RANDOM NOTES

— OF —

# A TRIP TO EUROPE.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE VOYAGE OUT.

*Atlantic Ocean, June 25, 1876.*

##### FRIEND CHASE:—

Anticipating our arrival in Queenstown, where the American mail is taken on shore, I sit down to write a few notes of our voyage thus far, thinking a brief account may prove interesting to yourself and other friends.

*Friday, June 16th.* We left our home “by the sea” on this bright and cheery day, but with feelings far from being in unison with the weather; for we realized all too vividly, that we were bidding adieu to many kind friends, home and native land for the dread hazards and uncertainties of a voyage across the broad

ocean. I will not attempt to describe the varied emotions that filled my mind as we took leave of you at Lynn, nor especially our thoughts on that first night at sea, when we saw the land gradually fade from sight, and realized then, still more forcibly than ever, that we were going from home into a world of strangers! Suffice it to say, that those were three memorable days in my calendar, and the sentiments and emotions awakened in my heart by the events of our departure will never be forgotten.

*Saturday, June 17th.* We arrived in New York by the Fall River line, this morning, and proceeded immediately on board the "big ship" that was to be our home for the next nine or ten days. Having been shown to our state rooms, we at once went to work to get ready for sea, and soon had things "fixed," and baggage stowed away as well as our inexperience would allow; but it was a good while before we got used to the situation. On deck as well as below, all was confusion and bustle among the passengers and the many friends

who had come to see them depart. A lady friend from Hartford, Conn., was among the number who had come to bid us *bon voyage*.

At one o'clock precisely, that splendid ocean steamer, *City of Richmond*, commanded by Captain Brooks, on board of which our little party had taken passage, steamed gaily down New York harbor, passed rapidly out through the Narrows, and, in a few hours, was gallantly "ploughing the waves" of the broad Atlantic.

At four o'clock we all sat down to a hearty dinner, which was greatly enjoyed, as the excitement of the day and the cool sea breeze had given us keen appetites. At six o'clock we took our last sight of the land, and felt for the first time that we were indeed upon the "mighty deep."

That night found part of our family seasick, and the next morning, only Mr. Watts, Wilbur, Miss Craig, Florence, and myself were at breakfast.

*Sunday, June 18th.* This was our first Sabbath at sea, and a beautiful day it was. Our good ship ran 275 miles. At ten o'clock the

cabin passengers and part of the crew attended Divine service in the main saloon, where the Episcopal service was read by Captain Brooks in a fine, clear voice, all present joining in the responses, while ever and anon was heard the dash of the waves against the ship, or the deep murmur of the wind through her cordage. Altogether, it was to me a most impressive service.

*Monday, June 19th.* The weather continued fine, and the ship's run showed 320 miles. The same members of our family continued sick. The rest of us were well and gradually becoming acquainted with the passengers, who were very pleasant people.

*Tuesday, June 20th.* The weather still held good, but with a heavy swell to the sea, which made our sick ones still more miserable; Mrs. Davis and Edwin especially feeling badly. Ship's run this day was 335 miles.

*Wednesday, June 21st.* This day found us "off the banks" of Newfoundland, the weather

being foggy, and the sea quite rough. Mrs. Davis and May rallied a little and went to the dinner-table, only Edwin remaining sick. Mrs. Davis couldn't help feeling considerably "blue" over the general situation, but the children were quite happy.

*Thursday, June 22d.* A cloudy day, with high winds; but, as these were favorable, all sail was set, and our gallant ship flew over the waves "like a thing of life." Distance made, 333 miles. Towards night it grew very cold, and we were told we were in the neighborhood of icebergs. Not a cheering thought!

*Friday, June 23d.* The morning opened with a heavy rain, which kept the passengers below. At roll-call, I found our party all well, except Mr. Watts, who was feeling poorly, having a bad headache. The day promised to be tedious, but we were reconciled to our fate, for we knew we could not leave our floating home for the shore, as the vast ocean surrounded us. So far, since leaving Sandy Hook, we had passed but few ships, and seen but few living objects. Our run to-day was 318 miles.

How impressive the scene, and how solemn the thought that we are amid the great ocean, with the deep waters beneath us, the immense arch above us, and with no other objects to remind us that we belong to an inhabited world! My admiration for the early voyagers who fearlessly crossed the Atlantic in their frail barks was immensely heightened, and I was profoundly touched with the wondrous things of God.

*Saturday, June 24th.* Weather beautiful, the sun shone brightly, and everybody was cheerful. This day we made 334 miles. Mr. Watts was better, and all our party for the first time took breakfast at the table. As for myself, I began to feel a little proud of my ability as a sailor, for I had not had a moment's seasickness, nor lost a meal, since leaving New York. Florence came next; and indeed we found it difficult to satisfy her appetite. Edwin was the sickest. May was slightly sick for a day only.

Our ship's company comprised about eight hundred persons; one hundred and fifty in the

cabin, of whom about one-third were ladies and children; officers and crew, one hundred and fifty; and about five hundred steerage passengers; quite a population, you see! The cabin passengers were soon well acquainted with each other, and proved very pleasant companions. Among them was only one Bostonian (Mr. Train).

We amused ourselves in various ways. Some played shuffle-board and quoits on deck; others played card and chess in the saloon. The grand excitement of each day, however, was the "pool selling" on the ship's run. Forty persons, for instance, put in fifty cents each; this was called the "pool;" then a lot of numbers ranging from 300 to 400, were put into a box, from which each person drew one; these drawn numbers were afterwards put up singly and sold at auction; the sales would vary from nothing up to two, ten, or fifteen dollars a number, according as bidders thought the numbers would correspond to the miles run by the ship; these sums were then divided between the "pool" and the owner of the number; then, when the ship's run was an-

nounced, the person who had purchased the winning number received the entire amount in the "pool," which sometimes would amount to a hundred dollars, or even more. One day my number was 327, and sold at auction for two dollars and a half; one dollar and a quarter of this went to the "pool," thus leaving me a net profit of seventy-five cents. The chance of proving the winning number of course belonged to the one who bought it at the auction. Although this undoubtedly savors strongly of gambling (a vice which I always abhorred on shore), yet the monotony of ship-life leads one to look upon it at sea as merely a pastime to enliven the otherwise weary days' delay.

The day closed with a beautiful sunset. During the whole twenty-four hours the ocean had been as smooth as a mill pond, and all enjoyed it.

In the evening we had a musical and literary entertainment in honor of what we anticipated as our last night at sea. We had readings, story-telling, music and singing. One item of the programme was called "The long and short of it." I supposed this might be a recitation,

or a dialogue.' When the "curtain rose," a tall, fine looking gentleman, Mr. Curwen by name, (a fellow passenger from Salem), advanced, and with easy dignity, took up his position on the stage, directly under the Stars and Stripes which had been arranged overhead; after standing a moment, he, without speaking a word, gracefully withdrew, and was succeeded by one of our ship's crew, whom our "Committee of Arrangements" had discovered and "pressed" into this service; as he waddled upon the stage, a little, dumpy fellow, not more than three and a half feet high, and took up his position exactly where Mr. Curwen had previously stood with his "six foot four" attitude, the audience took in the joke at once, and of course roared their applause. The whole thing was an immense success.

A lunch of "Welsh rabbit" with a few sardines on toast ended the day. Mrs. Davis and the children all enjoyed this day most heartily and Mrs. Davis remarked that she had found her appetite again, having eaten more than for many weeks before. So, "all was well" with us.

*Sunday June 25th.* Weather cloudy with considerable wind. Ship's run, 320 miles. Family well and happy. Divine services in the main saloon at ten, A. M.

The Captain informs us that we shall not come in sight of the land until after dark to-night; this is a great disappointment, but we have made arrangements to be called early in the morning, in order that we may see and admire the far-famed beauty of the Irish coast.

Thus, you see, we have nearly made the much dreaded passage of the Atlantic; and the many good wishes of friends at home for *bon voyage*, have been realized—thanks to a good ship and fine officers, and the Power that rules above. Our voyage is considered by all as having been a splendid one. I certainly have enjoyed it to the fullest extent, and shall have no dread in returning; Mrs. Davis and all the family feel the same. [Good night.]

*Monday, June 26th.* I awoke this morning at four o'clock, and going upon deck beheld the land—the most beautiful sight of the voyage. We were passing the celebrated Irish

Coast, the green grass of its cultivated borders proving indeed a joy to our longing eyes. But soon the steamer's mighty power, which had propelled us so irresistibly without cessation to this point, subsided, and we "hove to" off the bay of Queenstown. Here some of the passengers landed in a small boat which came out to receive them. We gave three hearty cheers as they left us, feeling that we were indeed parting with friends.

This has been a delightful day, closing with a glorious sunset, that kept us all on deck to watch and admire, as the great luminary, looking like a monstrous ball of fire, slowly sank from sight below the waves of the far-off horizon. Then came the twilight; so slowly and reluctantly deepening into night, that as late as a quarter to ten o'clock people were reading on the deck.

*Tuesday, June 27th.* Weather foggy. This forenoon a lighter took us from our ocean-home, and at twelve o'clock noon, we reached the landing in Liverpool and stepped for the first time upon British soil.

Our first impressions of the city were good. As soon as our baggage was passed by the custom-house officials, we went direct to the Washington hotel, where we found a good home, and where we shall remain a few days to get rested. After viewing the city we shall take a short run into Ireland and Scotland, then back to this point, then to London, where we shall expect to find letters from home. In this we hope we shall not be disappointed, for already it seems a year since we left Lynn, and we are all anxious to hear from those "we left behind us." We are all well and quite happy.

The mail leaves for America to-night, so I must close. Remember me kindly to all friends; tell them their many good wishes on our leaving home were fully appreciated, and believe me,

Yours very truly, &c.

## CHAPTER II.

LIVERPOOL—CHESTER—DUBLIN—CORK—KIL-  
LARNEY.

*Wednesday, June 28th.* Took carriage and drove around Liverpool, visiting Sifton Park, St. George's Hall, Museum and other places of note; saw nothing, however, of especial interest, except the docks, which are said to be the finest in the world. Came back to our hotel, which we find, by the way, to be a very comfortable one, indeed.

In the afternoon, thinking I would like to learn something of the railroad arrangements of the country so far as I could, I took a walk to the depot of the Great Western Railway, and, although my inspection produced no result worthy of record, there was one incident, the occurrence of which may be worth relating. As I was sauntering leisurely through and about the station, in rather a happy mood, I noticed three refreshment saloons, adjoining

each other. Over the door of one, was a large sign, bearing the inscription, "For First Class Passengers;" over another, "For Second Class Passengers;" while over the third the inscription read, "For Third Class Passengers." Struck by the oddity of the thing, I stopped and deliberately "took in" the situation; I reflected upon it; then said to myself, "this seems hardly democratic; why this invidious distinction? I wonder if the proprietor can explain! I'll try him!" So I entered the saloon labelled "First Class." The apartment was neatly, but not extravagantly, fitted up in the usual style of such saloons. Behind the counter stood an intelligent looking Englishman and a few girls, evidently the proprietor and his bar maids, while a couple of ordinary looking men sat at a small table sipping a beverage, probably beer. Assuming an air of meekness, I stepped up to the bar and, politely bowing, addressed the man behind it. "A fine day, sir." "Yes, very." "Can you tell me, sir, the meaning of the sign over your door, which says 'for first class passengers?' I am really at a loss to comprehend its meaning; and as I am a

stranger here, and shall probably need refreshments from time to time, I ask for information.” The man took my question kindly, but seemed puzzled for an answer. After a moment’s pause, he said, “My saloon, sir, is for the upper classes.” “Ah! the *upper* classes! Excuse me, sir, but how can you tell an upper class from a second class man?” The man seemed completely bewildered at the question, and stared at me without answering a word. To relieve his embarrassment I continued: “I think I now understand you, sir. The people in England respect the titled and wealthy man even though his life and character be morally bad. Our standard in America is quite different. We respect worth and virtue even though it be found among the poor and lowly. Now, my friend, if you will permit, I will take a glass of beer, although I have no title except that of an American citizen, occupying only an humble position in my native land.”

The beer was readily passed to me and I drank my first glass of beer on British soil in a “*first class*” saloon. Please do not gather from this incident that I intend to obtrude *my*

Americanism upon the people I meet here, for I do not. This was not an attempt to convert this old mother country to our young American ideas of democracy, but rather the sudden impulse to indulge in a sly joke with my “cousin John” over what struck me as a very singular and ludicrous attempt to *classify the drinkers of beer!*

Thursday, June 29th. Spent the forenoon in repacking our trunks so as to leave part of them here until our return. In the afternoon we left Liverpool at three o'clock and forty minutes, and arrived at half past four at Chester, where we took rooms at the Queen's Hotel, which is an excellent house.

Chester is a quaint and interesting old city, surrounded by a massive wall, some five or six feet thick, which, the books say, was built in the year 61 B. C. by the Romans. The top of this wall is protected by railings on each side, and affords a fine promenade, from which beautiful views of the city and surrounding country can be had.

We took a carriage and drove out to “Eaton

Hall," the country seat of the now duke of Westminster, who was formerly a marquis, succeeding to that title on the death of his father in 1869, and made a duke in 1874. He is worthy of this special mention as being reputed to be the richest nobleman in all Europe. He is about 51 years of age, and is said to have an annual income of over \$5,000,-000. His Chester estate is of very large extent, most magnificently laid out, and beautifully cultivated. We drove through a portion of these "grounds," as they are called here, and visited his immense greenhouses, which were filled with choice plants, fruits and flowers of every conceivable kind and variety.

Our ride about the town was of wonderful interest. We saw many curious old buildings, some of which were built as long ago as the year 1000 A. D. One in particular I noticed of peculiar shape and build, and bearing the date of its construction (1003) on its walls.

In 1652, the plague visited Chester, and the inmates of only one building in the whole town escaped its ravages. Upon this building was this inscription:

"God's Providence is mine inheritance."

Our driver, upon pointing this out to us, remarked, that this was unmistakably a clear case of "special providence."

Our next visit was to the Cathedral, which was undergoing repairs, so we could not enter it. This, and also St. John's Cathedral, or Church, a very old one, built about one thousand years ago, afforded us much interest. In the latter we saw a few people worshipping, gathered together in the "rebuilt" portion—that is to say the *new* part, which was rebuilt only (!) eight hundred years ago. Although our stay was necessarily short, we were delighted with our visit to this most ancient of all the old towns in England.

*Saturday, July 1st.* Left Chester for Dublin at eleven o'clock, and arrived about seven in the evening, having come *via* Holyhead, where we took a steamer which conveyed us across the Irish sea to Kingston in about four hours, from which latter place a short car ride of seven miles brought us to Dublin. We found good rooms and accommodations at the Sherburne House.

Dublin is a very plain, substantial city, without any especial attractions for visitors, and did not particularly or favorably impress me. The people had a dirty, shiftless look, and I saw more drunkenness while there, than elsewhere for a whole year. We saw the evidences of much poverty among them; and were reminded in some portions of the city, of the "low Irish" in America, by the gin-shops we saw upon every corner. We had a good opportunity to view the city, as we hired a "jaunting car" and rode leisurely through the streets, many of which are really beautiful, especially the famous "Sackville street," said to be the finest in all Europe.

Having tired of Dublin, I decided to go to Cork and Killarney lakes, leaving Mrs. Davis to finish her "shopping" and get rested till my return. As the accommodations at the Sherburne House were really splendid, this arrangement was quite agreeable to her; she was much interested in the "shopping" and devoted considerable time to it. She found the most beautiful Irish poplins for a dollar and a quarter a yard, and Irish linen in great quantities and

at very low prices. These and other attractions, together with good quarters, and a chance for a quiet rest, quite determined her to remain with the family, while Edwin and I, with Mr. Watts, set off for the south of Ireland.

*Tuesday, July 4th.* At about ten, A. M., we started for Cork, arriving there at about six in the evening. We saw many American flags flying, which awakened our American pride and reminded us that it was the "glorious fourth," the anniversary of our independence!

Cork is an Irish city in every respect. It is old and rusty, and its people have the same dirty, shiftless look that I noticed in those of Dublin. We took a jaunting car and rode around until nine o'clock, seeing everything of note in the City, after which we took lodgings at the Imperial Hotel and were glad to leave it the next morning at eight o'clock for the "Lakes."

*Wednesday, July 5th.* Arrived in the town of Killarney, at twelve o'clock, and "put up" at the Railroad Hotel, which proved to be a

finely kept establishment with beautiful grounds fragrant with the finest roses I ever saw. We took a carriage and ponies and enjoyed a splendid drive through the "Gap of Dunloe" and to the famous lakes, the scenery of which was beautiful in the extreme; but there was one drawback to it all, and that was the constant stream of beggars that beset us all day along our entire route; they live in huts in the mountains, and as we rode along they offered us goat's milk and "mountain dew," which latter we found to consist of a vile compound of rum and whiskey. These miserable creatures kept by the side of our horses and we could not drive them away except by giving money.

Near our hotel is the town of Killarney, which we visited after our return from the lakes. This town excels for filth and poverty any place I ever visited, the "Five Points" of New York not excepted; it certainly was the most miserable town I ever saw, and its poor people live in filth and degradation. The "shoe business" would be duller than it is now, were we dependent upon such places as

Killarney for support, for but few of the people wear boots or shoes.

But amidst all this squalid poverty we found the splendid Cathedral, where these poor creatures attend and count their beads, and pay over to the fat and pampered priests what little money they get.

*Thursday, July 6th.* We left Killarney at nine, A. M., for Dublin, where we arrived at five o'clock, P. M., and found our family all well and contented. Mrs. Davis had done a good bit of shopping, and had bought goods low, much to her pleasure.

*Friday, July 7th.* We leave here to-day at two, P. M., for the north of Ireland, going *via* Enniskillen and Londonderry to Giant's Causeway, and thence to Belfast, where we shall cross the North channel up the Clyde to Glasgow. So far we have all enjoyed our visit, have been amused at times by the strange habits of the people, and at times saddened at the poverty we saw about us; the rich here are looked upon as superior beings; they seem to

"gobble up" all the land, and the poor have no courage or hope, except to live in wretchedness and die in poverty. We saw many things I would like to write about, but really have no time, for I am constantly busy, or at least have been so far. I hope when I arrive on the Continent to have more leisure, when I will try to write more in detail.

## CHAPTER III.

PORt RUSH—GIANT'S CAUSEWAY—BELFAST—  
GLASGOW—EDINBURGH.

*Saturday, July 8th.* We left Dublin yesterday at two o'clock, arriving at Enniskillen at seven in the evening, where we took rooms for the night at the Royal Hotel. As the place was not of much account we left there this forenoon at eleven o'clock and arrived at Port Rush at two o'clock. This is a small town in the North of Ireland, situated on the sea coast near the Giant's Causeway, and is a fashionable watering place and very pleasant; it looks much like one of our own coast towns. We stop at the Antrim Arms Hotel, a good house. So far, in travelling, we have had our meals served in private, because of our children; we take three chambers and a sitting room; the sitting room is where we eat and do our talking and reading. We like this plan very much, and it costs but little extra, only about a dollar and a half per day.

Our party are all well and in excellent spirits. The children are splendid travellers, and are getting fat over it. We left Miss Craig in Londonderry, near where her sister lives, on Saturday last; she will meet us again in about a week in Glasgow. She is very useful to us, as the children like her, and she is quite willing to be with them, thus enabling Mrs. Davis to go about with us sight-seeing nearly all the time.

*Sunday, July 9th.* This was a very quiet day, and we spent it in our cozy sitting room, which looked out upon the water, reading our guide-books, studying our maps, and writing to our friends at home. So far, no one has been specially homesick. We find the people in the north of Ireland much more enterprising and intelligent than in the south; there we found shiftlessness and rags; here, thrift and industry prevail; we attribute this in part to the fact that protestantism prevails here, while in the south the fat, lazy priests seemed to rule everybody. We find throughout Ireland a great love for America. One old gentleman, whom

we met in the railroad car, asked if Grant would be president again; we said "no;" "ah, am' sure he ought to be; he is a great man; a greater general than Napoleon, Wellington, or even Cromwell!" He talked of his victories, and was much better posted than ourselves in regard to the details of his battles.

*Monday, July 10th.* The weather looked dubious this morning for a visit to the far famed Giant's Causeway; but about ten o'clock we ordered a covered carriage and all our party started in a drizzling rain for the Causeway, which is about seven miles from the hotel. After a comfortable ride we reached the famous spot, and lodged in a little house near by, waiting for the weather to clear away; soon the rain ceased, when I packed Florence, Lillie, Mrs. Davis and Edwin in a jaunting car, and with a guide, off they went, Wilbur walking, and I remaining to take care of May. Soon Wilbur returned and took charge of May, and off I trudged through the mud, and down the hill for about a mile or so, and speedily found myself upon the celebrated

Giant's causeway of which I had read in my school days. I will not attempt to describe it; the books will do it better than I can; suffice it to say, that it is a wonderful formation of smooth rocks, near the water's edge; there is a cave near by, but the storm was so bad we could not enter, so I concluded to return to Nahant some day and see the "Swallow's Cave" instead. Although we saw the causeway on a wet day, we all voted it a strange freak of nature fully up to what has been written about it.

*Tuesday, July 11th.* We left Port Rush about four o'clock, p. m. Arrived in Belfast at seven and put up at the Imperial Hotel.

Belfast is a beautiful city, the best we have visited as yet. Its buildings are fine and the people look thrifty. The place reminds us some of our New England cities. The business chiefly carried on is the manufacture of linen goods, the trade for which has been largely American, but in consequence of the dull times there, this business is now very much depressed. Our day in Belfast proved

pleasant and we left in the Royal Mail Steamer *Camel*, at nine o'clock at night, for Glasgow. The *Camel* is a good boat, and as we had good rooms all were pleased.

*Wednesday, July 12th.* We arrived in Glasgow at about eight, A. M., after a pleasant passage. Was up at five o'clock to get a view of the Clyde. This is a narrow river, but one of great importance. Here we see hundreds of iron ships being built, of all sizes and shapes. For two miles on each side of the river it seemed like one vast work shop. We took rooms in the McLean Hotel, quite a swell establishment, and after a good breakfast took carriage and rode around the busy city, visiting the Cathedral or Church at St. Mungs, the finest we had thus far seen. It was built in 1123 A. D., but has recently been thoroughly repaired. Our impressions of this commercial city were good; the buildings generally were fine, but the Park only fair. We found carriage hire very cheap here; an excellent team and a good driver could be hired for a dollar an hour.

*Friday, July 14th.* Having "done" Glasgow, at four, p. m., we took the train for Edinburgh. At the station we encountered a great crowd of people and got considerably jammed; it seems it was a holiday, and the laboring people were out *en masse*.

After considerable excitement we at length got comfortably seated in a first-class car and reached Edinburgh at six o'clock, having passed through a delightful country. We took rooms at the Balmoral Hotel and there found our first letters from home, having ordered them to be forwarded from London. Our package contained some half dozen letters from various friends, all of which we read before removing our outer garments, and with an eagerness known only to those who have been absent from home. We were glad to hear of Mr. Doak's improved health, for his name has been on our tongue nearly every day, and we confess to having felt much anxiety about him, especially as we could not see him the day we left home, for fear the excitement of our interview might have done him harm. The tone of our letters proving so good we were all quite happy.

Telegraphing is quite cheap here, is complete in its workings, and is much better managed than in our own country; this we attribute to the fact that all the lines are managed by the Government. One shilling will send twenty words to any part of the kingdom, so we use the wires freely with Bowles in London for our letters.

## CHAPTER IV.

EDINBURGH — DALKEITH — HAWTHORNDEN —  
ROSLIN.

*Saturday, July 15th.* Edinburgh, the metropolis of Scotland, is a wonderful city, surpassing all we have yet seen in beauty of architecture and natural attractions. Of its natural scenery and various surroundings I will not attempt a full description, for I have not the power to give you even an idea of the picturesque beauty of this “Modern Athens.” The city abounds in fine monuments, but the greatest monument is that erected in memory of Sir Walter Scott. It stands in Princes street, in a commanding situation, and is two hundred feet high, or very nearly as high as our Bunker’s Hill monument. It is not, however, a “plain shaft,” like Bunker’s, but is an elaborate series of lofty Gothic arches and turrets, rising gracefully one over the other in a gradually diminishing series till they terminate in one solitary cross and spire that seem to penetrate the very heavens.

The Castle, which is one of the oldest structures in the city, is, as its name imports, a fortress; and is said to have accommodations for two thousand men within its massive walls. It overlooks the entire city, standing as it does upon the summit of a huge hill of rock four hundred and forty-three feet above the level of the sea.

The city is divided into Old Town and New Town, and both are equally interesting. Old Town streets are narrow and the houses very high, some of them having from eight to ten, or even fourteen stories. New Town is more modern, and is built of white freestone from the neighborhood near by, which, being fine and handsome, gives splendid effect to the broad, straight streets. As we drove through these streets—through Queen's drive, by Holyrood Palace, near Arthur's seat, and back to the hotel—we felt not only impressed with the beauty of the scenery and of the architectural display, but we felt also that we were on ancient, historic ground, and our souls drank in the full inspiration of those old and eventful scenes.

*Sunday, July 16th.* This, as well as the preceding day was very hot; in fact, it was the first really hot weather we had experienced since leaving home. As Sunday is very generally observed as a day of rest and worship in Edinburgh, we remained at our hotel; most of us improving the time by writing letters to our friends at home.

Miss Craig returned from Londonderry yesterday, after spending a week with her relatives whom she had not seen for nearly thirty years. Her sister and family are in easy circumstances, and Miss C. had a strange but pleasant week with them. We were glad to welcome her return, as Mrs. Davis will now be somewhat relieved from the care of the children, and be better able to enjoy sight-seeing. The children also, as they have become better acquainted with Miss C., are quite attached to her.

*Monday, July 17th.* We improved this charming day by riding eight miles through a beautiful country to the pleasant town of Dalkeith. Here we visited the old Dalkeith

Palace, the country seat of the duke of Buccleuch. As the duke and family were absent in London, we (with the aid of a shilling given the gate keeper), were admitted, and shown through the mansion by a good old female servant. This was a great treat to us, for, besides its beautiful pictures and furniture and curious *bric-a-brac*, it was interesting as having been the temporary residence of three crowned heads: Charles I., George IV., and Queen Victoria. The most interesting room to us, and especially to Mrs. Davis and Lillie, was the Queen's chamber, containing the veritable bed and bed clothing which the Queen uses when she visits this palace; the mattress, bolster and pillow, were of eiderdown, covered with satin; the hangings of blue satin, and the coverlid of white satin beautifully embroidered with gold. We kept the good servant here some time at the cost of a few compliments only. We saw much to admire in this palace and about the grounds, but I have no time to describe more.

After lunching at a neat, little Scotch inn near by, we again took carriage and rode to

Hawthornden to see its curious caves. These caves are said to be the ones wherein Robert Bruce secreted himself from his pursuers. We were shown his "library," "bedroom," and "hall," which the credulous natives say were formed by nature for the special abode of this Scotch hero. This was all very interesting, but I could not get my mind down to the *reality*.

From an old castle above the caves, we took a most romantic walk of about two miles through a deep vale by the river Esk to Roslin castle. This vale is shut in by mountains on each side, whose surfaces were carpeted with moss interspersed with a profusion of wild flowers which filled the air with fragrance. Roslin castle is like them all, old, and dilapidated. I don't know that I clearly understand the object for which these old castles were erected, but think they were built to protect the feudal chieftains from the robber clans of olden time, as well as oftentimes from each other.

A short walk from this old castle brought us to Roslin chapel. This was the most wonder-

ful specimen of architecture we had yet seen; it was founded in the year 1446, and, although but a small chapel, it took forty years to build it. For beauty of design and for elegant decoration, it surpasses anything I ever saw or imagined. It is well worth a visit to this country to see its exquisite carvings cut from the solid stone. I am *now* satisfied that people five hundred years ago knew as much of architectural beauty as we of the nineteenth century.

After revelling in the glory of this magnificent chapel as long as we wished, we went to the hotel in Roslin, and, while awaiting our carriage, which had been driven five miles around to meet us here, we partook of a substantial lunch, so nicely and elegantly served as to make it worthy of more than ordinary mention.

Our ride back to Edinburgh was very pleasant, and we reached our hotel about seven o'clock, in time for dinner. Thus ended a delightful day, alike memorable, not only for what we had seen, but as marking the close of our first month's experience away from America.

## CHAPTER V.

MELROSE — ABBOTSFORD — DRYBURGH — HOLY-  
ROOD — EDINBURGH — LIVERPOOL.

*Thursday, July 18th.* Mrs. Davis, Mr. Watts, Wilbur, Edwin and myself, left Edinburgh this morning at ten o'clock, for Melrose. On the train was a Pullman car, and as it was the first one we had seen in this country, we secured seats and rode in it to Melrose, about thirty-seven miles distant, paying two shillings extra for the privilege. This was the first real railroad luxury we had enjoyed since we left America.

Near the depot stands the Abbey Hotel, adjoining the celebrated abbey itself. After a little refreshment, we paid two shillings to a pretty girl who was tending the gate, and were admitted within those precincts made famous by Sir Walter Scott. We spent an hour in studying this old ruin, still remarkable for its carved work and decorations, although much decayed by time. I had no history of this

splendid old abbey, but as near as I could learn, it was founded about the year 1136, A. D., by King David I.; in 1322, it was burned by Edward II., and afterwards rebuilt by King Robert Bruce and his successors; in 1385 it was burned again, this time by Richard II., but only partially destroyed, the most magnificent parts being left intact; in 1544-5 it was twice again partly laid in ruins by the English armies; and in 1569 suffered a good deal by the over zealous Reformers. But even now much remains to tell of its former grandeur, and to show how well they built in those olden times. The abbey is now the property of the duke of Buccleuch, whose home I visited yesterday. Many noted persons are buried within its walls, but as I was not acquainted with any of them I forbear to mention their names. This abbey is said to be the finest in Scotland, and so it undoubtedly is, take it all in all; but the little chapel of Roslin excels it greatly in rich and elaborate carving. The chapel also pleased our party better because it is more complete, (services being held in it each Monday), while the abbey is only a ruin.

From the abbey we drove about three miles through a hilly but lovely country, to visit the home of Sir Walter Scott.

Abbotsford! How shall I describe it? As I passed from room to room in this magnificent, though quaint edifice, and realized that here Sir Walter lived, and wrote those books that have sent such joy to thousands upon thousands of the high and low in every land, I could not fail to be deeply impressed, and somehow I experienced a strange and peculiar delight here, for all the while I had vividly in my mind Washington Irving's beautiful description of *his* visit to this same place, when Sir Walter was alive; and this, I think, served to give a charm and sentiment to everything I saw.

Sir Walter's home is a museum in itself; its walls being covered with all sorts of relics, including swords, arms, armor, pictures, and thousands of unique and interesting things, presented to him from the great and gifted of all nations. The rooms that interested me most were the library containing over fifty thousand volumes, the study, and the little bedroom

where he died. The study is a small room leading out of the library, and is kept precisely as when he last left it. A neat library table, with a case of drawers beneath, and with a few books and a large silver inkstand upon it; the famous chair made from the wood of the old house in which Sir William Wallace was betrayed by Monteith, and presented to Sir Walter by Mr. Train; and one other chair of common though substantial make, are all the furniture of the room. Here are also to be seen the clothes he wore just before his death. This last sad event took place in his bedroom, which overlooked the Tweed, that river he loved so well, and whose “gentle ripples” on that quiet afternoon in September, 1832, as Lockhart says, “were distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.”

To go from Abbotsford to Dryburgh Abbey, which is about three miles distant, was but natural, as we wished to see the spot and tomb of Sir Walter’s last resting place.

This abbey is somewhat larger than that at Melrose, but not so showy, nor so celebrated.

Its chief interest consists in its being the burial place of the Scott family; for they are now all gathered there. Sir Walter's tomb is a plain, oblong block of Aberdeen granite, designed by Chantrey, the famous sculptor, and bears only this inscription:—

"Sir Walter Scott, Baronet,  
Died, September 21st, 1832."

A pleasant ride of three miles brought us back to Melrose, where we took lunch at the Abbey Hotel, (first paying sixpence for the privilege of washing hands), after which, we took the cars for Edinburgh, arriving at half past nine, P. M., an hour which did not seem late, for we could see to read by the lingering twilight quite distinctly as late as ten o'clock.

*Wednesday, July 19th.* All our party devoted this day to "doing" the city, proper. Mrs. Davis, Miss Craig, the children and myself took a carriage (price three shillings per hour), and rode from point to point, the boys preferring to walk.

We first visited Holyrood Abbey; this, like those of Melrose and Dryburgh, was quite an

old abbey, having been founded by David I., in 1128. It is now almost entirely a ruin, only one small chapel remaining to tell of its former magnificence. The famous palace of Holyrood, adjoining, is of more modern date, having been founded by James IV., in 1500. It is now used as a summer residence by Victoria, and has afforded shelter to nearly all the sovereigns of Scotland, and of the United Kingdom, from its royal founder down; but it is particularly noted as the home of Mary, queen of Scots, after her return from France in 1561. Here it was that Mary's Italian favorite, the unfortunate Rizzio, was murdered; and many other equally stirring and tragic events connected with Scottish history have occurred within its walls. We were much interested in visiting the various apartments, especially the bed chamber, and supper room, of the lovely queen. The whole history of Mary is so deeply interesting, not to say thrilling, that, on our return, finding several volumes relating to herself and the times in which she lived, all our party went hard at work "reading it up."

We spent an hour or more in this historic

place and then drove through the old city, whose buildings, some of them ten and twelve stories high, appeared to us as foreign indeed. We rode through Canongate and High streets, passing St. Giles cathedral, and the old Tolbooth prison where so many sturdy martyrs were beheaded in the time of the Reformation. We stopped at the old sharp-gabled house where John Knox lived, and walked up its high steps to the platform upon which he stood and hurled his defiance to queen Elizabeth's rule and the catholic *regime* of that day. For a time my mind was carried back to those stormy days, and I could but remark to our party—"Bold, brave man was John!"

After an hour or so we reached the celebrated castle of Edinburgh, for a detailed description of which I must refer you to the books. As a citadel, its natural position is unsurpassed by any except Gibraltar; this castle is garrisoned by a fine Highland regiment, "the Queen's Own," said to be the best regiment of England; their Scotch uniform strikes one oddly enough; it consists of a plaid, kilted skirt, white jacket, bare legs,

short plaid stockings, low shoes, and bearskin caps. The men are all "picked," and appeared to me the finest body of soldiery I had ever seen.

The "crown room" in the castle interested us all, especially the children. Here we saw the regalia of Scotland, which consists of a crown, sceptre, and sword of state; these articles are all studded with precious stones and are very elegant. They were said to have been worn by the valiant Robert Bruce, and also by the devoted Mary; the last king who wore them was Charles II. These regalia were lost in 1707, and for more than a hundred years remained hidden in an old oaken chest in a secret apartment of the castle where, through the exertions of Sir Walter Scott, they were finally found, and restored, in the year 1818.

From the top of this wonderful castle we got a most beautiful view of the city and surrounding country, but at last, becoming tired, and the day being hot, we returned to our hotel, well pleased with the day's excursion.

*Thursday, July 20th.* Mr. Watts, Wilbur, and Edwin, started from Edinburgh at eight, A. M., for a trip to Stirling, Lock Katrine, and the mountainous Trossachs, and came back *via* Loch Lomond at about ten o'clock at night, having enjoyed themselves greatly.

The remainder of our party spent most of the day quietly at the hotel, reading and writing, till about three o'clock, P. M., when we rode over to Portobello, on the Firth of Forth. Here we spent a couple of hours very pleasantly sitting on the long pier which extends far out into the bay, and in listening to the beautiful melodies of many of the popular airs of the day as performed by a full band of musicians.

*Friday, July 21st.* To-day, at three-quarters past ten, A. M., we left in the train for Liverpool, and arrived at six, P. M. Here we found two interesting letters, one from Mr. Godfrey, and one from Mr. Williams; also our American papers, all of which afforded a welcome feast.

*Saturday, July 22d.* An incident occurred

here this forenoon, which may be worth relating, as it illustrates something of what one may expect in travelling in Europe in regard to the feeing of servants.

At the Hotel Washington, which, by its name, evidently caters especially to American travel, was to be seen every day a well dressed, stately looking man sauntering leisurely about the corridors of the house, as if he were the owner. Having seen him so often I one day ventured to ask him some questions, and was answered with such studied courtesy and dignified politeness that I was at once put to my ease, and never hesitated, during the remainder of my stay, to apply to him for such information as all fresh tourists require.

At the time of my final departure I desired to reward the man who had been so gentlemanly, with a few shillings, but felt a great diffidence in doing so, thinking that perhaps he might feel himself insulted. However, as the hour for leaving drew near, I mustered courage, and approached the man with a most beaming smile and with many words of apology, said: "Sir, you have shown me many favors

during my stay here; will you allow me to offer you a few shillings? I trust you will excuse me for doing this, for you have been so kind I want to do something more than simply to thank you." In a prompt and decidedly *business* tone he replied, "Certainly, sir! no apologies are needed—I should 'ave thought strange of it, sir, if you 'ad *not* done so!" "Ah," said I, "indeed! then it's a custom of the country, I suppose, to fee everybody? I thought you was the *owner* of the hotel, hence my hesitation. "Certainly, sir," he replied, "all travelling *gentlemen* 'tip' their attendants!" The slight but significant emphasis which he gave to the word *gentlemen*, convineed me that hereafter I need feel no delicate hesitancy about feeing any good looking official wherever he may be. And here let me say, that it is customary in Europe to fee everybody that serves you; the trouble is, that most Americans have done it too carelessly and generously, and thus by *overdoing* have raised the expectations of the servant far beyond what is a fair and proper remuneration for his services. It needs no philosopher to discern that, in the estimation

of these "attendants," he is the truest *gentleman* who "tips" the largest fees!

At two o'clock, p. m., we took our final leave of Liverpool, having procured a family car, by a little financial management with a railroad official, and arrived in London at seven, having had (with the exception of the Pullman car trip from Edinburgh to Melrose,) the most pleasant railroad ride since leaving home. Our car could accommodate thirteen persons, but was marked "private" for our own party of nine, so we had it all to ourselves, and a jolly good time we made of it, until at last we were landed in the great metropolis of London. We settled down for Sunday in the Depot Hotel, or "Euston House," so called. The family were weary and soon retired, but Mr. Watts and myself could not rest until we had taken a flying trip through some of the streets near the hotel, and got our *first glimpse of London!*

## CHAPTER VI.

LONDON—REGENT PARK—KENSINGTON PARK  
—PRINCE ALBERT'S HALL—KENSINGTON  
MUSEUM—CREMORNE GARDENS—TOWER OF  
LONDON.

*Sunday, July 23d.* Although the weather was damp and somewhat foggy, Mr. Watts and myself started for a tramp, anxious to see something of London; we walked to Regent Park, which disappointed us, for it was not so grand as we expected to find it; then we strolled through other parts of the city, and finally back to the hotel for lunch. In the afternoon, the weather having cleared up, we took another walk, through the crowded Strand, to the river Thames, and saw some of the numerous bridges that span that busy river. On one of these bridges—the new Westminster—a toll was required, which seemed more fitting for some new undeveloped community than for so rich and powerful a

metropolis as London. We returned to our hotel perfectly dazed with the vastness and grandeur of this the greatest of cities.

*Monday, July 24th.* We devoted the day to looking up a boarding house, and, through the aid of Mr. Bowles, of the American Exchange, we found good rooms at No. 15 New Cavendish street, near the Langham Hotel, the price of which per day for our party was sixteen dollars. The manager, Mrs. Herring, an American lady, kept a good house, and set a better table than the first class hotels where the price was nearly double.

*Tuesday, July 25th.* This day was given to seeing the city; we rode in all directions, and in all sorts of conveyances: omnibuses — Hansom cabs — underground steam cars, but still could not begin to comprehend the great metropolis.

It is, indeed, a most wonderful city; full of interest on every hand to the tourist. As we passed through Cheapside, Piccadilly, High Holburn, Old Bailey, Billingsgate, St. Mar-

tin's lane, Ludgate, and other streets, all made familiar by so many writers of note, especially Dickens, my mind was kept continually on the alert and my imagination had full play, and found ample material for the weaving of many fancies.

Calling at the American Exchange we spent half an hour reading our letters just received by steamer, and also the Boston papers, which are always on file there. We liked Mr. Bowles, and regarded the American Exchange as an "institution," and advise all friends to send their letters to his care rather than to any banker's, as he is an American and knows just how to advise them.

*Wednesday, July 26th.* As the boys proposed to go alone sight-seeing, Mrs. Davis, Mr. Watts, Lillie and myself took the "bus" for Kensington Park, where we strolled for awhile beneath the fine old trees that gave us grateful shade from the sun; we then visited the Royal Albert Hall of Arts and Sciences, better known as Prince Albert's Hall. This hall was commenced in 1867 and finished in

1871, and cost upwards of a million of dollars. It has seating capacity for nearly seven thousand people and standing room in the galleries for two thousand more. It was built as a national testimonial to Prince Albert, the *idea* of it having in the time of the great Exhibition of 1851 grown out of the desire to publicly recognize his active interest in all that belonged to British art, science, and industry. Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales took a personal interest in the enterprise, but owing to various causes it did not succeed until the commercial prosperity of 1866-7, when men of wealth, chiefly the nobility, subscribed to the shares till success was assured and the work begun. It was "announced" that the use to which the building would be put would be, "among other things, to accommodate scientific congresses, to provide suitable arena for musical performances, and other scientific and artistic purposes." To this it has been devoted, and for this it is most admirably adapted. All the boxes and stalls are taken by subscriptions at prices varying from one hundred to one thousand pounds, according to the number of

seats, each seat costing five hundred dollars! but then, these are held on leases for 999 years! The aristocratic feeling is rather strikingly apparent in the way the hall is "thrown open" to visitors. After paying the inevitable "sixpence for admission," instead of being allowed access to "all parts of the house," we were only allowed to climb to the upper gallery, from whence we could look down into its precious precincts. But the view was well worth seeing. The great organ, the largest in the world, contains about eight thousand pipes, varying from three-quarters of an inch to thirty-four feet in length. I used to think our "big organ" in Music Hall, Boston, was a monster; but it is only a *parlor* organ compared to this.

From the hall we proceeded to the Kensington Museum where we spent the remainder of the day looking over its vast collection, which includes about everything from a fancy penny whistle to an imperial diadem. Before we could see a thousandth part of these, however, we became weary, and returned to our hotel.

In the evening, Mr. Watts and myself visited

the great American hotel, the "Langham," and found a number of our fellow passengers who came over on the "*City of Richmond*"; the greetings were cordial and revived pleasant thoughts of our passage across the Atlantic. Later, four or five of us attended a theatre where the remainder of the evening was pleasantly spent.

*Thursday, July 27th.* This day was given to shopping, and our party scattered in all directions. I remained in the house taking care of May, who was as "good as a kitten;" so I read, wrote, and had a quiet day's rest. At five o'clock, Mrs. Davis, Miss Craig, and Lillie returned somewhat disappointed as to the "shops"; (there are no retail *stores* here;) they were very decided in the opinion that London was not as good a place to "shop" in as Dublin; the clerks here not so polite, and the prices much higher; but I "guessed" they did not find the right section to shop in; they had been in the *fashionable* streets, such as Regent, and Oxford; they must see Cheapside, Ludgate, and such sections before they pronounce finally.

In the evening, Mr. Watts, myself, and two other Americans from St. Louis, took "Hansom's" and visited the celebrated Cremorne Gardens, where we saw life in its gayest phase; the beautiful gardens were brilliantly lighted with gas; we walked under an archway illuminated with colored lights to the central attraction, the great dance circle, where we saw gaily dressed girls "tripping the light fantastic toe," to the lively music of the band which was located on a high balcony in the centre of the great circle; around this circle were saloons of all sorts, and as a chatty bar-maid passed us beer, we sipped it under the inspiration of the music and the dance, and felt indeed that we were in a foreign land; all sorts of amusements are here carried on, such as dancing, concert singing, shooting, and all the various games generally seen in pleasure gardens. At eleven o'clock a brilliant display of fireworks closed the entertainment.

These gardens, you will understand, are the resort of many girls of a questionable character, but then, they are also visited by the most respectable people who wish to see and enjoy

the various attractions, and as the best of order is kept, you see nothing vulgar.

*Friday, July 28th.* This was a rainy day. Mr. Watts and myself went to our "bankers" in Philpot lane; this was some three miles from our home, and located in that part of old London technically known as "the city." We passed the banking house of the late George Peabody, and saw the fine statue recently erected to his memory by the people of London.

After replenishing our funds, we decided to visit the far-famed London Tower, as we found ourselves very near to it; after passing the gate and paying the usual shilling entrance fee, we entered a room and waited until about a dozen people arrived, (which was not long,) then a guide took the party around; and we spent an hour and a half in what to me was the most interesting of all my sight-seeing thus far. I would like to describe this place, so thrilling in historic interest, but I have not the time nor the ability. Its history has often been written, is quite voluminous, and to "the books" I must refer you.

## CHAPTER VII.

LONDON, (con.) — INDIA MUSEUM — PRINCE ALBERT MONUMENT — CRYSTAL PALACE — ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL — THE BANK OF ENGLAND — WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

*Saturday, July 29th.* We all gave this day to the India Museum. Here we saw the presents given to the Prince of Wales during his recent visit to India. To say they were magnificent does not express it. I never saw such a vast collection of jewelled trappings in my life; they were numbered by thousands, and adorned with pearls, rubies, emeralds and diamonds; at least a hundred addresses to the Prince, enclosed in gold and silver cases, of all designs and shapes, and many studded with precious stones. It was sad to think that *one* man should have so much wealth remaining *idle* when so many about him were actually suffering for the want of bread!

The Albert monument; what shall I say of that! Well, it is a most imposing monument!

I thought the Walter Scott monument in Edinburgh was grand, but it cannot be compared to this. All I will say is, that it contains a colossal sitting statue of Prince Albert, under a gorgeous canopy of Gothic architecture surrounded by a beautiful series of tall arches, columns, and spires, terminating in a cross one hundred and seventy-six feet from the ground; numerous allegorical statues by the masters of modern sculpture adorn its projecting buttresses; while nearly two hundred portrait statues of celebrated poets, artists and other celebrities are carved in full relief on the sides of the upper pedestal which is fifteen feet high; upon this pedestal is the statue of the Prince Consort, a richly gilt work of art by the eminent sculptor Foley. The whole memorial was designed by Sir Gilbert Scott; was upwards of twenty years in building, and cost more than seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Towards evening we made a brief visit to the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, seven miles from London, and, after a hurried view, determined at some later time to give a full day

to this vast structure, which is a general resort of the populace.

*Sunday, July 30th.* We passed this day quietly, while Mrs. Davis attended church with one of the boarders, a Miss Butler from Hartford, Conn. We read our letters from Lynn, which informed us that our friend, Mr. B. F. Spinney, would meet us in London this week. We all took pleasure in this unexpected announcement.

*Monday, July 31st.* We visited to-day St. Paul's Cathedral, and as we walked through its grand aisles, viewing its beautiful statues and memorials, were profoundly impressed. Here were some sixty splendid monuments, most of them erected at the public expense, and costing, many of them, as high as thirty thousand dollars each. This fact will give some idea of their magnificence, but their beauty of design and artistic effects must be seen to be appreciated. Here rest the remains of Wellington, Nelson, Pitt, Dr. Johnson, Christopher Wren the architect, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir John

Moore, and many other worthies of England, famous in war, polities, science and art. The monument that most attracted my attention, however, and awoke the best thoughts in my mind was that of John Howard, the philanthropist. This was a life-like statue, standing upon a high pedestal, and representing this truly noble and honored man as entering a prison, bearing food and clothing to the prisoners. A beautiful inscription tells of his many virtues, his meekness, his worth, and also of his modest refusal to receive public applause during his life. As I lingered at this statue and read over and over again its inscription, and viewed the high and solemn arches that surrounded me, I realized how much wiser and nobler it was for men as they played their brief parts upon this earthly stage to do it generously, humanely and well; and so thinking, my heart went out in sympathy for all mankind.

*Tuesday, August 1st.* Having, through a friend, obtained tickets to visit the Bank of England, our party took their way to that noted institution and arrived at eleven o'clock.

This immense establishment, which exercises such a vast influence upon not only the financial interests of London, but of the whole commercial world, occupies about three acres of land on the corner of Threadneedle street and Bartholomew lane, and is sometimes styled as the "old lady of Threadneedle street;" it was founded in 1691, and incorporated three years afterward by William III. On arriving we were put in charge of an attendant, who was gorgeously dressed in a red vest and magenta coat, ("bob tail,") with gold striped pants, and a tall black hat with a gold band around it; as he took us through the hundreds of rooms, we asked him many questions, which he fully answered, giving us much information about this famous bank, and its workings; (I did not ask him whether or not they bought any single name "shoe paper"). Of the many facts we gathered relating to this bank, I will quote only two, to show the magnitude of its dealings: one is, that ingenious weighing machinery is so contrived, that when one hundred sovereigns are placed in a round tube, as they descend on the machines the full weight

coins are carefully separated into one box, while those of light weight are passed into another where they are defaced at the rate of sixty or seventy thousand a day! The other is, that there are Bank of England notes in circulation to the value of eighteen millions sterling, of which, forty-five thousand bills are retired from circulation each day!—the bank never reissuing its own notes, but cancelling each as soon as paid in.

From the bank we took a "bus" to that world renowned structure,—Westminster Abbey! I shall not attempt to give any elaborate description of this magnificent abbey,—

"That pile o'er which a thousand years have rolled;"

so rich in historic associations; an abbey that has been written of in song and story by the most gifted of the past and present generations; yet I cannot pass it wholly in silence; and as I am writing to friends, not to critics; friends, who, I fain would believe, will be pleased to read *my* impressions of this grand pile, of which they have read so much, I will attempt a sketch in outline, even though it be feeble and insufficient.

The general form of the ground plan of the abbey, is that of a Roman Catholic cross, the longest part pointing east and west; the interior dimensions of the principal parts are as follows: extreme length, including Henry VII.'s chapel,—five hundred and eleven feet; breadth, across the transepts, two hundred and three feet; height of the principal nave, one hundred and two feet; height of the western towers, two hundred and twenty-five feet; width of the principal nave and its aisles, seventy-one feet; width of the transepts and aisles, eighty-four feet; this is what may now be called the main building, the chapel of Henry VII. having been added to the eastern end so as to now form part of it instead of merely an annex. The other chapels, of which there are now nine, are *in* the original main building, mostly in the northern and eastern portions of the "cross," the chapel of Edward the Confessor forming the centre. Nearly all of these are named for, and dedicated to, some saint.

The whole abbey is crowded with tombs and monuments, and having been, down to the time

of George II., the exclusive "repository of English kings," as well as of countless others of England's worthies, it has become a national honor to be interred there. In the memorable action off Cape St. Vincent in 1797, Lord Nelson, then only a captain, echoed this national sentiment (which existed even then,) in his well known war-cry as he led his boarders on the enemy's deck, "Westminster Abbey or victory!"\*

In viewing this immense collection of tombs and monuments, one is hardly able to tell which has been the prevailing sentiment, to honor the dead or immortalize the "artists" who have constructed such magnificent trophies of their own skill; at any rate, whatever may have been the intention, the fact remains, that very many of the monuments are far more remarkable as works of art, than the subject supposed to lie beneath was for anything that should render his memory worth preserving.

Another thing, which proves not a little

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\* Admiral Nelson does not however "sleep" in Westminster, but in St. Paul's Cathedral, which has now become somewhat the rival of the abbey as a national mausoleum.

confusing to the visitor, is the great number of slabs, tablets, and other devices which do not mark the actual grave, but are only "sacred to the memory" of the subject—the body itself being at some other place. Even as long ago as the time of Addison, the church "was filled with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean."

We experienced no serious difficulty from this in our case, however, as we had an intelligent guide, who conducted us through the various chapels and aisles, and explained to us everything of interest. The most magnificent of these chapels, is that of Henry VII., and has been justly styled "the wonder of the world"; but the most prominent and interesting of them is that of Edward the Confessor. This king was a mild and good Saxon ruler, who died in 1066, and about a century afterwards, was canonized because of his sanctity, by Pope Alexander III. The "shrine" erected to his memory by Henry III., was a marvel of

elegance and costliness, but is now much impaired by the ravages of time, and the despoiling hands of Henry's successors, who had not the fear of "sanctity" to keep them from stealing the images and ornaments of solid gold and silver with which this shrine was covered. Over many of the kings there are no monuments, but simply slabs, that form a part of the floor upon which we walked; while here and there is a grand sarcophagus, or splendid tomb, ornamented with elaborate designs worked out by the nicest skill of the sculptor. Among those which attracted our especial attention, was the beautiful monument erected to the memory of the lovely Queen of Scotts. I asked our guide if he thought England did right in beheading Mary Stuart? "Well," he replied, "she was accused of secret treason against the government, and being found guilty, was executed." But King James I. evidently thought her unjustly condemned, for in 1612 he had her remains brought here and placed this elegant monument over them. It is true, he was her *son*, and filial affection might have had its influence as well as

reason; that this was so, finds some confirmation, indeed, as one turns from the contemplation of Mary's tomb, to the equally splendid one erected in the opposite aisle, by the same monarch, to the memory of Queen Elizabeth, *who signed Mary's death warrant!*

But why write more of kings and queens! they were but mortal, and to-day we tread upon their dust with impunity, and feel that they were no greater than the lowliest unknown that sleeps in the "Potter's field."

" What are they now, those meteors of their day,  
The brave, the fair, the haughty, what are they ? "

After going the rounds of the chapels, we of course went through the main building. Here we saw more beautiful tombs and monuments; one, that claimed particular attention, was that of major Andre, the well known "spy" of our own Revolution, whose body was brought here from America in 1821. This monument was erected at the express command of George III.; it is of statuary marble, and has an interesting *bas relief*, representing Andre as a prisoner in the tent of Gen. Washington, with

a bearer of a flag of truce come to bring the letter which Andre had written the night before, praying of General Washington that he would commute the sentence of death "on the gibbet," and "adapt the mode of his (Andre's) death to the feelings of a man of honor." Curiously enough, this monument has been the mark of constant ill-usage, the heads of some of the principal figures having been repeatedly knocked off and stolen. We noticed to-day that the head of Washington was missing, and on calling our guide's attention to it, he said, that five or six heads of Washington had been replaced, but it was impossible to keep him intact. The reason for this vandalism was not explained—whether it was the hatred of the English, or the love of the Americans, for the head,—I leave you to guess.\* We passed on to the "Poet's Corner." Here were laid the mortal remains of nearly all the honored worthies of English Literature; prominent

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\* It is possible that "the rage for collecting" may have something to do with it, as, I am told, the sculpturing of these heads has always been "very fine." The original figures were cut by the celebrated Van Gelder.

among their monuments we noticed those of Chaucer, Spencer, Ben Jonson, Grey, Thomson, Milton, and Campbell, and others of lesser renown. Shakespeare is not buried here, but has a very fine monument to his memory; upon a scroll in his hand, we read his own words, as follows:

“The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,  
And, like the base fabric of a vision,  
Leave not a wreck behind.”\*

As we walked from point to point intently reading the brief inscriptions, we found ourselves unconsciously standing upon a plain, black marble slab; we paused and read the brief inscription;—“Charles Dickens, born February 7th, 1812; died June 9th, 1870;”—only his

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\* I was careful to make an exact copy of this inscription at the time, but, afterwards, upon examination of the best authorities, find it differs from the true rendering of Shakespeare’s own text, which reads thus:

“The cloud-capp’d towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind.”

[*The Tempest*, Act. iv., Sc. 1.]

name, and the dates of his birth and death;\* *he* has no monument,—only this plain slab, which makes a part of the flooring to the aisle,—yet what a host of pleasant memories its few words brought to mind! Near him is the spot where Macaulay's last remains are laid; and not far away from these, we saw the gravestone of *old* Parr, who was said to have been one hundred and fifty-two years old at the time of his death.

There are countless other objects here of great interest, such as the monument to the lady

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\*In the article in the Spectator from which we have already quoted, Addison writes of inscriptions, (like that of Dickens,) as follows: "Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another; the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances, that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head."

Without presuming to criticise so elegant a writer and keen critic as Addison undoubtedly was, I may yet venture the opinion, that the inscriptions which he thus humorously derides, are chosen, not as Addison assumes, to record the facts of birth and death, but to fix the *dates* of those events, for the information of others.

who died of a pricked finger; the particularly fine piece of sculpture by Roubillac, erected in memory of Lady Nightingale; the famous sword of Edward I.; the wax effigies; and the celebrated coronation-stone brought from Scone, where the royalty of Scotland were crowned upon it, and which was, by many, believed to have been the veritable stone which Jacob used for his pillow, when dreaming that glorious dream wherein he saw the hosts of shining angels descending from heaven as by a ladder; but I cannot go into all these details, and have already lingered here too long.

We were about to leave the cathedral when divine service began, so we remained an hour longer to enjoy it. It consisted of prayer, and the singing of the English service by a choir of about fifty male voices; and as the solemn chants resounded through the vast corridors and high up among the lofty arches, I realized, as never before, the full meaning of those beautiful lines of Gray—

“Where through the long-drawn aisles and fretted vault  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.” -

The opportunity, thus afforded, of witnessing this impressive service, made the enjoyment of our visit most complete.

Westminster impressed me more tenderly than St. Paul's. St. Paul's was grand but cold: while Westminster seemed more hallowed; perhaps this was because of the many persons buried in the latter, whose names were familiar through their writings.

## CHAPTER VIII.

WINDSOR CASTLE — LONDON BRIDGES — THE TABERNACLE — MR. SPURGEON — HAMPTON COURT — MADAME TUSSAUD.

*Wednesday, August 2d.* A day of quiet. While Mrs. Davis and Lillie went shopping, Mr. Watts and myself strolled about the city and visited many public buildings, among others, the new Parliament House, where we saw the House of Lords and the House of Commons; these did not begin to compare in general convenience and beauty, with the corresponding departments in our national capitol at Washington. We were sorry the English Law Makers were not in session, for we were strongly desirous of comparing their modes of procedure with our own.

*Thursday, August 3d.* We took the cars for Windsor, a distance of about twenty-two miles, and arrived at eleven o'clock. We visit-

ed Windsor Castle, the occasional home of Queen Victoria. This large and beautiful castle appears more modern than any we have yet seen. The queen was "not at home," so we did not have the pleasure of dining with her, but were gratified to find that she had very thoughtfully directed that a gentlemanly attendant should show us through her house.

In the great hall the walls are covered with finely painted portraits of kings and queens with their coats of arms, and other royal paraphernalia, all of which produced a pleasing effect. The rooms are all large, but the state dining room is immense, and all are splendidly painted and adorned with costly pictures. But let us pass these, and visit the memorial room, fitted up, as we were told, at the vast expense of five million dollars! This room, containing a rich and elaborate sarcophagus wherein lie the mortal remains of Prince Albert, is of ordinary size, but is a most magnificent memorial. The designs and decorations far surpassed the wild-est flights of my fancy, and I was touched by this tender expression of the love of Queen Victoria for her devoted consort as shown in

her having such a chaste, yet magnificent memorial erected to his memory. Long after leaving the scene I felt its subtle influence, even as a person who wakes from sleep with a vague but charming reminiscence of a most delightful dream, which he is unable to describe, but which still fills his soul with pleasure.

After seeing the castle we drove to the Queen's Park, through an entrance three miles long, and shaded on both sides with beautiful trees. Mrs. Davis was delighted, and could not find adjectives to express her admiration of this drive. We were so loth to return, that we drove into the country a bit, and got a good glimpse of that well known English rural life, of which we all had read, but never before seen.

*Friday, August 4th.* Mr. Watts and myself started off for London Bridge; but we found nothing particularly remarkable about it; it was simply a plain, substantial structure, whose only charm was its venerable age and history. After strolling through many of the crowded and bustling streets in old London, we returned to dinner.

What a difference there is between the people in London streets and those in New York! In London the crowd is great, but one does not see exhibited that nervous haste, as in New York or Boston, where each man seems to be trying to outspeed those before him. Here they are cool, calculating, moving slowly and steadily, as those around them move and have moved, probably, for hundreds of years past.

*Saturday, August 5th.* While the others went to the Tower, and to the shops of London city, I remained at home with Florence and May, reading, and writing to friends in America. At four o'clock we all visited the Zoological Gardens, said to be the largest in the world, and were exceedingly interested, the children especially. We returned at six, p. m., and found, to our great joy, Mr. Spinney waiting our arrival.

How glad we were to see his familiar face; even little May remembered him, and was delighted. We all sat down to dinner and talked of home and friends, asking hundreds of questions. In the evening, Mr. Spinney, Mr. Watts

and myself, walked about the city, going to the Kensington bridge and viewing the Thames by gas light; then to the Parliament buildings, and Westminster Abbey; then returning to our rooms late in the evening, all very tired; but we passed a delightful evening, talking of home and our native land. We were glad to find that Mr. Spinney was quite well and in fine spirits, and intended to remain with us until Tuesday evening, when we were to leave London for the continent.

*Sunday, August 6th.* Mr. Spinney, Mr. Watts and myself, took a cab for the Tabernacle, to hear the celebrated Mr. Spurgeon preach. We arrived before the doors were open, but saying to an attendant that we were Americans and would like to attend service, he immediately admitted us by a side door and conducted us to very good seats. This tabernacle will accommodate from five to six thousand people, and every seat was filled this morning. At precisely eleven o'clock, a large, dark complexioned man appeared in the desk, high up in the immense hall, and opened the service with

prayer; every head was bowed and the utmost quiet prevailed; next a hymn was read and sung by the vast congregation; after the reading of the Scriptures, and another hymn, the preacher announced his text, and then proceeded to extemporize a sermon, using plain, simple language, and being, upon the whole, logical. Spurgeon is not eloquent, but has great physical power, and seems to be sincere in what he preaches; he appeals to the common mind and without doubt is doing much good. In our country he would not be regarded as a *great* preacher; in my judgment, he does not compare with Chapin or Beecher in eloquence or logic.

After service we rode fifteen miles to Hampton Court, where there is an old palace filled with thousands of fine paintings; but palaces were becoming monotonous, so we visited the surrounding gardens which were arranged and beautified with a skill and taste not seen in our own country. The English surely excel in landscape gardening. We saw a grape vine here over two hundred years old, which produces about two thousand bunches of grapes a year.

*Monday, August 7th.* On going out to-day, we found that this was a "bank holiday," and every shop was closed. Its origin or meaning I could not find out. Mr. Spinney met his nephew and went sight-seeing, while I returned to the hotel.

At twelve o'clock I called upon some gentlemen whose acquaintance I made on the "*City of Richmond;*" at two o'clock returned home, and spent the remainder of the day in quiet rest. In the evening Mrs. Davis, Lillie, Florence and myself, went to see the renowned wax figures at Madame Tussaud's. These figures are very life-like and all elegantly dressed. Here we saw such Americans as Washington, Franklin, Grant, Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, and, of course, Henry Ward Beecher. The English royal family were tastefully arranged in the centre of a large room, and are said to be correct likenesses. Some of the figures move very naturally, especially a "sleeping beauty," which seems to breathe in a life-like manner as it lies sleeping on a couch. Here also, among many relics of the first Napoleon, is his travelling carriage which was captured at Waterloo.

In an adjoining room are guillotines, instruments of torture, and relics of noted murderers. In fact the whole museum is full of horrible things too numerous to mention.

*Tuesday, August 8th.* We had engaged a courier to accompany us in an excursion of three months through Brussels, Cologne, the Rhine, Switzerland, and Paris. This morning the courier informed us that he could not accompany us as he had received a dispatch stating that his father was very ill. We rather suspected this statement, but, as he had procured another courier for us, named Luci Amato, we accepted the black-eyed Italian instead, and made the best of it.

Here ends our present stay in England. Many places of interest, such as the British Museum, National Gallery of Art, and others, we have left unvisited until our return here again next summer, when we shall give a few weeks more to London before our return to America. The family continue in good health and spirits, for which we feel profoundly grateful.

## CHAPTER IX.

DOVER — THE CHANNEL — CALAIS — BRUSSELS  
— COLOGNE.

*Wednesday, August 9th.* We left the great world of London at five, P. M., yesterday, and arrived at Dover in about two hours, going at once to the Lord Walden Hotel for the night.

Dover is very pleasantly situated near the channel, and the celebrated Dover cliffs are always an attraction to everyone who has read Shakespeare; but the *height*, when actually seen, will always produce a feeling of disappointment in the traveller who has lived among, or visited, *real* mountains; these cliffs being really nothing but high bluff's overlooking the sea. The "pier" is a fine monument of maritime enterprise and skill, jutting far out into the sea, and bidding sturdy defiance to the buffettings and stormy blows of old Neptune.

As we were *en-route* for the continent, we spent no time in Dover but took the Channel steamer at half past nine in the morning for

Calais. The passage of this channel is the dread of all tourists, and having heard so much of its terrors, and wishing to alleviate so far as I could its evils, I had telegraphed ahead for one of the two state-rooms which the steamer has, and was fortunate enough to get it, though at considerable extra expense; but it was money thrown away, as the result proved; for "never did fairer sun shine on fairer sea", than it did on us this day. The water was as smooth as Silver Lake, and our run across was one of the most delightful of our "*voyages*"; indeed, we all were sorry when it ended; but end it did, as all things have, or must, on this transitory earth, and, soon after noon, we were in the cars on the way to Brussels. Now we experienced a most notable change in our surroundings; hitherto we had been accustomed to hear our native language spoken by those among whom we travelled, but at Calais our ears were assailed for the first time by the incessant jabber and discord of an unknown tongue; and although we could see the action, and hear the words of the talkers, not a syllable could we understand.

Our courier had secured us a private compartment in the car where we amused ourselves in watching the people, listening to their strange talk, and seeing them scramble for the cars. There is always much confusion at the railroad stations, much more than in America; here the car has three or four compartments, each of which holds only eight persons, and after four or five get in they try to keep others out; hence in this, as in political life, there is often much rivalry between the *ins* and *outs*. Our party was so large that we always succeeded in having a car to ourselves, by wisely expending a few shillings extra. We had a dusty but interesting ride of six hours, through a country planted almost wholly to grain; the ripened harvest was now being garnered and gathered by the *women*—an incident that struck us very unpleasantly, as it was the first example we had seen of this debasing servitude of women:

*Thursday, August 10th.* Brussels, a city of 350,000 inhabitants, did not impress us particularly well at first, but it grew in favor as we ex-

plored its pleasant precincts. Its large cathedral of St. Gudule has some finely painted windows, a richly carved wood pulpit by Verbruggen, and some monumental statues; but, in comparison with Westminster, and St. Paul's, it is not remarkably interesting, although it is very old, having been founded in the twelfth century.

We visited the art gallery, and saw for the first time some of the paintings of the "old masters" Rubens and Vandyke; these paintings are undoubtedly "fine," but the subjects are simply awful; I will not dwell on them now, however, as I expect to see many more by and by, possibly more interesting.

In the evening we attended an open air concert in a beer garden, and enjoyed the music and the scene very much. "Beer garden" sounds low, but in this case, the sound is *not* "an echo to the sense", but quite the contrary; for the best people of the city attend these concerts.

Passing along through one of the public squares, I suddenly and unexpectedly came upon a statue, which is, perhaps, the most novel and amusing in all Europe. It is called

the manikin, and represents a little nude boy placed high up on a pedestal of marble, surrounded with a basin of water; a tiny little stream of water runs from his body, so naturally, that you are quite set back as your eye strikes the fountain, and you wonder who ever thought of such a queer idea.

*Friday, August 11th.* We gave this day to shopping. Mrs. Davis was nearly crazy over the lace establishments, three of which we visited, selecting therefrom a good supply of the beautiful "Brussels." The day's experience recalled my mind to "business"; I wondered if it was lively, and asked myself, "well, can I afford to spend so much in this cobweb fabric?" But I confess I was myself delighted with the beautiful lace, and urged Mrs. Davis to buy, especially as she said it would last a life time, and that its price was less than half what it was in America, besides being finer; so we gratified the polite attendant by making a respectable purchase. I called at my banker's *twice*, while in this city, and this fact speaks for itself!

These lace establishments are not like the ordinary shops; they look like private residences; you ring a door bell, a servant answers and conducts you up one flight of stairs into a tastefully arranged parlor; you are politely asked to take a seat at a table, and the laces are taken from a large safe, and spread before you; you see no goods until they are brought to you.

When our purchases were completed, we were politely conducted to a room below, where we saw the process of making the goods; we were told that it would require three months' time to finish a simple "barb" which one girl was working upon. The girls who work at lace-making, receive for their day's work, of twelve hours, from twenty to forty cents, and, after a few years, many of them *lose their eyesight*, in consequence of the work being so fine and delicate. The laboring girls in Lynn live and dress like queens in comparison with these.

While enjoying a delightful concert in a Beer garden, we were met by our friend Mr. Spinney, and his nephew, who had left us in

London and who had just returned from a hasty visit to the unique cities of Holland. Here we introduced Mr. Spinney to a gentleman from St. Louis, named Dozier, whose acquaintance we had made, and who had proved to us a pleasant companion. As Mr. Spinney had thought he would have to travel alone, he joyfully accepted a proposal of Mr. Dozier to take a three months' excursion over the continent together; thus a companionship was formed which proved to be mutually pleasant and agreeable.

While in Brussels we stopped at the Hotel Bellerne, where, not only was the attendance very bad and the prices unreasonably high, but, we were charged for "bogies" and all such little things; so we do not hesitate to call the hotel a swindle!

*Saturday, August 12th.* We left Brussels at half past nine, A. M., and after a hot and dirty ride arrived in Cologne at four, P. M. Our courier took us to the Hotel Du Nord, an elegant establishment, where he had engaged rooms for us; a bath soon took away the

fatigue and dirt of the journey, and sharpened our appetites for dinner. At six o'clock we began to dine, and by half-past seven we had gone through ten courses with the utmost good nature. I cannot describe the food, it is too great a task for the memory; suffice it to say, that it was all good, especially as we had the fine Rhine wine wherewith to help digest it. As no ice is used here and as the water is quite unfit to drink, we had been thus far in our travels rather forced to drink claret and water, and had become heartily sick of it. We had often longed for some of the pure water of Breed's pond, with Wenham ice to cool it, but now in lieu of that, we drank the splendid Rhine wine and were satisfied.

*Sunday, August 13th.* We found no protestant church here, so we strolled about the streets for an hour or more quietly observing the people. Here, as in many other places in the "old world," we found that Sunday was not religiously observed as a day of "sacred rest;" on the contrary, it is the great business day, all the shops being open, and trade brisk.

We also visited the markets, and found the market men and women all vociferously selling their various goods.

At noon we visited the great Cologne Cathedral, a wonderful structure. This cathedral has been in course of construction for over seven hundred years, and is not yet completed. It is said to be the most magnificent in the world except that of St. Peter's at Rome, and I am willing to believe it. I visited it often, and my later visits completely upset all thought of describing its magnificence. Its interior dimensions will give you an idea of its size but not of its splendor. I find its width to be two hundred and thirty-one feet; its length, five hundred and eleven feet; and the towers (not yet finished), are to be the same in height; the choir, consisting of five aisles, is one hundred and sixty-one feet high. As we view the interior of this cathedral,—its immense size, the height and disposition of its pillars, niches and chapels, and its beautifully colored windows,—the effect upon the mind is that of a charming vision; while externally, its stupendous buttresses and lofty pinnacles strike the

beholder with astonishment and awe. Notwithstanding the grandeur of this immense pile, my feelings upon entering its portals were quite different from those I experienced in Westminster Abbey. Westminster and its associations will remain in my heart "a joy forever;" the Cologne Cathedral impressed the mind but did not touch the heart. I attribute this, in part, to the fact that one is dedicated to the Popish religion, the other to the more simple religion according to the gospel of Christ.

An old beadle, dressed in a red robe, admitted us to the celebrated tomb, within which are deposited the sacred skulls of the "Three Magi, or Wise Men of the East," whose names I have forgotten; but, as they died before I was born, perhaps it is not material whether I remember their names, or describe their "growing virtues." The books say, that these bones were presented by Frederick Barbarossa, in 1162, to Reinold, archbishop of Cologne, who placed them as "holy reliques" in the cathedral. The gold case, in which they are preserved, is marvellously wrought, and

richly inlaid with jewels and precious stones. It is said, and I believe with truth, that the treasures of this shrine are worth over a million dollars! the casket is in a dark room, but the gas, which was lighted as we entered, gave a fine effect to the jewels.

Another church, more strange than beautiful, is called St. Ursula, or the Church of the Eleven Thousand Virgins. The legend of these virgins is, that Ursula, a daughter of an ancient British king, made a pilgrimage to Rome accompanied by eleven thousand noble British virgins; on their way home to join their betrothed lords, they were all massacred at Cologne, by the Huns, because they persisted in remaining faithful to their vows of chastity. This church is built upon the spot of that event, and is dedicated to Ursula, the sainted leader; the bones and skulls of those "eleven thousand" form the decorations of the walls and ceilings, and present a very strange and ghastly appearance. I never saw so many bones together before. Mr. Watts, incredulous bachelor as he is, does not believe the story of the virgins.

We were shown other "relics": three of the thorns from our Saviour's crown; a portion of the holy cross; a twig of the rod with which Christ was scourged; and one of the earthen vessels that held the water which was turned into wine at the marriage in Cana. Wonderful!

*Monday, August 14th.* Yesterday our party was again made glad by the arrival of Mr. Spinney, Mr. Dozier, and Minton Warren from Brussels, where we had left them on Saturday; they spent the day with us and left this morning at nine o'clock for a sail up the Rhine. We parted reluctantly with our friends, feeling that we should not meet again until we arrived in America; our best wishes went with them. After bidding them good-bye we partook of a French breakfast, that is, coffee, bread and eggs. Mrs. Davis, Lillie, and Amato devoted the forenoon to shopping, while the rest of our party sauntered leisurely about the narrow streets.

Of course, Mrs. Davis did not fail to buy some of the "original Antoine Marie Farina" cologne water, which appears to be the chief

article of commerce in this city. She thought she had got the pure article because Amato said so; but we soon had reason to believe that self interest had led Amato into a doubtful "original" manufactory; for, as we walked the streets, we saw hundreds of signs all boldly claiming that *they* were the "originals," and, as our cologne was not of the purest, we naturally suspected our courier.

In the afternoon, we rode to St. Peter's Church to see the celebrated painting by Rubens, of the Crucifixion of Peter, with his head downward. This remarkable picture shows in a striking manner, the wonderful genius of this great artist. I sat down before it, and, as I was not distracted by other objects, could give my whole mind to it, and could see and enjoy its great excellence. Rubens certainly had genius, and this painting of Peter suffering in such extreme anguish has won my sincere admiration. I used to think the "old masters" were very much overrated, and have been, in my ignorance, disposed to underrate them; but I shall do so no more, for Rubens has captivated me with this, one of the master-pieces of his art.

There is an anecdote connected with this painting, which is so interesting, as illustrating the cupidity of the priests, and the value which the artist put upon his work, that I must relate it. Rubens, as is well known, was christened in this church, and on this account always entertained a kind regard for it. Being presented with a certified copy of his baptismal register, he, in return, painted this altar-piece, and donated it; but on its being presented, the ecclesiastics were very much dissatisfied, as they had expected, and wished for, a gift of money. Hearing of this, Rubens sent them word, that, if they would *return him his picture*, he would give them twenty-eight thousand crowns. But the priests, judging from this that their prize *was* valuable, declined to part with it.

We rode about the city sometime, and finally reached the "Floral Gardens"; here we found beautiful flowers, green houses, aquariums, fountains, music and *beer*. After strolling through these gardens, we took a table near the band, ordered our beer, and enjoyed the splendid music. How delightful the time

seemed! Mrs. Davis moralized a little upon the beer drinking, but then, I said, we are "in Germany and must do as the Germans do." We had not been seated long, before the band master, noticing our party and recognizing us as Americans, played "America," at which we took off our hats, for we appreciated the compliment.

The Germans we found to be an industrious, thrifty, cleanly people, who enjoy life philosophically. They are fond of music, and the innocent sports of these gardens, but from some cause there were but few present this afternoon. After an hour's ride near the outer wall of the city, we returned to our hotel well pleased with the day's experience. The evening we spent in packing trunks for the famous sail up the Rhine on the morrow.

## CHAPTER X.

UP THE RHINE — MAYENCE — HEIDELBERG —  
BASLE.

*Tuesday, August 15th.* We rose early, for we were full to the brim with expectation of delight. Who has not read of the Rhine, with its beautiful scenery, its ruined castles, and its delicious wine? And now, to be so near it! How could we restrain our enthusiasm?

Having some spare time before breakfast, I once more visited the cathedral. Here, at this early hour, I saw hundreds of ragged and dirty people, counting their beads and mumbling prayers, and, as I stood again almost amazed at the magnificence of the temple, and then turned my eyes upon these poor creatures on their knees, I thought how long and pitifully they and their fellows had been kept in poverty, in order that the necessary funds should be had, wherewith to build this wonderful structure, and to support these lazy priests; but it was near eight o'clock, so I was obliged

to cut short my meditation, take the "last lingering look," and say farewell.

At three-quarters past eight we commenced our sail up the Rhine; the weather was very hot, but as the steamer had a good awning over it we were quite comfortable. The sail to Bonn is not especially interesting, but at this point the fine views begin, and, until we arrive at Mayence, we have a constant succession of the most picturesque river scenery imaginable.

"The river nobly foams and flows,  
The charm of this enchanted ground,  
And all its thousand turns disclose  
Some fresher beauty varying round;—"

But I will not attempt a description of these "beauties," nor of the many frowning, yet picturesque castles, that towered high above us as we sailed up this historic river;—

"Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine;"

you all know something of their history; and that now they have passed their usefulness, and serve only as impressive reminders of the struggles and conquests of former times.

" And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,  
 Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,  
 All tenantless, save to the crannyng wind,  
 Or holding dark communion with the cloud.  
 There was a day when they were young and proud,  
 Banners on high, and battles pass'd below,  
 But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,  
 And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,  
 And the bleak battlement shall bear no future blow.

Beneath these battlements, within those walls,  
 Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud state  
 Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,  
 Doing his evil will, nor less elate  
 Than mightier heroes of a longer date.

\* \* \* \* \*

In their baronial feuds and single fields,  
 What deeds of prowess unrecorded died !  
 And love, which lent a blazon to their shields,  
 With emblems well devised by amorous pride,  
 Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide;  
 But still their flame was fierceness, and drew on  
 Keen contest and destruction near allied,  
 And many a tower for some fair mischief won,  
 Saw the discolour'd Rhine beneath its ruin run.

But thou, exulting and abounding river!  
 Making thy waves a blessing as they flow  
 Through banks whose beauty would endure forever,  
 Could man but leave thy bright creation so,  
 Nor its fair promise from the surface mow  
 With the sharp scythe of conflict,— then to see  
 Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know  
 Earth paved like heaven; and to seem such to me  
 Even now what wants thy stream?— that it should Lethe be."

With this quotation from Childe Harold, more eloquent than any poor words of mine, I finish my brief notes of my sail upon this beautiful and classic river. We arrived at Mayence at ten o'clock, P. M., and at this point we parted from the Rhine; but the impressions we got while journeying over its deep, green waters, will remain forever in our memory.

*Wednesday, August 16th.* The morning was mild and the atmosphere very soft and mellow. We spent an hour riding about this old Roman city. It is a quaint place, has a cathedral, a large museum and library of 120,000 volumes, some of them very rare, and is an important military station, as one might expect from its position. It is also noted as the birth-place of Guttenberg, the inventor of printing, whose house is still standing, and to whose honor has been erected a statue by Thorwaldsen.

After a brief, but most enjoyable stay, we left, at one o'clock, for Heidelberg, arriving at three thirty, and putting up at the Schiedler Hotel, where we were accommodated with very pleasant rooms.

So far, the many good wishes of friends at home have been with us, for we have had no sickness, bad luck, nor in fact, anything to mar our pleasure. As the weather, however, for the past ten days has been very hot, we have concluded to hasten on to Switzerland where we can get the pure, cold air of the mountains.

*Thursday, August 17th.* All our party took carriages for Heidelberg Castle, and after slowly climbing up a high hill, we reached the old, but still magnificent ruin. Our guide, who spoke English very well, gave us a very interesting description of the old castle, but it is too long to relate here. In viewing its massive walls, which are twenty feet thick, and still show its wonderful strength, it seemed to me that it must have been impregnable in its day; and yet, it has been five times bombarded, twice burnt to the ground, and three times delivered up to pillage and destruction by its conquerors. After all, it still remains one of the grandest and best preserved of all the old castles, and fully justifies the appellation of "The Alhambra of Germany."

In the cellar, under the castle, are three enormous casks, in which wine was kept. The largest of these is the famous Great Tun of Heidelberg, which is thirty-six feet long, twenty-six feet in diameter, and holds fifty thousand gallons. The guide spread himself some in telling the size of this wine-tun, so I remarked, "Yes, quite large; almost as large as the trunks to some of our trees in America." The fellow looked at me doubtfully, so I emphasized my statement and said, "Yes, I have stood, in California, on the trunk of a tree thirty-two feet in diameter." He rather sarcastically remarked, "That is in America, I suppose." "Oh, yes; in no other country do they have such enormous things." Near the large tun was a statue of a man who used to "boss it;" his custom was to drink eighteen bottles per day,—so we were told by the guide.

After this we went up to the top of the castle where we got a splendid view of the surrounding country;—the silver Neckar gently flowing below us; glimpses of the distant Rhine shining out here and there; innumerable spires of churches peeping up from unseen

villages all around us: and the blue outlines of the far-off Vosges mountains;—all presented one of the most charming pictures that I ever saw.

*Friday, August 18th.* We have been only two months from home, yet we have travelled so far, and seen so much, that it seems a year since we left. But the tourists' watchword is, "keep moving," so, leaving Heidelberg at three thirty, p. m., we arrived, in about six hours, at Basle, near the border of Switzerland. We were again fortunate enough to have our baggage pass the custom house without any trouble; in fact, we have had no annoyance from custom-officials anywhere, except in Belgium; there, we were put to what to us seemed an uncommon and quite unnecessary scrutiny, being obliged to wait till every trunk, box, and satchel was opened and closely examined, notwithstanding the decided objections of Mr. Watts, who told the official, in somewhat excited tones, that *his* satchel contained nothing but a few "*old duds*." Whether the watchful Belgiumite was ignorant of

Mr. Watts' vernacular, or whether he suspected some cat under this "Yankee meal," I know not; but his "search" still went on with most provoking coolness, and a thoroughness that grew positively tiresome. It is doubtless all right and proper to comply strictly with the law, in this, as in all other matters of local regulation in foreign lands, but it often makes strong drafts upon the *American* travellers' patience when the examination is conducted with a microscope.

*Saturday, August 19th.* We found our hotel (the Euler) very pleasant, and the rooms and accommodations excellent.

Basle is a compact and well-built town; its clean streets, neat houses, and seeming thriftiness of its inhabitants, afforded us much pleasure. Many of the streets through which we passed were ancient-looking and narrow, some of them, indeed, not being wide enough for two carriages to pass abreast.

The city is divided by the river Rhine, into two unequal divisions; and there seems to have been, in former times, an enmity between the

people of these divisions, which was so great, that oft-times their quarrels ended in bloodshed. Notwithstanding the bitterness of these feuds, there was something ludicrous in the manifestations of ridicule which were sometimes indulged in, and we were highly amused on being shown a curious old clock in the form of a human face, which in those days was placed by the river side, and, as its pendulum moved, ran out its long tongue, and rolled its eyes, in derision of the people on the opposite shore.

We visited an old cathedral, built by Henry II. of Germany, in the early part of the eleventh century; it has two lofty towers, each as high as Bunker Hill monument. The history of this church was quite interesting, but not so much so as its reliques and paintings; among the latter, was an old fresco called the "Dance of Death," said to be by Holbein, but which the more modern authorities pronounce not his. However this may be, I was much impressed by the work, so much so, in fact, that while most of our party were being shown instruments of torture, and other old reliques

used in the days of the Reformation, I remained to study this picture.

The fresco represents, perhaps twenty, different scenes from life; in each, Death, represented as a horrid skeleton, holding in his lank hand a seythe,—is seen contending with the mortals about him. One scene represents a king in full power, struggling against the grim messenger; but of no avail: he goes down;—another, shows a priest in his sacerdotal robes; he, too, goes down;—here, and there, we see the poor and humble beside the rich and great, all alike trying to ward off the skeleton, but all failing and coming to the same end;—another scene represents a scantily furnished room; upon a bed lies a poor and feeble woman; as Death enters the door, the woman, with a sweet and radiant face, seems to say, “Welcome, Death! I am prepared: take me home!” But time will not permit me to give more particulars of the various subjects. My thoughts on studying this picture were varied, and I said to myself, “Ah, well; all at last must succumb to this same messenger; alike the high and low, the rich and poor; then, let us so live, that

when Death comes to *us*, we can say, 'we have fought the good fight: our course is finished: Welcome, messenger! take me home.'"

Just behind the cathedral is a grand piazza, sixty feet high, from which we got a fine view of the swift flowing Rhine. After this we drove to the town hall and saw a few old frescoes, and then to the hotel.

Taking the cars at one thirty, P. M., a four hours' ride brought us to Lucerne.

## CHAPTER XI.

LUCERNE — THE LAKE — TELL'S PLATTE —  
FLUELEN — ALTORF — “THUNDER STORM  
AMID THE ALPS.”

*Saturday, August 19th, (continued).* We were now fairly in Switzerland, and the ride from Basle was one of the most beautiful yet taken. The Alps were in view; the Bernold range could be seen, some of its peaks being white with snow, and these, mingling with the sun-lit clouds that skirted the horizon, gave increased beauty to the scene. The beautiful Swiss villages, too, were a perpetual pleasure to look upon, as we passed through or near them; finally, our train, that had moved slowly up the hill sides, passed through a long tunnel and emerged into the gay and fashionable town of Lucerne.

We were driven to the Grand Hotel National, and the scene, as we entered with our party, set us common folks quite aback; and Mrs. Davis said, “Oh, dear! so much style!

I know we shall not like this place." But as our rooms had been engaged in advance, we concluded to remain a day or two at least, thinking we might be satisfied after the dazzle was over, and especially as, after going to our rooms we found them near together and looking out upon a lovely landscape of mountains, lake and village. Mrs. Davis was tired and preferred not to dress for dinner, so it was served in her room, Amato looking after Miss Craig and the children.

Mr. Watts, Wilbur, Edwin and myself, arranged our toilets, and then proceeded to the grand hall, or rotunda; where we met our faithful Amato, who took my arm and introduced me to a very pretty girl, gaily dressed in full Swiss costume:—"Monsieur Davis, this is the bar-maid; she can mix American drinks as can no other girl in all Switzerland." Naturally bashful, I blushed a little, but soon gathered a smile and remarked: "Fine accomplishment, Mademoiselle; did you learn the art in America, or is it an instinct of your nature?" She smilingly replied, in broken English, "An instinct, I think, Monsieur." Mr. Watts being

near by, I whispered, "Have a drink of wine, Ben?" — "No, guess not now." Approving his judgment I remarked again to the damsels,— "I am glad to know that American drinks can be had in this house; we will no doubt see you again, Madamoiselle." Whether our shrewd Amato thought we would need a drink to carry us through the intricacies of the *table d'hôte*, I cannot tell, but I suspected him.

At half past seven a full band struck up a lively air and we all marched into the gorgeously lighted dining room. I was conducted to the head of a long table, but, not wishing so prominent a position, I tried to decline it; this, however, was no easy matter, as the moustached chap in "bobtail" coat failed to understand me, so, to avoid confusion I sat down. The excitement over, we looked about the room; the ceiling was elegantly frescoed with all sorts of nude, allegorical figures, representing Music, Flora, Plenty, etc.; upon the panels were painted many mottoes, some in English and some in French; one motto struck me forcibly:— "Humility is a speaking truth, and all pride is a lie." — How this sentiment, thought I, must rebuke some seated at the table.

After waiting about ten minutes till all were seated, a bell struck and a file of pretty, Swiss waiter-girls in full national costume, marched in and took their positions around the table. I cannot describe their dress, but from the short sleeves and scant skirts, I supposed it to be the dress of the peasantry; soon, one of them passed me the wine card; handing it to Mr. Watts, I said to him, "Ben, my boy, this is evidently the feast of the gods! select the wine you prefer, and let us do honor to the banquet." I cannot describe the ten courses through which we struggled, but when we had made an end, Mr. Watts lighted a cigar, and we took a stroll through the streets of Lucerne feeling as rich as Crœsus.

Coming back to the hotel, we found a package of six letters from home which had been sent on after us from London. Thus ended one of the most delightful days of our travels.

*Monday, August 21st.* Yesterday we gave to complete rest, hardly leaving the hotel; the delight of the day being the letters from home.

This morning came in with such a charming aspect, that we resolved to enjoy it at its best, in a sail upon the beautiful Lake Lucerne. Accordingly, at eleven o'clock, we started in the fine lake steamer, *Victoria*, touching at Weggis, Vitznau, (where the cars leave for the ascent to Mount Rigi,) Bonato, Gersau, Brunnen, Sissigen, Tell's Platte, and Fluelen, distance about twenty-five miles. At Tell's Platte is a rocky shelf on which, it is said, Tell leaped when he escaped from the boat of Gessler, and fled to the mountains; above the rock is Tell's Chapel, erected soon after his death; it contains some pictures and rude frescoes representing events in the patriot's life.

Two miles from this place is Altorf, where Tell is said to have shot the apple from his son's head. In the market place is a colossal statue of Tell, and a fountain; the former marking the place where the father stood, and the latter the position of the child, in that famous trial of skill, patriotism, and filial faith, which has come down to us in that charming story that we all remember so well. I do not know

whether it is true history, or legend; the story is, that Gessler elevated his hat upon a pole in this very place and ordered all passers by to make obeisance to it. Tell refused; was condemned to death; but promised a pardon if he would show his skill in archery, by shooting an apple off his son's head; to this, Tell consented, and was successful; but Gessler saw another arrow which Tell had secreted; on being questioned, the brave archer said it was for Gessler's heart had his child been harmed. Tell's pardon was then revoked, and while being hurried away in Gessler's boat to be immured in the castle dungeon at Kussnacht, a tempest arose; none but Tell could steer, and to him was committed the helm; he seized the opportunity, steered in close to the shore, and sprang out upon what is now Tell's Platte, (the very spot where we stopped to-day); he afterwards intercepted Gessler at Kussnacht and killed him; an event which led to the general uprising of the people and ended in the freedom of Switzerland.

I have given you the story in full, as we are at the place where these events are said to

have occurred. Like many another of our brave bits of history, this story seems destined to be stricken down by the searching lance of modern criticism, but for one, I refuse like Tell, to bow to the critics, and choose to still repose my childhood's trust in the hero of the Switzer's faith. The story of Tell may be a myth; it may be as the terrible critics say, that *every* nation has a similar hero and a similar moral to its legend; but it proves how strong is the love of liberty in the human breast, and *that* shall never die.

"Yes, in that generous cause, forever strong,  
The patriot's virtue and the poet's song,  
Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,  
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay."

But the sail upon the lake! What shall I say of its glorious beauty! While on the steamer I thought I would attempt a description, but how futile such an effort. I will save my adjectives and only say, that I thought Lake George, in our own country, was very grand in its mountain scenery and in the beauty of its surrounding banks; I felt then, that nothing in Europe or the world could excel it; but I am

forced to say, notwithstanding a strong prejudice in favor of my native land, that Lake George, as compared to Lake Lucerne, is like the "old swamp" and its surroundings at Woodend, to the varied scenery of Memphremagog. After all, I cannot drop my pen without telling you something of the sights that have made the days so charming. Hundreds of interesting objects met our eyes, such as beautiful mountains white with snow; glistening ice glaciers; ruined castles; quiet villages, nestling among hills rich with waving grain; isolated rocks, upon whose sides were images of the Virgin, many of them highly decorated; and beneath all, the water of the lake, so clear, that you could look down to an immense depth, and view its deep caverns and curious wonders;—in fact, enchantment gilds the scene and holds you spell-bound through all this wondrous domain.

*Tuesday, August 22d.* We awoke this morning and found that the clouds had hidden the mountains from our view, a sure sign of rain. Mrs. Davis and Lillie, with Amato, went out

to buy a few trifles, but soon returned, for the rain was falling fast. Just think of it! Mrs. Davis cannot buy a corset lace without taking Amato with her, because the shopkeepers do not understand our language.

Every evening at half past six, an organ concert is given in the old cathedral; and, as no tourist considers that he has thoroughly *seen* Lucerne until he has *heard* the organ, we attended to-night. Upon the walls of the cathedral were to be seen the usual paraphernalia of all catholic churches, to which, however, we gave but little attention, as, in common with a hundred other tourists present, our hearts were set upon music. Soon the organist commenced to play, but we could not see him; after awhile the heavy bass was opened, and the full power of the instrument displayed, making the building actually tremble; then the stops were changed, and we could hardly distinguish the music, it was so low and soft; various pieces were played, but none of them were familiar to our uneducated ears; we only knew that the music was grand and inspiring, and the little audience was held

spell-bound till the last. The final piece was called, "A Thunder storm amid the Alps." This last performance so entranced our party, that I cannot refrain from copying in full, the beautiful and truthful description of it by Mr. Curtis Guild, who says:—

"It commenced with a beautiful pastoral introduction; this was succeeded by the muttering of distant thunder, the fitful gusts of a gradually rising tempest, the sharp shirr of the wind, and the very rattling and trickling of the rain drops; mountain streams could be heard, rushing, swollen into torrents; the muttering of the tempest increased to a gradual and rising roar of wind, a resistless rush of rain was heard, that made the spectator look anxiously towards the church windows, and feel nervous that he has no umbrella. Finally, the tremendous tempest of the Alps seemed to shake the great cathedral, the winds howled and shrieked, the rain beat, rushed, and came down in torrents; the roar of the swollen mountain streams was heard between the terrific peals of thunder that reverberated among the mountains, awaking a hundred echoes, and one of those

sharp, terrible rattles, that betokens the falling bolt, made more than one lady sit closer to her protector with an involuntary shudder. But anon the thunder peals grew less and less frequent and rolled slowly and grandly off among the mountains, with heavy reverberations, between which the rush of the mountain streams and the rattle of the brooks were heard, till finally the peals of Heaven's artillery died away entirely, the streams rushed less fiercely, and the brooks purled over the pebbles. Then amid the subsiding of the tempest, the notes of a little organ, which had been heard only at intervals during the war of elements, became more clear and distinct now; as the thunder ceased and the rush of rain was over, you heard it as in some distant convent or chapel among the mountains, and there arose a chant so sweet, so clear, so heavenly as to seem hardly of this earth,—a chant of nuns before their altar; anon it increased in volume as tenor, alto, and even the full bass of Monkish chant joined, and the whole choir burst into a glorious hymn of praise.

The audience were breathless as they listened

to the chant of this invisible choir, whose voices they could distinguish in sweet accord as they arose and blended into a great anthem, and then gradually faded in the distance, as though the meek sisterhood were gliding away amid their cloisters, and the voices of the procession of hooded monks ceased one after the other, as they sought the quiet of their cells. The chant dropped away, voice by voice into silence; all ceased but the little chapel organ accompaniment, which lingered and quavered, till like a last trembling seraph breath, it faded away in the still twilight, and—the performance was over.”

Some of our party really thought there were human voices in connection with the organ in the performance of this piece of music, the hymns and chants were so sweet and beautiful; I should have thought so myself had I not read to the contrary. We, with others, stopped at the church door after the concert was over, to see the person who had displayed such skill on the organ. Soon there appeared an old man apparently seventy-five years of age, dressed in knee-breeches and silk stock-

ings, with a package of music under his arm; we all bowed to him, upon which he removed his hat and passed by apparently unconscious of the emotions of delight he had stirred in in our hearts.

Upon expressing my delight to Amato, he said, "Oh, well, wait until you get to Friburg; you will hear a better organ there, but perhaps no better performer." So you see we have another concert in store at Friburg. We returned to the hotel, where, in the hall, we listened to another concert given by four native Swiss—one woman and three men dressed in the costume of the country. The music was novel, and, upon the whole, pleasing. The guests of the house were out *en masse* and in their "best clothes," so that the scene was a lively one. We met some Boston people here with whom we had a neighborly chat. Mrs. Davis had become much pleased with this house and was quite at home.

## CHAPTER XII.

MOUNT RIGI—"LION OF LUCERNE"—SARNEN  
LAUGHER—THE BRUNIG PASS—BRIENZ—  
INTERLACHEN — LAUTERBRUNNEN — THE  
STAUBACH—GRINDELWALD.

*Wednesday, August 23d.* The day was tolerably fair. We started in a small steamboat at ten o'clock for Vitznau, whence the steam cars take you to the summit of Mount Rigi, nearly six thousand feet above the level of the sea. These mountain cars are similar to those in use on Mount Washington.

When we arrived at Vitznau the weather looked a little doubtful, but we decided to make the ascent and trust to luck for a clear atmosphere. Up, up we went, until Mrs. Davis became quite alarmed, and said she had rather cross the Atlantic Ocean than ride up such a high mountain. It was a frightful ascent; but, in about two hours, we reached the top, took a long breath, and realized with much satisfaction, that we were safely up. Our ascent was

through sunshine, clouds and rain; and now, upon the summit we could hardly see our hands before us, the fog was so thick. We were, indeed, in such a dense fog, that we dared not go out of the hotel, but sat down to our dinners, regretting we could not get a view. At three o'clock we again took our places in the cars, and at five thirty were again at our hotel. We were all disappointed with the day's experience, especially since everybody had said, "Go up Rigi; the scenery from the summit is magnificent; nothing like it in all Switzerland." Though the day had been a failure; yet, as it was really our first "poor day" since leaving home, we did not complain.

In the evening we had music at the hotel, and fireworks which were discharged from a raft anchored out on the lake, a little distance from the shore. Some said the fireworks were in honor of the arrival of A. T. Stewart's widow, and her party, at a neighboring hotel; but we asked no questions as we sat and quietly appropriated the honors to ourselves, for assuredly we never should have enjoyed them more thoroughly had they indeed been especially intended for us.

*Thursday, August 24th.* A very hard rain all day; but we were glad of the opportunity to peruse the letters and papers just received from home; our letters were dated August 7th. The day closed with a delightful instrumental and vocal concert in the hotel.

*Friday, August 25th.* A damp day, but not raining. Our party strolled about the town as fancy dictated. Mrs. Davis and myself walked out to see the celebrated "Lion of Lucerne." This colossal sculpture is about twenty-nine feet long, nineteen feet high, and is carved from the smooth side of a high perpendicular rock. It represents a noble lion, bravely holding and protecting the royal escutcheon of France, upon which he still maintains his hold, although he is dying from the effects of the mortal thrust just given him by a spear which remains broken in his side. This most magnificent work of art was cut in the solid granite, by Lucas Ahorn of Constance, from a finely finished plaster model designed and executed by the eminent sculptor Thorwaldsen. The monument is to perpetuate the memory of those

brave Swiss guards who died while defending so heroically the Royal family of France, at the Tuilleries in 1792. At the base of this sculpture is a pool or basin filled with water, which comes trickling down in tiny streams from the mountains, and whose clear surface reflects as in a glass the image, except when disturbed by jets from the neat fountain that rises out of the centre.

Old Lucerne, is in appearance, like many of the cities we have visited; its streets are narrow with no sidewalks; the buildings are compact; and all have an ancient appearance. We crossed the river Reuss, which emerges from Lake Lucerne at this point, on an old and curious bridge which is roofed over and partially covered in; under this roof are pictures painted upon wood, representing scenes in the history of Switzerland, and also a portion of the pictures of the "Dance of Death." At the hotel in the evening, a fine instrumental concert was given in the hall for the entertainment of the guests.

My first introduction in Lucerne, as you will remember, was to the bar maid, and perhaps

you would like to know if I had any farther experience in her "salon;" I will tell you; one evening during a concert, Mr. Watts and myself thought we would like an "American" drink; so we stepped into the "salle à manger," took seats at a little table, and called the pretty maid; "Mademoiselle," said I, "make us two 'sherry coblers,' a la Amerique."—"Oui, monsieur." The drinks were handed to us, straws and all, with a polite courtesy; we drank the coblers with the utmost good cheer, and proceeded to pay the bill. "How much, Mademoiselle?" "Four francs, Monsieur." Of course we did not complain in the presence of the girl who had been so polite, but as we walked out of the "salle à manger," I remarked to Mr. Watts, "No more 'American' drinks for me! forty cents in gold for a sherry cobbler is a swindle!" It is needless to say, that the romance of our first introduction to the pretty bar-maid had vanished. This leads me to remark, that everybody we meet drinks wine, both the saints and the sinners; all drink it like water. Our party have become tired of wine, but are rather forced to drink it, as

everybody says it is not wise for strangers to drink the water of this country. The wine is light and no more intoxicating than our cider at home.

*Saturday, August 26th.* It was an even question this morning, whether to leave Lucerne or not; as it was raining heavily; but, inasmuch as the barometer indicated clear weather, our trunks were all packed, and carriages had been engaged, we decided to start. So at nine o'clock, two carriages: one with four horses, the other with two: were driven to the door; our trunks were fastened under the carriages; and, taking our places inside, we made ourselves comfortable; then, word being given,

"Crack went the whips: round went the wheels:"

and we were off at a rattling pace through the streets of Lucerne, attracting as much attention from the entire population, old as well as young, as ever did John Gilpin in his famous race to Edmonton Bell; and no wonder, for our horses had their bridles gaily decorated with bright fancy feathers, and strings of jing-

ling bells hung around their necks. But on we went, the rain seeming to increase as we proceeded, at which we all felt quite discouraged, especially as we lost all the beautiful scenery. However, we endeavored to make the best of it, and in about two hours we came to a stop at Sarnen, where we obtained refreshments. Meanwhile the clouds had broken up and drifted off, so when we started again we threw open the tops of our carriages and went on more joyously, for the scenery was splendid.

Soon we came to the base of the great Brunig Pass, where more horses, led by an old woman, were added to our carriages. About one o'clock we reached a little village on the mountain side, called Lungern, where we rested for one hour and a half at a hotel named the Golden Lion, and partook of a dinner worthy of Young's Hotel. It consisted of soup, trout, beef, potatoes, roast chicken, salad, cheese, pudding, cake, nuts, coffee and wine:—I give it as it was served. After a pleasant rest we went on again until we reached the summit of the Pass. Here the old woman unhitched the extra horses, and we proceeded on our way.

The sun was now blazing forth in all its splendour, and we saw, as we looked down, the great valley below us, beautiful with cultivated fields, through which flowed bright rivers looking like silver threads; then gazing upward, we saw the great mountains towering high above us and covered with the pure, white snow that had just fallen; for what was rain with us, was snow in those cold upper regions. Soon we came to a little lake, whose waters were almost green, and yet so clear that the whole panorama of mountain scenery about us was reflected in its crystal depths. All this presented a most glorious view; but the clouds now began to close in upon us again, and all the fine views were suddenly lost, much to our sorrow.

We arrived at the little village of Brienz, at six p. m., where a man came out of the stable, with a huge loaf of *bread* under his arm, and, much to our amusement, began to cut off first a piece for a horse, then a piece for himself, and so on till the loaf was gone; after feeding all the horses, he finally gave them gruel, made of oat-meal and water, to wash down the bread.

We arrived at Interlachen at about half past seven, and put up at the Hotel Scheweitzerhof, where cosy rooms on the first floor were in waiting for us; it being quite cool we ordered a fire in our parlor, and after supper we sat down and enjoyed the blazing warmth upon the hearth. This finished our ride of eleven hours over the Brunig Pass; a ride which was not fatiguing in the least, and which will ever be remembered with delight.

*Sunday, August 27th.* Interlachen is a village of only fifteen hundred inhabitants, but fills up, in summer, with tourists from all nations, to the number, it is said, of from twenty to thirty thousand. Its hotels are many and excellent, for tourists like to linger here to enjoy the invigorating air, and delightful scenery. It is located in a valley, between Lake Brienz and Lake Thun, the river Aar connecting the two and running through the village. On the east and west it is completely shut in by high mountains, the celebrated Jungfrau over-capping them all with its glistening ice-peak.

We spent a quiet day, going out only to attend the Episcopal church, where the services were conducted by an English clergyman, who gave us a good sermon.

*Monday, August 28th.* Mrs. Davis, the girls, myself and Amato, rode about six or eight miles to Lauterbrunnen. This was a pleasant drive among the hills, Jungfrau being in full sight, while from the mountain sides, hundreds of cascades could be seen tumbling down, and with their foaming waters forming the river Lutchine, which made music to our ears as it rushed on over its stony bed to its peaceful repose in the lake below.

The principal cascade was the world renowned Staubbach (a name which signifies "Dust Stream,") which falls nine hundred feet from a projecting cliff; this is the highest water-fall in Switzerland, and some poet has called it the "sky born waterfall;" to-day a beautiful spray was produced by the high wind, which blew the sheet of water into vapory "dust" long before it had fallen half way down its steep descent. It was a pretty sight,

but not a whit suggesting our own Niagara, to which it has sometimes, but very inaptly, been compared; for, it is no more like Niagara Falls than the peaceful lake of Como is like the mighty Atlantic ocean.

In the cursoal near our hotel, a good orchestra band gives a concert every morning and evening; this is free to all visitors, and is maintained by the hotels; but every guest at the latter is charged one franc per day for its support. Here are fine promenades, gardens and a restaurant, where the people can enjoy the music either promenading or sitting. We enjoyed strolling about these grounds, listening to the jabbering of the people in foreign tongues, and in observing their different customs and manners.

After the concert to-night, a painful rumor was circulated, that two young tourists had lost their way in the mountains near by; of course everybody was interested and it was the talk of the evening; ten experienced guides were immediately sent into the mountains in the direction from which had been heard the cries for help. We sat up until eleven o'clock,

watching the lights of the guides and listening to their signal cries as they echoed from the hill-sides; but finding their return a matter of uncertain time, we at length retired, anxious for the morning to come that we might learn the lost men's fate. The anxiety shown by the people gathered in the streets, for the fate of these lost young men, impressed me with the fact, that the same generous heart beats, alike the world over, with sympathy for the distressed, and leaves no room to doubt the inspired Word,—“God hath made of *one* blood all nations of men.”

*Tuesday, August 29th.* We learned this morning, with much pleasure, that the two missing men were found by the guides, high up the mountain, about twelve o'clock. They were German youths, guests at one of the hotels; they had left the hotel in the morning, to ascend the mountain, and at six, p. m., they had lost their way, a discovery by no means pleasant to them in these mountains; fortunately at seven o'clock, their cries for help were heard by their father who, having become

anxious for their return, was out looking and listening for them; everyone was glad and relieved at their safe return.

Soon after breakfast, Mrs. Davis, the boys, Mr. Watts and myself, with Amato, left Interlachen in a three horse wagon for Grindelwald, where we arrived at twelve o'clock.

Grindelwald is a small village, romantically situated in a little valley, at a height of four thousand feet above the sea level, and is guarded by two giant mountains, the Eiger, and the Mettenberg, which form the base of the more distant Schreckhorn, and Wetterhorn, whose broad shoulders are raised far above the heads of their snow-clad companions.

After lunching at a little hotel, we debated as to the best method of going to the glacier, about two miles off. The result was, that Amato and myself took horses; the boys and Mr. Watts decided to walk; while Mrs. Davis, was carried in a Sedan chair by two stalwart men, in true oriental style, at which we were highly amused. After some merriment and good natured chaffing, the Sedan started off, the boys and Mr. Watts following on foot; Amato

and myself mounted our horses and went in another direction, but came to the same place, at the foot of the glacier.

As we entered this valley, the celebrated glacier, known as the Damengletscher, stood grandly before us; this frozen river, in its irresistible march down the sides of the Mettenburg, had, like some mighty army, in its slow but steady advance, cleared everything before it.

This was the first glacier we had seen, and it gave us a sensation of delight and of awe, as we stood at its base admiring its spire-like peaks and glittering needles. Into the solid ice is cut an archway, seventy-five feet long, leading to a room about ten feet square. We were conducted into this ice cave by guides, but the cold dampness and the unwillingness to be "packed in ice" before our time, gave us a shudder, and we were glad to return to the milder atmosphere without. The sun shining into this archway through the ice, produced as through a mighty prism, the most beautiful combination of colors, which even Rubens himself would have given half his fortune to have equalled on canvas.

A pleasant tarry in the valley; a delightful ride back to Interlachen; and a good dinner at an excellent hotel, made the day a memorable one in our calendar.

*Wednesday, August 30th.* We spent this day in quietly strolling about the town, gazing into shop windows and doing some shopping. We found great temptation to spend money in these places, there were so many beautiful things to please our fancy.

The Swiss exhibit great ingenuity in carving wood and ivory, and Interlachen is the best place to pick up rare and beautiful specimens of Swiss handiwork.

## CHAPTER XIII.

BERNE — FREIBURG — GEÑEVA — CHAMOUNI —  
MONT BLANC — MER-DE-GLACE — TETE NOIR  
— MARTIGNY.

*Thursday, August 31st.* It was raining in torrents as we awoke this morning, yet we decided to push on to Freiburg, as we wished to be in Geneva by Friday night; so, at ten o'clock, we left by rail for Lake Thun, where we took the steamer for a sail across the lake to the town of Thun; there we took the cars again and arrived in Freiburg at three o'clock.

On the way, the train being delayed an hour at Berne, I improved the opportunity thus unexpectedly given, to stroll into the streets of that really fine city, which is called, with truth, the finest and best built in all Switzerland. The houses are all of freestone, and the upper stories project over the lower so as to form admirable arcades for the shops in all the principal streets. There are also numerous public fountains ornamented with elaborate

and grotesque sculpture. On its grand square stands the old Gothic cathedral, and the famous old clock tower, built in 1191 by Duke Berchtold V. of Zahringen, who founded the city. The clock strikes every hour, and sets in motion figures which represent a cock, a procession of bears, and an old man with an hour glass, who strikes a bell. The *bear* is the heraldic emblem of Berne. The tradition is, that Berchtold one day encountered a bear upon the spot where the town is, and, although alone, succeeded in killing him, whereupon he determined to show his gratitude by founding the city and giving it Bruin's name.

By the time I had finished my hasty stroll, our train was ready and on we went. It had now cleared off beautifully, and we entered Freiburg under a bright sun, and were soon installed at the Zahringen Hof. Our main object in stopping here was to listen to the "great organ," so we attended the concert which is performed every evening at eight o'clock. The "great expectations" raised by Amato were quickly dissipated; the performance was *not* as good as that at Lucerne; the organ was quite

as good, perhaps better; but the organist much inferior.

The principal attractions of this town are the two suspension bridges over the crooked river Sarine or Saane; the Nicolai church, which contains the organ; and a noted lime tree. This tree, still healthy, although planted four hundred years ago, has a romantic story connected with its history, but I have no time to tell it. The bridges are two and three hundred feet above the river, and have a span of nine hundred and sixty-four feet, and seven hundred and forty-six feet respectively; one of them is the longest suspension bridge in Europe. From the highest bridge we obtained a grand view of this hilly town, the most prominent object, of course, being the lofty spire of the inevitable cathedral to be found in every town; this one dated back to 1285.

*Friday, September 1st.* Autumn came in to-day with a clear sky, and bracing air. Amato, Miss Craig, and the children, started off to see the bridges; while Mrs. Davis and I trudged up a steep hill to price some pretty

blankets which we had seen the evening before. We arrived at the shop, but the blankets were gone from the windows; we entered, and found that no one could speak a word of English; so we tried to make the attendant understand our wants by a pantomimic movement of hands towards the windows; after a little time, she brought a large package of lace window curtains;—"No, no; we want what was there last evening," we exclaimed, pointing to the window again, and making all sorts of gestures with hands and mouth; the girl, by some lucky divination, this time understood, and brought a package of the most beautiful baby blankets. Mrs. Davis was delighted with them, but now came the question about prices; I took my pocket book in hand, and performed another pantomime. The attendant instantly marked the figures 13 on a paper. I understood this to be thirteen francs, or two dollars and sixty cents each; so Mrs. Davis selected three because they were so very beautiful, as well as useful in a family. The goods being paid for, I took the bulky package under my arm, and trudged off, to the great amusement

of six or seven attendants who could not understand the unusual democratic sight of a gentleman carrying his own bundles.

We left Freiburg at half past eleven, A. M., and in about four hours, reached Geneva. Here we found most elegant rooms awaiting us at the Hotel Beau Rivage; our parlors were most elegantly furnished, so elegantly, indeed, that before occupying, as we intended to stay for a week at least, I sent Amato below to inquire the price of them; but our fears were groundless, for the price proved very reasonable.

*Saturday, September 2d.* Geneva is famous for its watches, jewelry, and objects of *vertu*; so with eager and curious eyes, our whole party devoted the entire day to a ramble among the shops and manufactories.

*Sunday, September 3d.* The morning being beautiful we walked out upon the fine quays which border the "swift and arrowy Rhone," as it passes out of Lake Leman. Many of the largest shops are here, and we

found most of them open and doing business as upon any other day.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Davis, the girls, and myself, drove about two miles out of the city to see the junction of the Rhone and Arve—these rivers flow so swiftly that the gray and turbid waters of the Arve, do not mingle with the deep blue waters of the Rhine, until they have flown five or six miles side by side; this phenomenon naturally suggested the simile of our people of the North and South, who, although living side by side for many years, still did not blend together as one harmonious nation, but remained as distinct as two different races; yet now, the “union” is complete, and the *gray* and *blue* mingle together in one common spirit of fraternity.

We continued our charming drive into the suburbs, and passed the pleasant summer villa of one of the Rothschilds, who is said to be the richest man in the world. We were not allowed to drive through his grounds, as they were open to the public only on Tuesdays and Fridays.

In the evening, the city was all aglow with

music and gayety; so much so, that Mrs. Davis couldn't help saying, "Why, it seems like Fourth of July; these people must be heathens!" And indeed, it was a strange sight for our New England eyes; all the cafes had chairs and tables upon the sidewalks, and furnished some sort of a musical performance for the people who were eating, drinking, and having a "good time generally." As we walked along we came to a huge tent with all the accompaniments of a circus. We stopped a moment; a band struck up a lively tune, the people within shouted their delight, and we passed on. Soon we came to a pretty garden called *Jardin Anglais*, where we sat down to rest; near by was another cafe in full blast, playing lively airs to the people who were boisterously drinking wine and beer. As we meditated upon the scene, comparing it to the quiet of our own dear New England Sabbath, a torch light procession, with a band of music, came tramping by and everybody shouted. "There," said Mrs. Davis, "that caps all; I don't believe it is right for us to be here; let us go back to the hotel." We turned to go,

but just as we were about to leave, we noticed that the moon looked peculiar, and we soon discovered that it was being eclipsed. We wondered at first, if it could be seen at Lynn, but upon reflection, we calculated that at this time our friends there were preparing for a ride to Nahant or Swampscott, and were, no doubt, happy and contented, (without an eclipse), as well they may be.

*Monday, September 4th.* Amato and myself visited some of the public buildings, while the rest of our party went shopping.

We first went to the English church, where Calvin preached; this church, belonged to the Catholics in the eleventh century, but Calvin wrought so wonderfully well, that his many converts were enabled to take possession of it, and it has remained a Protestant church ever since. The house where Calvin lived, was shown us on the Rue de Chamoines; but the building that interested me much more than that of the stern old preacher was that wherein the Commissioners met to adjust our differences with Great Britain, growing out of her indirect

depredations upon our commerce, and other acts during our late civil war. A woman showed us through the rooms, pointing out the chairs occupied by Messrs. Cushing, Evarts, and the rest. In the principal room were hung some excellent photographs of the members of the Commission and their families in groups. Here also was a marble slab stating, in French, the result of the deliberations of the Commission.

*Tuesday, September 5th.* This morning, Mr. Watts and myself decided to make a four days' excursion together through the Alps, leaving the family and Amato at Geneva; so at seven o'clock, we took the diligence, (a lumbering thing,) for Chammouni, a distance of fifty-three miles; and after a rather tedious ride, we reached our destination at four o'clock, and put up at the Imperial Hotel.

Chammouni is a romantic village of about two thousand inhabitants, situated on the river Arve, in a little valley at the foot of the famous Mont Blanc, which rises over fifteen thousand feet into the very heavens.

Chamouni! Mont Blanc! Who has not heard or read of them, and longed to behold their beauties and their grandeur! Many years ago, at Lyceum Hall, in Lynn, I heard Thomas Starr King describe one's feelings upon standing at the foot of this same ice-clad mountain, and I thought if I could only see and feel what he described, I should be happy; and yet, here I was actually on the spot, and could hardly realize the fact;—with the recollection of that lecture upon me, I certainly cannot and will not dare to try my feeble pen at anything like description.

At six o'clock we dined at the *table d'hôte*. Near us sat a gentleman whom I had seen at the dinner table in Geneva the evening before, and who had then been very polite to Mrs. Davis, who sat next to him. I mentioned this fact, whereupon we became quite sociable, as such *old friends* should be. He and his two companions were very pleasant people, and when they learned that we were intending to ascend Mount Montauvert and the Mer de Glace in the morning, they proposed to go with us, which was very agreeable.

*Wednesday, September 6th.* This morning, our party of the three Englishmen, Mr. Watts, and myself, with two good guides, mounted our mules, and, soon entering the path, began to ascend; in two and one half hours we reached the summit of Montauvert, an elevation of five thousand seven hundred feet; here is a small hotel at which we took refreshments, and then proceeded to the Mer de Glace, or "sea of ice;" walking out upon this we were amazed at its magnitude; "it seemed as if the waves of the ocean had, during a tempest, been seized by the giant hand of Winter, and frozen fast and unalterable in the fantastic positions they had assumed; all around extends a rampart of colossal rocks, whose crumbling summits attest the influences of many thousand seasons, and whose sterile grandeur has an imposing effect on the mind."

It is said that these glaciers move a few inches each day; but it puts one's faith to the test to believe it, they are so mighty. We were told that this glacier was from three to five hundred feet thick, and three or four times that in width; how long it was no one

could tell. In it were crevices into whose vast depths we dropped heavy stones and it seemed many minutes before they struck bottom.

After crossing this ice, we climbed along the side of a high rock which is celebrated as the Mauvais Pas, to a little hut on a shelf of the rock, called the Chapeau, where we celebrated the event by drinking Swiss beer and eating stale bread.

This Mauvais Pas was a fearful place, and I was relieved when I had climbed around it; it is on the side of an almost perpendicular rock, high above the ice below; we felt our way along the side of this tremendous mountain, by the aid of an iron railing fastened into the rock, where a mis-step might prove fatal. In some places there was hardly room for the body to pass; I felt a little dizzy, and was very glad Mrs. Davis did not come with us, for I knew she could not have stood the fatigue of the walk and the danger of this pass. We were glad enough to mount our mules again, and return to Chamouni. The day had been an exciting one, and although a little tired and stiff, I had thoroughly enjoyed it.

We found that one of our companions on this excursion was a member of Parliament, from Sunderland, and a colonel of the Sunderland Rifles; another, an editor of a Sunderland paper; and the other, an iron merchant of the same place. They were all very intelligent and pleasant companions; they knew much of our country, and all intended to visit it in the near future. The colonel, who had been over once, was a bachelor, but very fond of the ladies, and said he intended to select an American lady for a wife, when he came again next year. I jokingly promised to help him.

We took seats together at the *table d'hôte* and were quite chatty; the colonel ordered champagne and we drank in good fellowship.

After dinner, a party arrived from Mont Blanc and their arrival was announced by the firing of a cannon; one of the party was stopping at our hotel; so, in the evening, the colonel introduced me to Lord Galloway of Scotland. I sat down and listened to his account of the ascent, which was intensely interesting and thrilling.

*Thursday, September 7th.* At eight o'clock, A. M., in company with our English friends, we started for Martigny, *via* the great Tete Noir, arriving at four o'clock. We were now in France, and at once noticed the difference in the roads; the roads of Switzerland are perfect, but this road was so bad and rough that we walked much of the distance in preference to riding over it. On this journey we saw some of the most ragged, wild and picturesque scenery yet seen; the whole ride of eight hours was among steep and rough mountains and over narrow defiles. Just as we were beginning our descent from the top of the mountain to the valley of Martigny, we encountered a gale of wind, and could hardly stand upright; this passed quickly by, and we began to wind our way down the steep mountain path, and at length reached the village below.

Martigny is a dull quaint place, but we only stopped to have dinner, and at seven o'clock took the cars for Vevay, where we arrived at nine o'clock and drove to the Grand Hotel, a splendid house, but with few guests. Here,

with many good wishes for their future safety and pleasure, we parted with our English friends who were going to the East to see something of the war which was raging there; they returned our good wishes very heartily, and insisted that we should dine with them in London before our return to America. I promised to call on the colonel during the session of Parliament in May.

## CHAPTER XIV.

CASTLE OF CHILLON — SEINE — BRIEG — VERISAL — PASS OF THE SIMPLON — DOMO D'OS-SOLA — LAKE MAGGIORE — STRESA — ISOLA BELLA — ARONA.

*Friday, September 8th.* When we arose we found a heavy wind blowing and the lake in great commotion. We had tickets for Geneva across the lake, but the water was in such a fury that we did not dare cross it, so returned in the cars, arriving in Geneva, in a rain storm, at one o'clock, P. M., more than pleased with our three days' excursion.

We found our family all well. During our absence, Mrs. Davis and the boys had made an excursion on the lake, and had visited the castle of Chillon, made famous by Byron's poem of "The prisoner of Chillon;" they had seen the

"Seven pillars of Gothic mould  
In Chillon's dungeon deep and old,"

and they had learned something of Bonnivard's

history, as well as that of the castle, both of which are very interesting.

In the afternoon we were busy in making our final purchases, for no person can leave Geneva without buying some of its beautiful jewelry, for which it is so justly celebrated.

*Sunday, September 10th.* Yesterday forenoon we devoted to packing trunks, preparatory to leaving at one o'clock for Seine, the termination of the railroad. In the cars we were fortunate in having a compartment to ourselves. We arrived at our destination at half past eight P. M., after a very comfortable ride. From the depot we were driven up a high hill, through an old town, to the Hotel Bain.

Seine is a dull town, but we amused ourselves to-day by observing the people as they came in from the country to attend church. The females were dressed in the most fantastic style, and all were as homely as could be imagined; they did not look like women; I supposed they were the laborers whom we saw working in the fields as we rode through the country.

We had a little excitement at our hotel this evening, occasioned by the arrival of Prince Napoleon and his wife, daughter of the King of Italy; everybody looked them over as they entered; the prince was far from good looking, but his wife, who was much younger than he, was decidedly pretty.

It being necessary to procure our teams here, to take us over the Simplon Pass, I attended to that duty but found it no very easy matter; however, after some little haggling I engaged two teams at the price of three hundred and fifty francs.

*Monday, September 11th.* Our carriages, consisting of two Landaus, one with four horses, the other with two, were at the door of our hotel at nine o'clock, this morning, and off we started, baggage and all, for a three days' ride over the Alps, *via* the Simplon Pass. In four hours we were in Brieg. Here we took lunch for which the ride had sharpened our appetites; eating with keen relish the soup, chicken salad and fruit which was well served.

This strange looking town is built on a steep

hill-side; but we could not give much time to it; so after adding more horses to our carriages, we left the village, and commenced the ascent of the celebrated pass; soon we got an elevation where we had a magnificent view of the valley we had just left. As we ascended still higher, we would get, now and then, between the hills, charming glimpses of the distant valley below, which looked like a little grass plat sunk into the ground.

At seven o'clock we arrived at Verisal, or De la Poste, an unpretentious place, where we stopped for the night. Here we found comfortable rooms and the best attention; after an excellent supper, we gathered in the principal room, around a blazing fire in an old-fashioned fire place. At ten o'clock a knock at our door was heard; we cried out "come in," and in stepped a good looking girl with *an old-fashioned warming pan* in her hand, with which she deliberately proceeded to warm all our beds; much to our amusement. However, it was a wise precaution and we soon turned in and slept soundly under the massive shelter of thick covers of eiderdown, which we found

to be not at all uncomfortable at this high altitude of five thousand feet.

*Tuesday, September 12th.* At nine o'clock we resumed our ascent, and after a two hours' zigzag course reached the highest point of the great pass, which is about seven thousand feet high, or nearly a thousand feet higher than Mount Washington. Here we had a little flurry of snow, just enough for an excitement. Our driver now put a sled, or shoe, under one wheel of the carriage and we began to descend; soon we reached the village of Simplon, where we had a poor lunch. Continuing our journey we passed a granite column, which marks the Italian boundary, and soon reached Isola, the first Italian town. Here some fat, sedate looking, custom officers quickly examined part of our baggage, after which we resumed our journey and soon descended into the beautiful Val d'Ossola, where the river Toccia, whose rushing waters we had followed down the mountains, peacefully issues. Here, by the soft, mellow atmosphere that greeted us, we were made aware of the fact that we were really in that land of romance, "Sunny Italy."

At five o'clock we reached the town of Domo d'Ossola, where we put up for the night at the Hotel di Espagne de villa. Our two days' ride over this famous Simplon Pass had been one of wonder and admiration; wonder at the skill displayed in constructing so grand a road, and admiration at the genius that conceived it possible to surmount these tremendous Alps. We all know something of the wonderful story of Napoleon's passage of the Alps with his army, and now that I, too, have crossed over, my desire is intensified to learn more clearly the particulars of that famous passage, when, marched

"The armed files that, night and day, were seen  
Winding from cliff to cliff in loose array  
To conquer at MARENGO."

When Napoleon crossed these Alps, there was no road, but the army constructed one over which they passed safely into Italy; soon after, in 1800, Napoleon ordered a more durable road built, and entrusted the planning and execution of it to Ceard, who with a staff of able engineers, and thirty thousand workmen, completed the task in six years at a cost of over fifteen thousand dollars per mile.

Of all the grand and wonderful sights of our ride, I will only mention that of the gorge of Gondo. This is a deep ravine, between almost perpendicular walls of dark slate that rise on either hand to the giddy height of two thousand feet; through the gorge runs the road, just wide enough for safe travel; while hundreds of feet below the narrow river rushes on dashing and foaming over its pebbly bed. While passing through we seemed to be pent up in a deep, dark cavern, and with a shudder wondered how and where we were to get out; once or twice the driver cracked his whip, which produced wonderful echoes in all directions; on and on we went, passing through long tunnels cut in the solid mountain of black rock, until, in about an hour, we emerged from these grand chaotic scenes into the more open and beautiful declines leading to the valley.

“ But now ’tis past,  
That turbulent Chaos; and the promised land  
Lies at my feet in all its loveliness!  
To him who starts up from a terrible dream,  
And lo, the sun is shining, and the lark  
Singing aloud for joy, to him is not  
Such sudden ravishment as now I feel  
At the first glimpse of fair Italy.”

*Wednesday, September 13th.* The enchantment which "distance lends," was somewhat diminished this morning, when, upon rising early we walked about Domo d'Ossola, which we found to be a dirty, vile smelling town of about three thousand of the most wretched, sore-faced and filthy looking inhabitants we had yet seen, excepting, perhaps, those at Killarney.

In our ramble we saw two funerals: one a catholic, and the other a protestant; one was grotesque and strange, the other solemn and impressive; one coffin was carried through the streets by a dozen monks, followed by a few priests dressed in white, mumbling aloud in Latin; then came about fifty women wearing black gowns and white caps which covered the head and reached down to the knees, all carrying lighted candles; lastly came the rabble, filthy and careless; I could not distinguish the mourners, if there were any, and the whole procession struck me as ridiculous.

The other procession was quite different. One of three young Prussians, brothers, who were on a pleasure excursion in Italy, was

taken sick and died in Domo d'Ossola; the officials of the town, learning that he was a Prussian army officer, ordered out the military with a full band of music; so the body was carried through the streets by the soldiery, the band playing a solemn dirge, while the only mourners, the two brothers, walked beside the coffin, touching all hearts with their grief.

At ten o'clock we were on the road again. As we passed through vine-trellised fields and beautiful meadows, we saw hundreds of women making hay and gathering grapes, while the lazy men were looking on in idleness. We passed Ornavasso where we saw the immense quarries, from which was taken the marble wherewith to build the great cathedral of Milan.

At Fariola we got our first glimpse of Lake Maggiore, along the border of which we drove pleasantly until our tired horses brought us to the Hotel Des Iles Borromers, at Stresa, where the proprietor and half a dozen porters welcomed us to an excellent establishment. Our three days' carriage ride had been a grand experience, but we were glad to be quietly

settled once more in a good hotel. After a bath we strolled out and found Stresa to be a quiet, beautiful Italian town, commanding fine views of the lake and surrounding country.

*Thursday, September 14th.* The weather being rainy, we enjoyed ourselves during the forenoon in reading and writing; at two o'clock, the rain having ceased, we hired a small boat with two rowers and crossed to Isola Bella, in Lake Maggiore. On this island there is a castle or palace built in the seventeenth century by Count Borromeo.

We were conducted by an ugly looking Italian, through immense rooms, filled with pictures, statues, and antique furniture; some of the tables were made from pure alabaster, and many pieces of furniture were made of tortoise shell beautifully inlaid; one cabinet contained excellent pictures painted upon glass; this is said to be one of the "lost arts." The lower apartments of this palace were quite unique; the halls, ceilings and floors being entirely covered with pebbles and shells, and with many strange designs. The palace was

unlike anything we had seen. It has but little history except that Napoleon, during his campaign in Italy, once occupied it as a residence; and we were shown the veritable room, with the bed upon which he slept. The castle is now occupied by descendants of the Borromeo family.

Having gone through the building, our attendant number one rang a bell, and number two appeared. This was a fat, good natured man, who proved to be a gardener. He spoke a few words of English, an accomplishment of which he was quite proud.

When we were approaching the island, it appeared so small that we could not believe there was much of a garden on it; but we soon found our mistake, for we were now conducted through all sorts of splendid terraces rising one above the other, and rich with cypresses, lemon trees, magnolias, orange trees filled with fruit, and sparkling fountains, statues by the score, and pillars surrounded by the most luxuriant foliage imaginable.

Mrs. Davis quietly picked from the ground a few leaves to send home; but the good

natured gardener noticing this, filled her own and Lillie's arms with leaves and flowers fresh from the choicest trees and shrubs of the garden; of course they were both delighted, Mrs. Davis remarking, "I wish we could send these leaves to be used in decorating our church, as a surprise to Bro. Biddle on his return from his summer vacation, and as a reminder that he is not forgotten by us." We accordingly transmitted them to a lady friend by mail, with instructions how they were to be used, but hardly thinking they would arrive in good condition; a few weeks later, however, we were delighted to receive letters stating that the leaves and ferns were duly received in excellent state of preservation, and were used as directed.\*

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\* We also received the local papers, from which we cut the following notice, showing that we were kindly remembered by the Pastor, and that the ferns were appreciated by our friends.

"At the First Church the services were of peculiar interest, Sunday the 22d ult. It was an occasion of pleasant remembrance. There were leaves adorning the white cross on the communion table, which were sent from Italy by Mrs. Joseph Davis, who, with her family, is spending a year in European travel. The leaves were from the camphor, bamboo and other trees, and according to the request of the sender were arranged about the cross the first Sunday after their reception. In a

This garden was uniquely arranged, and contained so many rare plants that we were reluctant to leave it; Mrs. Davis declared it was indeed fairy land.

At last we took final leave of the island, our guide conducting us to the main entrance. We handed him a few francs for his kindness, when he politely touched his hat. After bidding him and the beautiful garden farewell, we were rowed to the main land, perfectly delighted with our day's excursion. Some excellent music in the evening closed our first day on Lake Maggiore.

*Friday, September 15th.* I arose this morn-

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letter from Venice the writer says: 'They were taken from a beautiful garden in Isola Bella, in Lake Maggiore, formerly the home of Cardinal Borromeo, who sacrificed his property and devoted his life for the benefit of the sufferers from the plague in the sixteenth century. He has a shrine in the great cathedral at Milan, where all kinds of costly offerings are presented to his memory, as tokens of gratitude for his noble life and character.'

The leaves were regarded as a very pleasant testimonial of absent friends, and were tastefully arranged about the cross; and at the close of the services were regarded with much interest by many members of the congregation. The Pastor, Rev. Mr. Biddle, referred in appropriate terms to the incident when giving the notices of the morning, and on behalf of many friends sent back to the travellers hearty Christian salutations."

ing at about six o'clock, to witness, for the first time, a sunrise in Europe. It was a glorious sight, as the rising sun lighted up the East with its spreading rays and tinged with golden hues the few clouds, lagging from yesterday's storm.

At breakfast we talked over our plans for future travel, and decided to leave this afternoon, as we wished to see Milan, Venice, Vienna, and Strasburg, and get back to Paris by the middle of October before the cold weather set in. Accordingly, at half past two, we embarked on the steamer and crossed the lake to Arona. This sail on one of the most charming of Italian lakes was delightful, as it was one of those soft, dreamy days so peculiar to Italy, and our hearts seemed to be in sympathy with the serenity of the day. We leave this lovely section of Italy with many regrets for we could spend months here very contentedly.

At Arona, Amato experienced much trouble in arranging for seats in the cars, and in the weighing of our baggage, but finally all was satisfactory and we started at five o'clock for

Milan. Railroad passengers in most countries of the continent are not allowed to carry baggage without charge; this is very annoying, as well as expensive, to the tourist.

We soon lost sight of the Swiss mountains, which had bordered the road on the left, and we came into a level and fertile country which was under good cultivation; this was a silk producing country and we saw acres and acres of mulberry trees as we rode along.

The sun, which rose so beautifully this morning, was now sinking beneath the horizon, producing a most gorgeous sunset. "Lydia," said I, "Isn't this a glorious sunset?" "Yes," she replied, "but I've seen as beautiful a one in Lynn."—"What! Are you sure? Do look again."—"Well, I don't know; this *is* beautiful; but I have seen some magnificent sunsets at home." The fact is, Mrs. Davis is a little homesick to-day, for last night she had a dream, the effects of which still linger. She dreamed that we had all arrived safely in Lynn, and, as we rode through Nahant street, a beautiful chime of bells upon our completed church tower, rang out sweetly, "Home, sweet home;" then

driving to our home, we found it brilliantly lighted from top to bottom; our friends were gathered to meet us; and then, such a delicious supper; everything that loving hearts could suggest, or willing hands provide, was spread for us in such a homelike manner that the scene was quite touching. The sunset had probably suggested again the loveliness of home.

We arrived at Milan at eight o'clock, and in fifteen minutes were comfortably settled at the Hotel de Ville. The children were in the best of health and May astonished us all, as she gave us no trouble, and we handled her like a plaything.

## CHAPTER XV.

### MILAN — MILAN CATHEDRAL.

*Saturday, September 16th.* While we were at breakfast, Amato brought three letters from our banker's, dated August 24th. We eagerly perused their contents, and found to our great joy and satisfaction that all were well at home, and the business prospects favorable. After discussing the letters and reading the guide books we started out to view the city.

Milan is a city of two hundred and seventy-five thousand inhabitants, its principal attraction being its great cathedral. Our first object, of course, was to visit this. Upon entering it we were filled with amazement at its magnitude and its splendid adornments; we spent an hour here simply taking a general view, as we had decided to give all of Monday to a study of its bewildering magnificence.

We next walked along the street where were large and pleasant shops filled with all sorts of pretty things to tempt the tourist. Soon we came to the "Arcade," said to be the

finest of the kind in the world, and certainly the most attractive bazar of Milan. As yet, we had beheld none of the handsome Italian women of whom we had read; but in Milan we saw a great many fine-looking men.

*Sunday, September 17th.* A beautiful morning. We visited the cathedral, and witnessed the ceremonies of the church, which, though always impressive, were to-day quite imposing, as it was some special day in the Catholic calendar. Here, as in Geneva, it seemed to us more like a holiday than a Christian Sabbath.

We drove about the city, visiting the beautiful Triumphal Arch, which stands on a public square. This was begun by Napoleon in 1804, to commemorate the completion of the great Simplon road over the Alps, and was finished by the Emperor Francis in 1830; it is of white marble, ornamented with the most beautiful statues and reliefs; on the top is a large bronze figure of Peace in a chariot drawn by four horses; and on the corners are bronze figures of Fame.

We next drove to the grand parade ground,

or Piazza de Arnoie, near which is the arena, which we entered. Here was a vast amphitheatre, capable of accommodating thirty thousand people, in which, we were told, Napoleon used to have "sham fights" and naval engagements. In fact, it is now used on great occasions for these same purposes, as its immense grass floor can be flooded with water at any moment. We were impressed with this substantial work, and thought how Barnum could use it to advantage for his great aquarium and hippodrome.

In the evening we arranged plans for future travel. Mr. Watts will leave us to-morrow and go to Rome and Naples alone, then *via* Florence and Munich to Vienna, taking twenty days, while I proceed with the family direct to Venice and Munich, where we shall meet Mr. Watts again.

*Monday, September 18th.* We awoke this morning to find the weather clear and delightful. This being the day we had set apart to visit the celebrated cathedral, we started off immediately after breakfast, taking Amato with us

to explain, and soon were standing within the mighty temple, ourselves appearing but as pygmies beside the massive pillars that uphold its far-off roof. Now don't imagine I am going to call up my rhetoric and go off into ecstasies over the impressive grandeur of this architectural wonder. I cannot if I would, and I will not if I can. But I will try in my sober, matter-of-fact way, to give you some idea of what we this day saw and learned, and leave you to draw upon your own imagination for whatever is necessary to give these facts shape and beauty.

When I was in Cologne, I thought, and perhaps said, that *her* cathedral was grand, as it really *is*; but, compared with this, it sinks into insignificance. First of all, is the great age of the building, being older than St. Paul's or even St. Peter's, the only other cathedrals that can be compared with it. The date of its foundation reaches back to 1386, when Giovanni Galleazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan, took it into his head to commence the building of something that should make his own name immortal; and he did it; though what else he

ever did, or conceived, I do not know. He was, it is said, very ambitious, very vain, but otherwise a good prince; no matter; to him and him alone belongs the honor of originating this grand cathedral. Who the original architect was is not known, though most accounts ascribe that honor to Marco Compioni; during the five hundred years it has been building, very many architects have been employed, and very many alterations of plans made, until it may be said to be of no particular plan, but of many. Its general style is Gothic, and its general form that of a Latin cross. Its dimensions have been often given, and strange to say, authorities vary largely in their figures, (as they do in giving the figures relating to *all* churches, &c.). I am told the best estimates are as follows: Length, 490 feet; breadth, 298 feet; interior elevation under the dome, 258 feet; and its exterior height to summit of tower, 400 feet. There are forty-eight massive pillars, 90 feet by  $8\frac{1}{4}$  feet diameter, which support the nave, and four of ten feet diameter, which support the lofty dome.

These figures, however, can give you no sort of an idea of the embellishments that adorn every portion of this vast pile. The building itself is of white marble, and is everywhere carved and fretted until it resembles lace work; the various artists have wrought out the entire scripture history in sculpture upon the doors, windows, pillars, altar, and every other conceivable spot on the inside and outside spaces where carving would show. The roof itself bristles with over an hundred different spires or pinnacles, each surmounted with a full life-sized marble statue, and inside of each spire are from sixteen to thirty more statues all of life size, looking out from their niches to the various quarters of the city. High up above all these rises the great tower, with the main spire, stretching up into the very heavens, and crowned by a beautiful, gilded copper statue, colossal in size, of the Virgin, to whom the church is dedicated. There are said to be over seven thousand statues now erected, and three thousand more are intended; the largest proportion of them being on the outside. On the façade alone are over three hundred.

This front was unfinished down to a recent period. The main building was well advanced towards completion during the first two hundred years, when, for want of funds, or the prevalence of war, it was allowed to drag slowly along. In 1805, however, the Emperor Napoleon was crowned King of Italy in this cathedral, when seeing the necessity of infusing more vigor into the completion, he ordered the sale of the church property, and from the proceeds gave 5,000,000 livres towards the special object of finishing the neglected façade. This was done in about three years, and more recently the whole front has been very nearly completed.

When we first entered the church we tried to get a general idea without attempting to go into examination of details, but we found this exceedingly difficult, so perfectly overwhelming was the number and variety of prominent objects meeting the eye. Besides the statues of which I have spoken, there were hundreds of paintings; and particularly worth noticing were the three great windows behind the choir, filled with the most beautiful stained glass, and representing all the most prominent events of

the Old and New Testaments. I never saw more superb coloring—ruby and dark blue predominating.

After tiring our eyes with long gazing at the paintings, we each of us paid a half franc, and were shown up 158 steps to the outside of the roof of the main building, where we beheld such a perfect labyrinth of spires, pinnacles, ornaments, carved buttresses, and statuary, that the effect was bewildering, and without a guide we certainly should have been lost.

From the roof, some of us ascended to the top of the main tower, over 500 steps high. Here we obtained a most magnificent view of the smiling plains of Lombardy, with their numerous towns and villages, the eternal Alps away in the back ground on the north, the Appenines on the south, while the fair hills of Piedmont swelled lovingly away in the west.

After descending from the roof and resting awhile, we paid a priest five francs, (the regular fare), and were shown down into the subterranean vault, where are kept the mortal remains of Saint Charles Borromeo. The room was about ten by fifteen feet in area, the ceiling of

which was decorated with a series of silver tablets representing in relief the most remarkable events in the life of this prelate. On the altar stood his sarcophagus, covered over with a cloth ; this coffer was made of plates of rock crystal set in frames of silver, supported on solid silver legs, and enriched with the armorial bearings in massive gold, of Philip IV., King of Spain, whose gift it was. This contained the remains, which, upon the priest removing the outward cloth cover, were exposed to our view. The body reposed in the usual position, arrayed in his pontifical robes, a small crown of gold over his head, (the workmanship of the celebrated Cellini, it is said), and a precious crosier by his side ; all about him were clustered diamonds, rubies, and costly stones in great quantities, which glistened with dazzling effect as the candle was passed around them, and contrasting strangely with the black and hideous looking skull.

It was evident that this was no common clay that was thus honored, and I asked for some particulars of this Cardinal who had been so worshipped by the devotees of the Holy Cath-

olic church. I was curious to know why all this lavish display of *personal* gems; for you must understand that these jewels we saw were mostly rings, crosses and pins, the ordinary jewels used to adorn the person and had been given as free-will offerings in honor of this saint. As I afterwards ascertained, whole volumes might be written about him, but the main facts are these:

Charles Borromeo, born in 1538, at the castle of Arona, on the Lago Maggiore; a count by birth, appointed in 1560, as a cardinal and arch-bishop at Milan, by his uncle, Pope Pius IV.; possessed of great wealth and princely revenues and surrounded by all the luxury of his time; was, nevertheless, a man of rare piety, unbounded benevolence, strict habits, a learned scholar, and, rarest of all, a true friend to the needy and poor. During the reign of the plague at Milan in 1576, as well as during the great famine in 1570, he devoted himself so unremittingly to the relief of want and suffering, that he nearly divested himself of his entire fortune, and so reduced himself in bodily health by devotion to such duties, as well as by

the practice of his extreme austerity of living, that he died in 1584, at the early age of forty-six. Such was his fame, that only thirty years had elapsed from the time of his death, before miracles of various kinds were said, and believed, to have been performed at his tomb, which led the Roman church to canonize him in 1616, under the name of Saint Borromeo.

Learning the more striking of these facts, sentiment was appealed to, and we stood and gazed at these gold, silver, and jewelled trappings with somewhat more of complacency and even of gratification, than when, afterwards, we viewed the Aladdin-lamp splendor of *other* portions of this fairy-like Duoma.

At length, turning to go from this shrine, we were transferred to the guidance of priest No. 2; this meant more *frances*. However, we remembered that "everybody does it" and silently complied. We were taken into another large room where our conductor unlocked and opened some massive doors, and lo! we beheld the jewels of the church. We saw two very tall statues, larger than life, of Saints Borromeo and Ambroze, in *solid silver*, and their

robes thickly studded with costly jewels; besides these central figures, are solid silver busts of other bishops; gold candalabras; elegant goblets; altar furniture, rich with exquisite workmanship, silver lamps, golden censers, &c., all rich and dazzling to look upon. We also saw some most beautiful ivory work of the fourth century, set with emeralds; rare and ancient altar pieces; and one solid, ornamental piece of silver work, weighing *over one hundred pounds*. I could not help asking, as I looked upon this lavish display—"What are all these riches *for*? What do they signify locked up here? Would it not be more christian to sell them, and, like the good St. Borromeo, feed the hundreds of poor, hungry devotees of the church, whom we see praying before the altar, and who will waylay us for pennies as we leave the cathedral?" But I got no reply, save an expressive shrug of the shoulders.

I made many enquiries as to the cost of this great temple, but, till to-day, could get no definite information. I find by a local guide book, that up to the present time, there have

been expended the astounding sum of one hundred and ten millions of dollars ! Here let me say, that the building is not yet completed, and that about one hundred men are at work on it all the year round; and when I further tell you, that it is estimated to take nearly an hundred years more to complete it; that when it is finished, it will contain, if the plans are all carried out, more than ten thousand statues and other costly works of art; that some of the statues already there were sculptured by the hands of the greatest artists who have lived, and that not one of all the thousands now there, or hereafter to be put there, but what is, or will be, of solidly carved marble, or of still more precious metal; and that in addition to all this you are to remember that the paintings and all other artistic embellishments of this vast building are in harmony and keeping with the statuary, you may perhaps realize to some little extent the wonderful grandeur and vastness of wealth displayed in this celebrated cathedral. "Surely," as was said of it by another, "it must be the princeliest creation that ever brain of man conceived."

## CHAPTER XVI.

MILAN—"THE LAST SUPPER"—CHURCH OF  
ST. AMBROSIA—LA SCALA THEATRE—SAN  
LORENZO.

*Tuesday, Sept. 19th.* Mr. Watts left us at one o'clock to-day for Rome and Naples, agreeing to meet us again in Vienna by the fourth of October.

After lunch, some of our party visited the palace of Victor Emmanuel, where we were conducted through its various rooms. Mrs. Davis was delighted at the beautiful decorations of the walls and ceilings; it would interest you, I know, to have a full description of this magnificent palace, but I have neither the time nor the patience to undertake it, except to say, that in one room the walls were hung with rich moiré antique, covered with various flowers, and all embroidered by hand; the curtains were of the richest velvet, with borders exquisitely embroidered with gold; and other rooms were adorned in similar style.

From here we rode to the convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie to see the celebrated painting of "The Last Supper" by Leonardo da Vinci. This masterpiece was painted about 400 years ago upon the wall of the refectory of the convent. When Napoleon was in possession of Milan, his troops used this refectory for their barracks, and amused themselves with throwing stones at the heads of the apostles. They were not the only ones who had committed such sacrilege, for even the Dominican monks themselves had, years before this, actually cut a door through the wall, and thus destroyed the central group of the picture. This ill usage, and the dampness of the deserted room, have nearly spoilt the painting, although one may yet see enough to get an idea of the genius that conceived and painted this work.

I confess that, hitherto, in looking at copies of this famous painting, I have never been sensible of any unusual emotion; in future, however, I shall look upon this really great picture with extreme interest. The moment chosen by the artist is that in which Jesus has

uttered the words, "One of you shall betray me." This accusation has naturally called forth the most varied expressions from the apostles. Peter's impetuous spirit is restless with indignation; in John's face is seen the most intense anguish; while fear and self-accusing guilt are strongly depicted in the face of the traitor Judas; the features of the others express doubt, calm and conscious innocence, or amazement.

Our guide, who explained the painting, said, with how much truth I do not know, that Da Vinci studied two whole years how best to portray on a human face the workings of the perfidious heart of Judas; and that he took for his model, the prior of the convent, his malicious enemy.

In the Academy of Arts we were shown what is said to be the best copy of "The Last Supper," by Bossi; it is the same size as the great original, and is indeed very beautiful.

We next went to the very old church of St. Ambrosia; some frescoes still remain upon the walls, which date back to the twelfth century. The general appearance of the build-

ing is more like that of a museum than of a church. The base of the preaching pulpit is of marble, with a row of curious figures carved upon it, representing what I supposed to be human beings; they are in a row, and look like Shakers when singing that queer old song,

“I put my right foot in,  
I put my right foot out,  
I give my right foot a shake, shake, shake,  
And turn myself about.”

I was becoming slightly indifferent to this statuary, when the guide suddenly exclaimed, “It was carved in the fourth century and came from the East.”—“Ah, indeed! very beautiful! but please show us something new; old things are becoming monotonous.” Then Amato said, “there are some rare and valuable jewels here, but it will cost five francs to see them.” “What! jewels?”—“Yes.”—“Well, all right, let us see them.” As no one but a priest is allowed to unlock the sacred shrine of St. Ambrose, where the jewels are kept, we sent for one. Soon appeared a slouchy, red-nosed, disagreeable looking priest with five or six great keys in his hand; after putting on a dirty surplice he unlocked the doors with great

ceremony, then an attendant removed three or four heavy covers, and the jewels were in sight. There were rubies, amethysts, topaz, cameos, and all the precious stones, set in the solid gold with which the shrine was lined. One side of the shrine was covered with representations of the principal events in the life of St. Ambrose, each scene separated from its neighbor by elegantly enamelled borders. Of course, this was all very fine to look upon, but it really distressed me to see such untold millions of wealth locked up, only to be shown to the curious sight-seeing tourist at a franc a head, simply to help support the priesthood; especially when I saw so many poor, deluded followers of this priesthood, sad, hungry-looking, and in rags, on their knees before us as we stood admiring these treasures. I can now to some extent sympathize with famous old Cromwell when he ransacked the Roman Catholic Cathedrals of old England.

But we grew tired of churches, and telling Amato to show us something different, he, in a few minutes, brought us to the great opera house, the La Scala, famous the world over.

We were disappointed, however, in its general appearance, for it was a dark, dingy establishment, although it is considered the largest and most beautiful theatre in all Italy. In many respects it does not compare with our own Boston theatre. One of its peculiar features is, that its boxes are mostly owned by rich people, who have the exclusive right to use them or to allow others to do so by rental; the boxes have an ante-room where refreshments can be served in private during the performance. The people here seem to desire to eat and drink at all hours of the day and night. We were struck by the immensity of the stage, which we inspected carefully, for you understand there is no performance here until December. The last performance was an opera in which three hundred persons took part; forty horses were upon the stage at one time. It takes one hundred persons to do the work of the stage when a play is on. The thought that here many of the great operas, composed by the most celebrated musicians of the world, were first brought out, gave to our visit a charming interest.

*Wednesday, Sept. 20th.* We spent this day very quietly, as we intended to leave the next day for Venice. We visited the oldest church in the place, San Lorenzo, the interior of which is supposed to have been a part of a Roman temple. Near this church, and standing in the middle of a street, are the sixteen columns of San Lorenzo. These columns are of the Corinthian order, and form the most prominent relics of Roman Milano. Early historians state that these columns formed part of a temple of Hercules; modern antiquarians say that they are part of the peristyle of the baths of Hercules, and that they belong to the third century; whatever they were, we were satisfied from their appearance that they were very ancient; they are now held in place by iron rods, and the beauty of their former decorations nearly destroyed by the relentless ravages of time.

Milan is rather a good place in which to "shop," still, Mrs. Davis bought but little, for the Italians are not reliable in trading, and will cheat you if they can.

## CHAPTER XVII.

VENICE—ST. MARKS—THE RIALTO—DODGE'S  
PALACE—BRIDGE OF SIGHHS—THE CAMPA-  
NILE—GONDOLAS.

*Thursday, Sept. 21st.* We left Milan at one o'clock, p. m., and were again fortunate in having a compartment in the car to ourselves. We rode through an interesting country, by many small towns and a few large ones, among which was Buscia, a city built upon a hill, and fortified with great massive walls. We had an excellent view of this city, which, Amato said, is called "the strong," because of its great fortifications; then we passed on through Verona, another beautiful city, which I regretted not being able to examine more closely; then came to Padua, a name of ancient sound, and associated in my mind with one of Shakespeare's plays; finally, at about eight o'clock in the evening, we arrived at the poetic city of Venice, when it was dark as a pocket, and we could see nothing of its fairy charms. How

anxious we were to get a glimpse of the gondolas and the watery highways, and how we all regretted that we did not arrange to come here on a moonlight eve, when the pale orb would have lent its weird witchery to the silent waters of the noiseless city ! But it was too late for regrets; so, leaving the cars, and finding two gondoliers waiting to take us to the Grand Hotel, we were soon "swiftly gliding through the watery streets of this 'Queen city of the Adriatic,' where no track of man, no footsteps to and fro, lead to her gates; the path lies o'er the sea, invisible, and from the land we went as to a floating city, steering in and gliding up her streets, as in a dream,"—only to awaken to the realities of life by arriving at the hotel, where our rooms were all selected and ready for us. After a slight supper we were prepared to court the "ready visit of tired nature's sweet restorer," but, alas, no sleep came to our weary eyelids; for all night long the *rats* seemed to be having a carnival of their own in our room, and, of course, with such frightful monsters as these, together with myriads of tormenting mosquitos,

sleep was simply out of the question; when welcome morning came, our complaints were heeded and rooms changed.

*Friday, Sept. 22d.* The rooms given us this morning are grand, our parlor being palatial in size, with a delightful portico looking down upon the grand canal. All the hotel buildings at Venice were formerly palaces, hence the large rooms. Here we might sit and watch the gondolas gliding noiselessly to and fro, pushed by the liveried oarsmen, the whole making a most romantic scene. Our first walk was through the narrow lanes, barely wide enough for two persons to walk abreast, over some of the four hundred bridges of Venice, until we came to the grand square of St. Mark. On this square is the splendid cathedral of St. Mark, and the Doge's palace, also the Campanile or tower, and the two lofty granite columns which always appear in the pictures of Venice, one surmounted by the winged lion of St. Mark, and the other by the statue of St. Theodore, the emblems of Venice.

We visited the great cathedral of St. Mark,

richer, perhaps, than anything we had yet seen, but not to my mind so grand in architectural effect; indeed, at first sight we were but little impressed; it looked like a dark and gloomy relic of the past; but after examining more leisurely, with a guide, the wonders of this strange old church, we found that its great wealth was more conspicuous in its rare and rich decorations than in its architectural grandeur. Here allow me to quote what another has said so well.

"The church is built in the form of a Greek cross with three large domes rising over it. The walls and columns of the interior are of marbles of the richest and most elegant description; there are said to be five hundred columns, and the various portions of the interior, with its different styles of architecture, Grecian, Gothic, and Saracenic, would take a volume to describe. In fact the visitor hardly knows where to begin first to examine this incongruous mass of architectural defects, historic interests, splendor, and collection of rare works of art badly displayed. There is the very Porphyry basin which holds the holy

water, set on a pedestal that was once a Greek altar, upon which the Achaians sacrificed to their gods. There is the superb marble colonnade separating the nave from the choir, supported by columns of black and white porphyry and upholding fourteen elegant marble statues, seven on each side, with a huge cross bearing the figure of the Saviour in solid silver, in the centre. There is a magnificent high altar, with its four richly wrought columns, elegant bronze statues, its costly Mosaics, its pictures in gems and enamel of scenes in the life of St. Mark, its rich bas relief and gorgeous canopy. The canopy of another altar is supported by four fluted spiral pillars brought from the Temple of Jerusalem, two of them of translucent alabaster. [We placed a light behind one of these and got a most beautiful effect, it was so transparent.] The sacristy, with its roof covered with rich Mosaics, the curious tessellated floor, and the wonderful decorated roof above; the different chapels and altars, each one of which is a specimen of the art of a different time, are seen here."

I was curious to know where all the ornaments, contained in this cathedral, came from, and who paid the bills; so I questioned the guide, who answered, "from the East."\*

We next took one of the famous gondolas and visited other churches, all beautiful, and all filled with rare works of art, but I fear I shall weary you with further description, for though the variety interested us at the time, the mere description is apt to be monotonous and dull, so we will pass by all churches for the present.

*Saturday, Sept. 23d.* We hired a gondola for the day, in "livery," as it is called; that is, the two gondoliers wore white suits with blue trimmings, and huge blue sashes having long fringed edges hanging down their sides. This seemed to be necessary to give romance to the sail, and it certainly did add a pleasing pictur-

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\*Whether correct or not, this unlettered guide had the authority of Byron for his answer, who says,

"Her daughters had their dowers  
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East  
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers."

esqueness to the scene. Propelled by the strong, steady strokes of their heavy oars, we skimmed over the smooth waters of the canal, stopping at many places of note, prominent among the number, the Gallery of ancient arts. At an island near by we witnessed the manufacture of those black beads so commonly worn around ladies' necks and upon their dresses.

We were highly pleased with our sail in the gondola, for besides being of itself charming and novel, it gave us an excellent opportunity of viewing the rich old city and its hundreds of ancient palaces, which all our life we had longed to see. In the evening we were favored with some sweet singing by a party of Italians on the grand canal under the windows of our hotel.

*Sunday, Sept. 24th.* We spent the forepart of the day quietly in our room reading our American papers, which were just received. In the afternoon, with Mrs. Davis and Amato, I walked over to the celebrated "bridge of the Rialto." Strange sensations came to me as I

stood upon this old bridge and imagined Shylock meeting Antonio and demanding his ducats. I did not go into rhapsodies over the scene as many tourists do, but walked calmly around and withal thinking it was quite probable that the appearance of things had changed much since Shakespeare wrote. It is, however, undisputed, that near here, if not actually on the bridge itself, the rich merchants of Venice met "on change" to transact their business, and probably "shaved notes" with as much keenness as the curb-stone broker of the nineteenth century; for I find that in the sixteenth century, laws were passed making it a civil offence to charge usurious rates of interest for money loaned.

In the evening the orchestra played in St. Mark's square, and all was gayety and life till a late hour.

*Monday, Sept. 25th.* We devoted the day to shopping, and selected many photographs, which were not only good but cheap; a picture twelve by eighteen inches, costing only thirty cents. We also bought, as I believe all fresh

tourists do, a "Megalethoscope," designed to give added effect to colored pictures.

*Tuesday, Sept. 26th.* To-day we devoted to the Doge's palace. Here we saw *acres* of paintings, all executed by "renowned artists," such as Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, etc. There was so much to see that I was fairly overcome, and left the vast rooms with a headache and with hardly a pleasant memory of the day's sights. One thing I could not help remarking to our party, to wit, "that these artists not only had genius but *patience* to paint such immense pictures." For instance, the great picture called "Paradise," is eighty-four feet wide and thirty-four feet high, and represents more than a thousand different heads in all shapes and with every variety of expression. It was a wonder to me, aside from its artistic merit.

*Wednesday, Sept. 27th.* After a good night's rest, I arose early, feeling thoroughly refreshed, and ready for the day's toil, for toil it was, this everlasting sight-seeing, although

strangely pleasant withal. In the ancient palace of the Doge we visited the rooms of the celebrated "Council of Ten," and "Council of Three," and then went down into those deep, terrible dungeons, where the hapless victims sentenced by these councils suffered slow and devilish tortures and passed on to death. It seems surprising to us in these modern days of enlightenment, that so many suffered these tortures simply for their supposed political opposition to the powers in control. Some were imprisoned from jealousy, others for private revenge; very few for real crimes. From these dark dungeons, some of which, below the water level, can only be seen by the aid of a lighted torch, we gladly ascended to breathe again the pure air of heaven.

We were now conducted to the famous "Bridge of Sighs," which is a covered bridge or gallery connecting the palace on one side of the narrow canal with the prison on the other; or, literally, as Byron sang, "a palace and a prison on each hand."

We were told that only those unfortunate victims of the demoniacal council who

were condemned to death passed over this bridge, hence its terribly significant name. As I stood upon this bridge, so famous in history and song, and listened to the story of the doings of those wicked rulers of ancient Venice, I could but feel thankful that my lot was cast in a more humane and Christian time; and, as I heard with a shudder the story of the many, and perhaps innocent victims who crossed this same bridge hundreds of years ago, I could well understand how it became known as the "Bridge of Sighs," for even our party involuntarily sighed at the bare rehearsal of its sad history.

After seeing the palace and its surroundings, some of our party returned to the hotel, while Wilbur, Eddie and myself climbed up the great bell tower or campanile, as it is called, which rises three hundred and twenty-five feet from the square of St. Marks. Many stories are told of the architect of this majestic tower; one of them is, that after building one hundred feet in height, fearing to build higher, he suddenly left the work, fled the country, and was not heard from for twenty years; meantime, as

no one dared to finish the tower, for fear that the foundations were insecure, it remained uncompleted. At the expiration of twenty years, this same architect returned to Venice, and, resuming his labors, completed the great tower according to his original designs; and there it stands to-day, as firm as a rock, although its foundation rests on piles in the water. As this occurred centuries ago, I cannot vouch for the truth of the story. I only know I had confidence enough in the strength of the mass of stone and marble of which the tower is constructed, to wend my way up the inclined plane, (here used instead of stairs), to the top, where, for my pains, I got enchanting views of Venice and its surrounding islands. From this high altitude, the city seemed to be one solid mass of building, accessible only by water.

We have now been in Venice nearly a week, and, as you might naturally suppose, have seen neither a horse, (at least not a live one, for we did not forget to see the famous bronze horses of St. Mark), nor a carriage, nor even any green grass or shrubs. How we miss

that invaluable friend, the horse; and how true it is, that we do not appreciate the common, every day blessings of life, until we are deprived of them; now, I do not think I have any great reputation as a "horse man," but, after a week's boating on these quiet waters, I feel like exclaiming with King Richard, "a horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" Yet do not think I am insensible to the delicious witchery of the Venetian gondolas; we had many rides in them over these classic waters, in the broad daylight, and under the soft influences of a bright full moon, which last, by the way, fully compensated for the disappointment we felt on our first arrival; but there is that in the noiseless and uncanny movement of the gondola, that ere long satiates one "not to the manner born," and leads him, sooner or later, to spurn its luxurious ease for the sturdier toil and more natural locomotion of travel on land.

Thus far I have told you of only a portion of our sight-seeing in Venice, fearing I shall weary you; therefore, I leave the subject, merely saying that Venice, take it all in all,

has been to me the most interesting place yet seen; it has awakened some of the sweetest memories of my early reading, and I have been unusually curious to learn something more of its strange history, its former power, its great wealth, its luxury and art, and its present decay and death as a republic.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

NABRESINA — GRATZ — THE "PRINCE" — THE  
SEMMERING ALPS — VIENNA.

*Thursday, Sept. 28th.* We took our leave of Venice, "beautiful bride of the sea," at ten o'clock, and after a comfortable ride, reached Nabresina at seven o'clock, p. m. Here we stayed over night at a small, one story hotel, taking our supper at the railroad depot, as no meals were served in the hotel. Although this was a mere hamlet, and our hotel unpretentious, we slept as soundly as in the magnificent rooms of the grand hotel of old Venice the night before. Two hours before reaching Nabresina we passed the Austrian frontier, where our baggage was very thoroughly examined, more so than in any other country we had passed through; as nothing contraband was found we were allowed to pass on.

*Friday, Sept. 29th.* Rose early, as we were to be thirteen hours on the cars. This was to

be the longest car-ride we had as yet attempted, but it seemed necessary for us to do it, in order to reach Vienna by Saturday evening. Amato engaged for us a first-class carriage, capable of seating all our party. For short distances we generally rode in second-class cars, as they are quite comfortable, and much cheaper; but to-day, we thought best to have a first-class car on account of the long ride, and the increased comfort to the children.

After breakfasting at the railroad station, we provided ourselves with a bountiful lunch consisting of chicken, boiled eggs, bread and butter, wine, and lemonade, (which we made ourselves, as the art of making lemonade seemed unknown in Europe). All day long we rode through a rocky, barren, and uninteresting country, which resembled very much the summit of Mt. Washington. At a quarter past nine in the evening we arrived at Gratz, our three girls fast asleep. They were easily awakened, however, and gave us no trouble, little May being as quiet as a doll. In fifteen minutes more we were landed in the court yard of the Oesterreichischen Hof, (Austrian hotel),

where we found good cheer, and excellent rooms. The pleasure of our ride had relieved us of fatigue, so we soon retired and slept soundly, notwithstanding the fearful name of the hotel.

One incident occurred on our way which gave us some amusement and I think is worth relating. During the afternoon, while the train stopped some twenty minutes for the passengers to take lunch at a town with an unpronounceable name, I left the cars in company with most of the passengers. Not caring for anything to eat, I sauntered leisurely, with hands under my coat tail as is my wont when in a happy mood, up and down the station platform, with, no doubt, a pretty decided air of independence, for I felt at peace with all the world and the "rest of mankind." Soon I noticed nearly everybody taking off their hats and bowing and scraping to me. I wondered what it meant. Could it be the custom of the country? I looked to see if it was common, but I noticed that other passengers were not so stared at and bowed to, and I concluded it must be my soft American cap that attracted

people's attention. Pretty soon Amato came from the refreshment room where he had been eating his lunch, and I said to him, "Amato, what makes everybody here take off their hats and bow to *me* so politely? Is it my good looks, think you, or my portly appearance, or my soft silk cap?" Just then the conductor of the train passed, and, presto! off went *his* cap. "There it is again; you see, he evidently thinks I'm 'some pumpkins'; now suppose you 'pump' him and see what he takes me to be." It was not long before Amato returned, his face all radiant with smiles. "Mr. Davis," said he, "somehow the conductor has got the impression that you are a *Prince*, and he has so announced you on the train, and in the station, hence the attention you are receiving." "The d-dickens!" I exclaimed, "that *is* a good joke; that will do to tell; Amato you are a discreet man; I trust you did not contradict his impression?" "Oh no, no indeed," said he, "I just let it pass." "All right," said I; "when we get to Gratz, give the conductor a franc and tell him to drink the health of the 'Prince,' the son of a — cobbler!"

*Saturday, Sept. 30th.* Gratz has a population of seventy-five thousand. It is a picturesque old town, built upon both sides of the river Mühr, which is spanned by a suspension bridge. Sauntering about the town, we visited the market place, dropped in to see the inevitable "old cathedral," (this one five hundred years old), saw the people at their devotions, and then returned to breakfast. At eleven o'clock, we started for Vienna. The road passed through a rich and fertile country, quite in contrast with that of yesterday; the villages appeared neat and the people thrifty, reminding us very much of some portions of Maine.

Sixty miles out from Gratz, we came to Mürzzuschlag at the base of the Semmering Alps; here another engine was added to our train, and we began to ascend the most remarkable railway in all Europe. For a distance of twenty-five miles, we had a grand and most exciting ride, as we wound around and up precipitous mountains, went over high bridges, and through long tunnels. This extraordinary piece of railroad engineering

was the work of one Carlo Chega, for the Austrian government, and cost eight million dollars.

We reached the Semmering station, twenty-eight hundred and seventy-two feet above the sea level, and here passed through the longest of the tunnels, a distance of four thousand six hundred and thirty-three feet, and then descended the opposite slopes, until we reached Gloggnitz. From here we speeded on through many thrifty factory villages and towns, and finally arrived in Vienna at seven o'clock in the evening. We were delayed here nearly an hour before we could get our baggage, in consequence of the arrival of a special train bringing the King of Austria and his guest the King of Saxony, from a deer hunt. We did not like this, but as everybody and everything has to give way to a king in this country, we accepted the situation calmly, and while waiting looked for these kings. Soon we saw them conducted from the cars over a velvet carpet spread on the walk, to their sparkling carriages in waiting, and off they went, much to our joy; finally we got our baggage and were soon on our way to the hotel.

*Sunday, Oct. 1st.* Vienna is a magnificent city enclosed by a beautiful boulevard, two hundred feet wide, with magnificent buildings on either side, and it has the modern appearance of thrift, enterprise, and culture. Our first Sunday here we attended the Catholic service in the church of St. Augustine. The chief feature of this service is the bewitching music; the instrumental portion, in addition to the great organ, consisted of a full orchestral band, which, in company with the splendid vocal choir, gave us exquisite renderings of some of the best music of the old composers, in a style that would have made our friend Mr. Weston crazy with delight. In this church is Canova's beautiful monument to Christina of Austria, Duchess of Saxe Teschen. It is a grayish marble pyramid which represents a tomb, with an open door; on one side of the marble steps leading to the door, is a life-sized female figure, who, with bowed head, carries in her hands an urn, wreathed with flowers; on either side of her are little children, with flowers and lighted torches; then follows another exquisitely carved

female, who leads by the arm a bent, decrepit old man, leaning upon his staff; on the other side, nearest the tomb door, reposes an immense lion, crouching down as he guards the entrance, while a beautiful winged genius reclining by his side, with one arm upon him, sits looking sorrowfully at the group as it enters the door. These figures are so marvelously wrought, with such sweet, sympathetic faces, as almost to rival the living realities; and, as we stood gazing before this master-piece of art, while our ears drank in the soft, sweet music of the choir, our whole being was thrilled with delight, and we involuntarily asked, how it was possible for mortal man to give to cold, dead marble, such subtle power over heart and life; it must be inspiration.

The emperor and his family usually attend worship in this church of St. Augustine, but were not present to-day. In the evening, Mrs. Davis and myself strolled along the streets watching the fine looking and well dressed people that crowded them, and could but notice an air of contentment upon their pleasant faces.

## CHAPTER XIX.

VIENNA (CON.)—THE JEWEL OFFICE—FLOR-  
ENTINE DIAMOND — VOLKS GARDENS — THE  
PRATER—BELVEDERE PALACE—AMBRAS MU-  
SEUM — THE ROYAL STABLES — WOMEN LA-  
BORERS—STRANGE CUSTOMS—FEETING SER-  
VANTS—SALTZBURG—MOZART—PALACE OF  
HELLBRUN — OLD ROMAN CITADEL.

*Tuesday, Oct. 3d.* To-day being cool and bright, we visited the Palace to see the private treasury of the Imperial and Royal House of Austria. We spent the entire forenoon amid the vast collections of the "Jewel Office," until our eyes were tired in gazing at the display. I would like to tell you something of the golden crown, and jewelled paraphernalia kept here, but it is impossible in these sketches; it would take a volume to do the subject justice. I will only say, that to any one who has a love of fine art as seen in rich and rare jewelry, it is amply worth a journey across

the ocean to see this valuable and historic array of precious gems.

The principal one of the collection is the "great Florentine diamond" which weighs one hundred thirty-three and a third carats, and is said to be one of the largest in the world. This jewel was once the property of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, and has a very strange and interesting history; it was lost by this duke in the year 1476, while engaged on the field of battle, and was afterwards picked up by a peasant, who, not knowing its worth, sold it for a florin; the new owner sold it again to a citizen of Genoa, who, in turn, sold it to Moro Sforza; by the intercession of the Fuggers it came into the Medici treasury at Florence; from here it passed through various royal hands, until it came into the private treasury of the Imperial House of Vienna.

The other rooms were crowded with old time pieces and automata of all kinds and constructions, showing how few only out of a great number of attempted improvements really prove useful. Then there were valuable and interesting collections of crystals, worked

into various figures; jewelry; vessels of gold and silver; the ornaments and swords of the Imperial Family; sword handles wonderfully wrought and inlaid with gems; the baptismal font and christening robes of the Imperial Family; the regalia of Napoleon I. as King of Italy; and the following *sacred* (!) relics from Rome: a piece of the Holy Cross; a chip of the Manger of Christ; three links of the iron chains which fettered the apostles Peter, Paul and John; a piece of the holy table cloth upon which the Last Supper of our Lord was served; a piece of the garment of St. John the Evangelist; a tooth of St. John the Baptist; a lance of St. Maurice; a nail of the Holy Cross; and various others; all these were encased in gold and jewels, and made a very fine appearance.

In the evening we attended a grand concert in the Volks garden, given in honor of the Emperor, Francis Joseph. We entered the garden, under the Austrian double headed eagle, brilliantly lighted with gas jets, then walked under other illuminated arches until we arrived at the grand stand, where we found two excellent

bands of about seventy performers each, one a string and the other a brass band, which played alternately. Although all the music was of a high order and the bands were led by the famous Strauss, we did not think the execution of the string band as good as that of a band we had heard in Brussels.

During intermission the gayly dressed people from all nations promenaded the joyous gardens, drinking wine and eating ices around the tables of the cafes in great enjoyment of the occasion. We were just remarking that it seemed odd to see no familiar face in this vast concourse of people, when a face appeared that I immediately recalled as having seen somewhere in America; in a moment I had placed it—it was E. K. Lathrop, Esq., of Boston, an ex-president of the Eastern R. R. Co. Although not much acquainted we recognized each other as fellow countrymen, and after the usual salutations talked pleasantly of our country, its business, its politics, etc. From the general tone of news from home we were both of the opinion that business in the states was reviving, that the panic had passed away,

and a season of increased prosperity was to come to our great nation. Mr. Lathrop seemed to be fond of music, and as we sat together enraptured by the superb performance of the bands he remarked that the brass band enjoyed and deserved the reputation of being the finest band in Europe. After promenading the gardens awhile, we sat down and ordered refreshments. Just then the band struck up, "Hearts bowed down with load of grief," and other airs from the Bohemian Girl, and, although the beer of this country is delicious, the best in the world, we were restrained from indulging in its liquid delights until the music ceased, so fascinating were these familiar and beautiful airs. The music over, we turned to sip our beer, Mrs. Davis remarking, "I never thought I could drink such a large glass of beer as that." "Ah yes, my dear; but this is 'nectar,' fit for the gods!" and so we lingered amid, and enjoyed, this luxurious scene.

*Wednesday, Oct. 4th.* I arrived to-day at the forty-third "toll gate" of my life; so I naturally look back over the past, reflect upon

the present, and form new resolutions for the future. In doing this I can but be satisfied with the varied experiences of my past career, feel grateful for the blessings of the present, the friendships formed, the home established, the comforts enjoyed; and, hopeful for the future, why should I not be thankful? Here I am, travelling in this old world so full of interest, with my family all around me, in perfect health and contentment; myself as strong in mind and body as ever, and feeling as free and untrammelled in mind and heart as the pure air of this delightful autumn day. I should indeed be unworthy of manhood did I not feel reverently thankful for these great blessings. I would not at this time indulge in any vain rhapsodies, yet still I can but feel that in my limited way, I have done what seemed to be my duty; if I have not I ask for a broader spirit in the future; for I would not shut myself up in the narrow sarcophagus of self, to moulder life away. I would be active, generous, kindly to all, giving a helping hand, and living not for self alone, but with a heart as broad as our humanity, and thus enjoying

something of the heaven of this world, believing it to be a foretaste of that which is to come. In this spirit I hope for the future. These thoughts have come spontaneously and with no vanity, so I will not erase one word, especially as they are to be seen only by those who know me intimately.

After breakfast we rode to the Prater, just out of the city, and near the Danube river. This is the fashionable drive and we saw brilliant carriages with gayly dressed occupants, and fine looking pedestrians promenading the broad avenues. Here is where the great Exposition of 1873 was held, and the principal building is still standing. I could see that this Exposition and its surroundings did not compare with our own, now being held in Philadelphia. From here we drove back through the city, admiring its many beautiful buildings and the bustle and stir of its busy people.

*Thursday Oct. 5th.* This morning, as we sat at the breakfast table, we talked of Mr. Spinney, who sails for home to-day in the *Germanie*. We all wish him a safe and pleas-

ant voyage. The day proved so very fine, we visited the Belvedere palace which is in the suburbs of the city. We spent two or three hours in the picture gallery of the upper palace, founded by Maximilian I. It is one of the most famous in Europe, and contains eighteen hundred paintings, many of which are hundreds of years old. Here we saw genuine pictures from the hands of such artists as Paul Veronese, Titian, Tintoretto, Rubens, and Leonardo da Vinci, and others whose names stand high on the roll of Fame. We were greatly impressed by these paintings, and marvelled at the wonderful genius with which those "old masters" were inspired. We next visited the lower Belvedere and viewed its collection of antiquities; also the Ambras museum, where we saw an immense collection of old historical armor, which belonged to famous men of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. One suit, perhaps the richest, which belonged to Alexander Farnese, cost, it is said, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. We gazed at these old curiosities until our heads fairly grew dizzy. After lunch we walked through

the palace gardens, and enjoyed the green lawns and charming shrubbery, which were in delightful contrast to the time-worn relics of man.

*Saturday, Oct. 7th.* Yesterday and to-day we visited various places of interest, and devoted much time to shopping. We found the best of Russia leather was here worked into all sorts of fancy goods, which were sold at reasonable prices.

*Sunday, Oct. 8th.* Attended divine service again at the church of St. Augustine; admired the rich robes of the priests, and listened again with delight to the charming music of the choir; a solo by a female voice was especially sweet. If I lived in Vienna I should certainly be tempted to take a seat in this church.

Yesterday we visited the royal stables, where we saw hundreds of gorgeous carriages, some of them very old but still beautiful; one, a sort of chariot, which belonged to the Empress, Marie Theresa, was

decorated with oil paintings by some celebrated artist; even the harnesses were loaded with ornaments. When we came to the horses, some three or four hundred in number, we were all struck with admiration at their fine condition and perfect form. We thought of our horse-loving friends at home, and remarked how delighted they would be to see this superb array of handsome steeds.

Friday evening we attended another grand concert by the Strauss band. They played only music composed by the Strauss family. Saturday evening we went to the new opera house which is magnificent and quite up to our expectations. The performance was a new opera called the Soldier's Cross, and had been played only twice. The singing and acting were quite good, and the piece was magnificently mounted; as a finale there was an excellent ballet.

Mr. Watts arrived this evening from Venice, delighted with his flying visit to Rome, Naples, Pompeii, and Florence, although glad to return and meet English speaking people again. He will go on to Paris with us.

*Monday, Oct. 9th.* We have become quite interested in the shops of Vienna and have bought many fancy articles. "Shopping," by the way, is a pastime always interesting to the ladies, especially when they have a *carte blanche* in their purse.

Vienna seems to be a thriving and prosperous place, for as we rode through the streets, we saw many newly erected buildings. One thing, however, struck us unpleasantly, and that was, to see women carrying brick and mortar of their heads, up high ladders, to men who were building the walls. We found that women did much of the hard labor here, it being a common thing to see women sawing wood, shovelling coal, and doing other like work. How would this news strike our "Crispin sisters?" Wouldn't this be a good place for some of their leaders to emigrate to? They could do much good here. After all, there is no place where women are more respected than in the *United States*, now so truly "the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

*Tuesday, Oct. 10th.* All hands busy finishing up shopping and preparing to leave to-morrow for Munich. Let me here note a few peculiarities of the people which impressed us strangely. As we were eating our dessert to-day, we noticed ladies at the table take out their cigarette cases, offer cigarettes to the gentlemen, and then after lighting one for each of themselves puff away, and chat with all the gusto of college youths. And this seems to be quite a common custom in Europe. Another practice was that of gentlemen kissing each other. How one would smile at home to see two full-grown and bearded men meet in the public streets, lovingly embrace, and kiss each other with an earnestness that would excite the envy of the most modest maiden ! It also seems to be the "correct thing" here for a gentleman when he meets a lady to kiss her hand. Of course, all fashions seem right to those who are accustomed to them, but I do not like any of these styles as well as our own.

*Wednesday, Oct. 11th.* A foggy morning; however we were all up early, and at eight

o'clock left the hotel through a double line of servants waiting for fees. The custom of feeding everybody that moves a hand for you in this country is another foreign notion that I don't like; it is a great annoyance, and mars one's pleasure very much, if he is a man of ordinary sensibility. Imagine perhaps a dozen men and women rushing up to you as you leave a hotel, speaking a language you don't understand, staring, storming and gesticulating with open hands for "pori boire"; no one but would feel embarrassed and annoyed, as I certainly did; so I finally gave the matter up to Amato, who probably gave them more than I would have done; but I was much relieved, and afterward when I left the hotel, I simply had to say to the servants, "Courier, Courier" and pass on; they all understood, and would besiege Amato forthwith.

At nine o'clock we took the cars, and after a delightful ride through a charming country arrived in Saltzburg at five, p. m. In the suburbs of this old town we found a splendid hotel, delightfully situated, and commanding most magnificent views of the distant snow

clad mountains, presenting a beautiful Alpine appearance.

*Thursday, Oct. 12th.* The morning was given to a walk through the streets of this quaint old town which is divided in two by the river Salza. We were shown the house where Mozart was born and where he composed much of his grand music. In one of the public squares is a fine bronze monument by Schwanthaler erected to his memory. I could but feel that though the monument may crumble, his works will live forever.

In the afternoon our party of ten drove out about three miles to the palace of Hellbrun, over a smooth road, well arched with massive shade trees, which guided us to the palace. The gardens surrounding the palace, or chateau, as they call it, were very strange and new to us all, and I fear I cannot give any idea of their oddity, but will say that they are composed of curiously devised water-works and are most beautifully arranged to please and amuse. We were conducted into grottos of all kinds, where water jetted up in the most fantastic shapes;

we saw the most beautiful bouquets of flowers covered, it seemed, with the purest of glass! we touched the covering with a cane, and behold! it was water. Whichever way we walked or looked, water was seen spouting out from the mouths of dolphins, swans, sea-horses, deer and other animals. As we walked quietly along a smooth gravelled walk, water would suddenly spring up, as if by magic; stopping in our surprise, we would find ourselves almost enveloped in the liquid spray, which would disappear as suddenly as it came. We were fairly wonder stricken at the ingenuity displayed in arranging these aqueous gardens and grottos. Another feature, which was a delight to the children, was a representation of a square in a city, with over one hundred automaton figures of men, women and children in their various occupations and plays; also buildings, such as cathedrals, dwelling-houses and work-shops; all these various figures were in a large case. We took seats before the case, the water was let on, and the figures began their movements, some turning hand organs, some engaged in shoe making,

some sawing wood, and enacting all the scenes of a busy city. I cannot tell you all the details of this strange arrangement; they must be seen to be appreciated; but I will say this, however, that it was a great day for the children, and they will ever bless the good genius who conceived and caused to be constructed this imitable display of water gardens.

We returned to the centre of the town by a more circuitous route, and came to the base of an old Roman citadel, erected some thirteen hundred years ago, which resembles very much that in Edinburgh. Mrs. Davis was induced to again take a sedan chair, for the ascent of the wall is very tiresome. Mr. Watts, the boys and myself walked up; the girls remained to see their mother off, and were in high glee over the scene; then they with Miss Craig drove back to the hotel. Our ascent to the summit paid for the trouble, for we had some most charming views of the surrounding country. A guide conducted us through the noted rooms of the old castle, describing each, Amato interpreting. I will mention

only the torture room, where were shown the various instruments used in torturing men to death in the time of the cruel Inquisition; in the very room in which we stood, thousands were put to death in the most barbarous manner, the bare recital of which made our blood chill until we were glad to leave and forget the story.

In the evening some of us attended a country circus, and were highly amused, as well with the people we saw, as with the performance.

## CHAPTER XX.

MUNICH — THE RAILROADS — BRONZE MONUMENTS — SCHWANTHALER'S BAVARIA — THE PINACOTHEK — THE ROYAL PALACES — LUDWIG I.—LOLA MONTEZ—THE GREAT FOUNDRIES — THE MODELS—PICTURE GALLERIES — SCHWANTHALER'S SIEGESTHOR — THE GLYPTOTHEK.

*Friday, Oct. 13th.* Saltzburg is on the border line which separates Germany from the kingdom of Bavaria; here our luggage was examined, but only nominally, and at half past nine we again took the cars for Munich, where we arrived at three, p. m. The only thing I noted on this ride was the excellent management of the railroads; in fact, all the roads here appear to be managed admirably, being in the hands of the government. To-day at every mile on the road, we noticed a man dressed in a red coat, light pantaloons and a fuzzy cap, which, as the train passed, he politely touched in true military style. He

is the guard whose duty it is to see if the road is perfectly safe for trains to pass. We soon learn to realize a perfect feeling of safety in riding on these roads, although we do not get the ease of our luxurious cars at home. Railroad riding in Europe is much more expensive too than with us, for, besides the fares, in most of the countries we have to pay extra for baggage.

*Saturday, Oct. 14th.* Munich is a splendid city, of about one hundred and seventy-five thousand inhabitants. Our walk through its clean broad streets, over its fine squares, and around its many art buildings, made us feel that it was indeed a home of art and science:

Here many of the great bronzes of the world are cast. I believe, though I am not sure, that the Soldiers' Monument in Lynn was cast here. Bronze monuments abound, every square having one or more, some of them very imposing. The most noted is that called Bavaria. This is a colossal figure, fifty-four feet high, standing on a granite pedestal of thirty feet, and represents a female with her right hand press-

ing the hilt of a sword to her breast, while in her left she holds aloft the laurel wreath of Fame, representing Victory. At her side reclines the "Lion of Bavaria." The whole figure is one of beautiful symmetry, and excites the wonder and admiration of every beholder, although the size and proportions are enormous—the nail of the great toe, for instance, being so large that one cannot cover it with his two hands. In the interior a ladder leads to the eyes, from whence views may be obtained of the surrounding country. This statue was modelled by a celebrated sculptor, Ludwig M. Schwanthaler, and cast by F. Müller, at the royal foundry in this city. How it was done is beyond my comprehension. Not the least of the marvels connected with this statue, is the fact, that to obtain the bronze, Greek divers were employed to bring up the cannon sunk at the battle of Navarino. How many cannon were required I do not know, but the weight of the statue is estimated at two hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

Another wonderful bronze work is an obelisk, nearly one hundred feet high, standing in

the Odeon square; this was cast from captured cannon, and is erected to the memory of those Bavarians who were in the army of Bonaparte, and who fell in the disastrous Russian campaign. Many other equally fine statues are here; one to Schiller the poet; one to King Louis; and a splendid equestrian one, by Thorwaldsen, to Maximilian I. But I have no time to mention them all, much less to describe them, so will close my present account of these bronzes in the hope that I may see them again, when I will write more about their beauty.

We attended to-day an art exhibition, similar to that occasionally held in Boston. It was a tame affair to us, having seen so much of art in our recent travels.

We returned to our hotel and found two packages of letters from home, bearing dates as late as September 26th, and of course were delighted. No more work could be done at sight-seeing while these remained unread, so we were soon immersed in the pleasant task of reading and talking over their contents. I think our friends would write oftener than they do, if

they could realize how eagerly we peruse, over and over again, every word they send us. There is nothing that gives a traveller more joy than to receive friendly letters from home.

*Sunday, Oct. 15th.* Another fine day. We were told that the oldest and best art gallery, the Pinacothek, was to be closed to-day, and not opened again for two weeks; therefore, if we desired to see the fine paintings there, we must go before twelve o'clock. Accordingly we took an early breakfast, and spent the forenoon in this celebrated gallery; and how richly we were paid, for here we saw some of the most magnificent pictures extant, pictures that seemed to speak to us like living realities.

I cannot tell you much of these paintings, except that they are all by the "old masters" and are considered wonders of art. The most famous, perhaps, are those by Rubens, such as the "Last Judgment"; "Triumph of Religion over Vice"; "Massacre of the innocents"; "Fall of the condemned"; and numerous others by the same artist, all contained in one room.

There are said to be (I did not count them), more than fourteen hundred pictures in this gallery, none of them painted later than the first part of the eighteenth century, and some as far back as the thirteenth. Now I do not pretend to have much appreciation for art in its highest sense, though I confess to a love of things beautiful, in art as well as in nature; neither my early nor my later life has fitted me for playing the role of a connoisseur, but I tell you, friends, that I have been wonderfully impressed with some of the grand old paintings and statues I have seen in the art galleries of this old world. There is, probably, a hidden power within us to see and understand these things, that we do not dream of until some occasion puts us to the test; at any rate, I know that many of these beautiful creations of art will long linger in my memory, and that never more shall I criticise those Americans whom we often hear dilating in such extravagant terms upon the wonderful pictures they have seen in Europe.

It was now twelve o'clock. We were not half satisfied with our view, but the doors of

the gallery were to be closed, and we were reluctantly obliged to leave. We spent the afternoon and evening quietly at our hotel.

*Monday, Oct. 16th.* The weather continued good. We called at the bankers for money. How essential to have it, and yet how easily it vanishes in this country. Let no one feel that he can travel here "without money and without price." But there, it is only *trash* after all. At least one Will Shakespeare called it so. William was a wise man, and no doubt believed a "good name" was better than great riches, and I believe that mankind as a rule endorse the sentiment, although money is a blessing if we don't have too much, and use what we do have, wisely.

At eleven o'clock precisely, we were at young King Louis 2d's gate waiting for an admission to see the two royal palaces. One was built in 1616; the other was constructed in 1835, by the order of that famous king, Louis I., or Ludwig, as he is called here.

To this king, Louis I., Munich is indebted for its fine public buildings, splendid statues, and

wealth of art. He was a good king, so the people say, although he had his faults, his chief one being that he loved pretty women "well" but not "wisely." That he loved them well is shown by his "gallery of beauties," which we were permitted to see. This room contains portraits of thirty-six different females, the most beautiful the old king could find. He made his selection without regard to rank or station, the only question with him being, "is she handsome?" After a careful inspection, and a full and complete description of each portrait, by a very intelligent English speaking guide, we pronounced the king's judgment good; for really some of the most beautiful faces imaginable were here collected, all painted in the highest style of art, and all by one artist. Many of the originals of the portraits were still living at the time of our visit, and our guide knew some of them personally. The noticeable feature about this gallery, however, was the absence of one face, familiar to many Americans, and known to all, namely, Lola Montez, the celebrated dancer, who was in our country about the time the

king abdicated his throne in 1848. Lola was forced to leave Bavaria on account of the public sentiment being so strongly against her, because of her arrogance and offensive manners towards the officials under the king, and to the people generally, hence her visit to America. She was, it is said, a great favorite with the old monarch and had great influence over him. He had her portrait hung up with the rest of his "beauties," where it remained until after his death, when it was taken from the walls and cannot now be seen.

I have made rather a long story about this king and his "beauties," and perhaps have given a poor opinion of his general character, so I will add that I have studied his life somewhat, and believe he was an honest, good, and kind hearted man; true, he loved the women, and what good man does not. My observation teaches me that those men who love women the best, provided that love is accompanied and sustained by sound moral sentiments, are the most potent for good in the great humanities of life.

We visited many other rooms in the new

palace, all very beautiful, especially the "Throne Room" and the "Salon of Charlemagne;" then we passed over an arch, into the old palace, and were as much pleased there as in the new one. But I will not weary you with a long description of these rooms. I will mention only one, and that the bed chamber.

The curtains and coverings of the couch, in this room, are heavily embroidered with gold, and to say that they are magnificent does not begin to express how rich and beautiful they are. I will give you a few facts and figures and let you draw upon your own imagination to fill out the picture. First, then, these bed trappings are two hundred and fifty years old; are embroidered by hand, in gold, on red velvet, and *cost four hundred thousand dollars!* and no wonder at that, since it took the labor of forty persons during ten years to do the work alone; add to this price of labor the value of material used, and the total cost is not an excessive sum. You will see by this how these "old monarchs" lived and indulged their fancies in their day, and that they were fully as much given to glitter and gilt as any

of the modern devotees of fashion. How many of the "royal blood" have slept in this bed, I know not; but I was interested to know that when Napoleon stopped here in 1812, on his way to Russia, although he slept in the chamber, he did not occupy the bed, preferring his own simple camp-couch. Not for *him* the luxuries of ease.

"Ambition should be made of sterner stuff."

Our next drive was to the suburbs of the city to see the great royal foundry of Munich. A gentlemanly old man, evidently a foreman in the establishment, conducted us through the rooms of the foundry, and when he learned that we were from America, he seemed to take much interest in showing us what had been done for our country. We were shown many models of men, whose names were familiar to us, such as those of Edward Everett, Daniel Webster, Horace Mann, the equestrian statue of Washington, (now in Richmond), and also models of the great fountains at Cincinnati, and at New York Central Park, and many others. Having some doubt about our

Lynn monument, I asked our guide if he could tell us whether he had a model of that. "L-i-n," he replied, spelling out the sound of the name. "Och! ya! ya!" "Can we see these models, sir?" "Ya!" Hereupon he conducted us into a large room, where we were shown the veritable model of our beautiful soldiers' monument, covered with dust, and laid aside with hundreds of others for preservation. After inspection, as we turned to go, the old man, in his broken English, said, "by Jackson?" "Yes," we replied, "did you like the work?" "Yaw, goot, goot!" So we retired, much pleased not only that the model was preserved, but that the monument itself was "goot."

In another room we saw men at work on a huge statue of Benj. Franklin, for what particular place I did not learn. We also saw an excellent statue of Roger Williams, who holds in his hands a book, with the words, "God, Liberty," inscribed on the cover. This was ready to be shipped to Providence, R. I. Our party thus had the pleasure of seeing it before it was unveiled to the admiring eyes of the

people of Providence. The best models, among which were many that Americans easily recognize, are preserved in an immense room, that visitors may see and realize the extent and ability of this famous foundry, in casting the bronze figures that adorn the public places of both the old and new world.

*Tuesday, Oct. 17th.* A bright, cool morning. We started out early for a visit to the "modern" picture gallery, called the "New Pinacothek." Here are some grand paintings, such as Kaulback's "Destruction of Jerusalem," Scharis "Deluge," and Bischoff's "First Snow." In this collection are nearly four hundred pictures, filling about twenty-five rooms. I appreciated and enjoyed the *subjects* of these better than those of the "old masters," though it is undoubtedly true that the latter are grander in design and better executed.

Leaving the gallery we walked over to see the Siegesthor, or "Gate of Victory," an immense triumphal arch, spanning the broad Ludwig street. This is a splendid work of art, built of pure marble, in imitation of that

of Constantine at Rome. On the top are four huge, bronze lions, drawing a car containing a statue of Bavaria. This also is from a design by Schwanthaler. There are other grand arches in the city, erected, as we were told, from the private fortune of the art-loving King Louis. The city itself is a grand museum of beautiful statues, monuments, and other pieces of art.

*Wednesday, Oct. 18th.* Although we returned yesterday from our sight seeing rather tired with the superabundance of beautiful art work, yet we could not think of leaving the city without seeing the famous Glyptothek and its collection of marbles. We found arranged around a huge court-yard twelve immense halls, all filled with statuary from the hands of such famous sculptors as Thorwaldsen, Canova, Schadow, and others. We could only glance through the rooms of this gallery for our time was limited, and we were forced to retire unsatisfied.

Then some of us visited an art exhibition in a fine large building opposite. Here we saw

a splendid collection of modern paintings by artists of Munich. Many of these pictures were very pleasing in design and execution, and some of them lovely in color. As these were all for sale, and had the price plainly marked on them, a rare opportunity was given for connoisseurs to purchase.

At one o'clock we took leave of Munich, not without some regrets, for we had found it a pleasant and attractive city, albeit rather unhealthy. The "National Hotel" was the poorest we had yet stayed at, and we were not sorry to leave it.

## CHAPTER XXI.

STUTTGART—STRASBURG—THE CATHEDRAL—  
THE WONDERFUL CLOCK.—THE FORTIFICA-  
TIONS — ARRIVAL AT PARIS — CONCLUSION.

*Thursday, Oct. 19th.* Our ride to Stuttgart was pleasant. At ten o'clock last evening we reached the "Hotel Marguard," an excellent house. Arising early this morning we took a walk through some of the pleasantest streets. This city has about one hundred and eight thousand inhabitants, is regularly laid out in a valley surrounded by high hills, which are covered with forests and gardens. We regretted that we could not spend a day or two here, but as our arrangements were all made to leave at noon, we could catch only a hurried glimpse before taking the cars for Strasburg.

After a pleasant ride through a delightful country we arrived in the old city of Strasburg at five o'clock. At the "Hotel de Paris," we found good rooms awaiting us in accordance with our previously dispatched telegram.

*Friday, Oct. 20th.* The morning was cold and disagreeable. We walked about the city, but were not favorably impressed, the streets being narrow and dirty, and the buildings very many of them dilapidated. We visited the celebrated cathedral which takes the place of that which was founded by Chloding in the sixth century, and was destroyed by lightning some five hundred years afterwards. The present structure was begun in 1015, and was more than four centuries in building. This cathedral is a good specimen of Gothic architecture, and has some magnificent carvings and statues. Some authorities say its steeple is the highest in the world, being four hundred and seventy-four feet high; if so, it is higher than St. Peter's at Rome, which is four hundred and thirty-three feet, or the great cathedral tower of Vienna which is four hundred and sixty-nine feet; this would make the Strasburg cathedral the highest tower, although not the highest structure, since the great pyramid of Gizeh rises to the highest elevation of man's work, i. e., four hundred and eighty feet.

But the chief attraction to us, who had be-

come surfeited with churches, was the famous clock, which performs its principal wonders each day at noon, when crowds gather to witness the performance. This clock, which has, perhaps, often been described, is, nevertheless, so wonderful that I will try to give you, in brief, an idea of its ingenious mechanism.

At first we saw before us only the clock case, which is about fifty feet high, and twenty-five feet wide at its base, with a column on each side rising to the same height. Near the base of the clock is a globe which shows the solar and lunar systems, and at different places are dials which give the time of day at different cities of the world. I noticed that there was five hours and a half difference between New York and Strasburg time. Then there is a method by which the revolutions of the planets are shown, and a calendar indicating the Holy and Fast days of the Catholic church. Above these and in front of the regular time dial is a platform upon which appears seven interesting figures, such as Diana and Apollo, each representing a day of the week. On each side of the large dial is a figure of a

Cupid, one of whom strikes the hours and quarter hours on a bell, while the other turns an hour glass. Above this is a dial with the signs of the zodiac, then higher up is a figure which shows the phases of the moon each day. Near the top of this remarkable clock appear at noon two sets of automata, the motions of which I will explain farther on. Remember, all these figures move by clock-work and all have a meaning. After waiting about half an hour, amid the crowd of people, who, like ourselves, had gathered to witness the performance, the clock struck twelve and all was silence. Our eyes were everywhere, for we wanted to see all the movements of the various figures. When Cupid raised his hammer to strike the hour of noon, the Twelve Apostles came out from a side door, and passed in rotation before our Saviour, bowing their heads and receiving, one by one, his blessing; as Peter was about to receive his, a life-sized cock, perched upon one of the side columns, stretched out his neck, flapped his wings, and crowed as naturally and as loud as a Shanghai rooster; and when Judas passed by, with his

treasurer's bag gripped tightly in his hands, Satan appeared at a window overlooking the scene, fixed his eyes on Judas, gave a horrible grin of apparent recognition, and watched him intently until he disappeared from sight. When the last apostle had received his blessing and disappeared through a door upon the opposite side, and the cock had again crowed, the almost human clock, as if conscious of its power, resumed its regular work, and the people dispersed. As our party, however, wished to examine more minutely the wonders of this extraordinary time-piece, we engaged a pleasant looking priest to explain it to us in detail. He told us that when Cupid struck the first quarter a little child came forth with a wand and after striking a bell ran away; this figure represented the first period in life, Childhood; when the second quarter strikes, Youth joyfully appears and sportively strikes the bell with a rustic staff adorned with flowers; then the third quarter strikes, and Manhood comes out dressed in his steel armor, and sturdily smites the bell with his heavy weapon; but unrelenting time rolls

on to the point of noon, and the fourth quarter strikes, when Old Age, a feeble figure, totters out supported by a staff, with which he tremblingly touches the bell; then Death, king of all, after seeing all ages pass before him, rises from his place and solemnly tolls the hour of noon with a human bone. Thus ends the last scene of all in this strange but interesting piece of mechanism. There is more to this clock than I have described, but enough has been said to give you an idea of its ingenuity.

In our morning walk, Mrs. Davis and myself visited the market place, and were much amused at the queer looking people we saw; There were two distinct types of peasants, those of Alsace and Lorraine, each recognizable by its dress. The Alsace women wore tremendous great black bows for head dresses, while the Lorraine women had on white head-dresses with all sorts of fancy gewgaws, thus presenting quite a contrast and making a very striking picture.

After lunch, although the weather was disagreeable, we took a carriage and drove out into the suburbs to see the great fortifications which

surround the city. This city, you will remember, was invested by the Germans in 1870, and after a bombardment of two months, surrendered the last of September, after a heroic resistance. During the siege four hundred houses were burned down, seventeen hundred citizens killed and wounded, and eight thousand persons left roofless. Hardly a house in the city escaped damage during the siege; even the great cathedral, it is said, was struck over one thousand times by the German shells and was much damaged; but it is now repaired, though showing plainly the new patches. We were much interested in the story of the siege and in the immense fortifications. It does seem true, that the German army, by investing it, and thus starving out the defenders, took the only method possible to capture the city.

The provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, of which Strasburg was the Capital, belonged to the French, but were ceded to the Germans at the close of the late war and are now a part of the great German empire. All through Germany we saw great preparations for war;

everywhere were troops by the thousands, drilling and exercising in all the arts of war. I never saw such perfect soldiering in my life. A soldier here has to learn not only the uses of arms, but also gymnastics and many other things not laid down in "Hardee."

In the course of our ride we crossed the river Rhine again and thus revived pleasant memories of our sail up its classic waters.

*Saturday, Oct. 21st.* We left Strasburg at nine o'clock, A. M., for Paris. This was a long ride of twelve hours, but as we were anxious to reach the "gay Capital" we decided to try it. Provided with a good lunch, and with a comfortable compartment to ourselves, we started off in high glee; nothing of special importance occurred on the way, until, leaving Germany we arrived at a town named Aricourt, on the French frontier, where the train stopped nearly an hour. All passengers were directed to leave the cars; Mrs. Davis and the children were conducted into a little room, while the rest of our party, taking our hand baggage marched to the "Custom House," a room

nearly adjoining. Amato, after telling the officers that we were a family party of Americans travelling for pleasure, called for my keys; as I passed them over, the official politely touched his hat, and marked all our parcels without opening one of them. I realized that the name "American" had its potent effect, as had been the case generally in similar instances, and I felt much gratified at this international civility, besides having my pride as an American citizen aroused somewhat. From this room we were conducted into another, where we saw a line of people passing through a narrow passage near which stood some gayly dressed soldiers. Amato cried out to us, "Passport! Your passport will be required here, so please have it ready!" This was the first time my passport had been required, and I was pleased at last to have an opportunity of using it. As I opened its ample folds, and saw at the top the proud "eagle" of my country soaring with outstretched wings, and at the bottom the bold signature of "Hamilton Fish, Secretary," my patriotic ardor rose to a high temperature, and I passed

through the passage-way and handed over to the erect official my document, with as much pride as ever imperial Cæsar felt in walking the streets of Rome, and I involuntarily said to myself, "Foreigners! treat that document with any indignity if you dare! and that young republic across the water, destined yet to be the pride of the world, shall"—but before I could finish the thought, our passports were examined and politely returned to us with a military nod, and we hastily went back to Mrs. Davis and the children.

We were soon again whirling rapidly on to Paris, where we arrived promptly on time, nine o'clock. Here we found a carriage awaiting to take us to the "Hotel Westminster," where we soon retired to luxurious beds to sleep soundly.

*Sunday, Oct. 22d.* We have at last arrived safely at our goal without accident or sickness, with but little trouble, and without the loss of a single article, all of which we think rather remarkable. Awaiting our arrival we found a goodly number of letters telling us of home

and friends; the tone of some, however, casts a shade of sadness over our otherwise happy spirits, for they inform us that sickness and even death has been present with our friends during our absence.

We have taken only a hasty survey of the city as yet, but so far are delighted with it, and look forward to our sojourn here with pleasure. The rooms and service at this hotel are "elegant," as our southern friends would say. Little Florence says, "Mamma, these rooms look like a palace and are good enough for a king, ain't they ?" This honest expression of the child will give you an idea of our present style of living, but it is an arrangement which is only temporary. In a few days we shall take rooms at a boarding house at a less expense than thirty dollars per day, which is what it costs here for our party.

*Monday, Oct. 30th.* We have now been in this gay city over a week, and although the weather has been dull, I can say that my expectations have been fully realized. It is a magnificent city in every respect, but as I

cannot write anything in addition to what you already know of its beauty and gayety, I will not attempt it, and besides I deem it unnecessary to send you regular sketches while here, but may send occasional notes of our observations.

We have selected a home to our minds at Madame Deane's, No. 52 (bis) Boulevard Haussmann. In this mansion we find pleasant company, good living, and splendid airy rooms. Here we purpose to live in quiet ease for at least three months, when we may make a tour into the south of France and to southern Italy. Deeming it good for the children that they may know something of the French language, and at the same time to have their young minds trained by mental exercise, we employ a French Professor, who visits us each day, and gives the boys two hours' instruction in French. The two older daughters, Lillie and Florence, are sent to a private French school near by; so you see we are now well settled down to regular living in this gay Capital of France. Mr. Watts leaves us next Friday for London, where he will spend a few days previous to his

sailing for home on the 9th of November, in the *Germanic*. He will return to you much improved in health, and perhaps I may say style, for, has he not seen *Paris*? I really think the trip will add years to his life. We wish him a pleasant and safe journey across the Atlantic.

Our courier also leaves us this week, so we shall be quite alone. Much diversity of opinion exists as to the necessity of having a courier while travelling on the continent of Europe, but I have a decided opinion against it. I have had a courier for three months past, and am most heartily glad to be rid of him. I would not have taken one except for the fact of having so large a party to care for. We found a courier to be a very expensive appendage, besides being entirely unnecessary in travelling the regular beaten route of nearly all fresh tourists on the continent. We have had no trouble with the languages, as English speaking clerks are at all the principal hotels and stores, and in fact we found English speaking people nearly everywhere we went.

This letter closes my hastily written notes

since leaving home; if they have given you some pleasant ideas of our ramblings and experiences in this distant land, or have caused you occasionally to think of our little party, I shall feel that the labor of writing them has not been in vain, and shall be gratified. They have been necessarily desultory and imperfect, for I have stolen odd moments wherein to write them; but such as they are they have given me no little pleasure, as the writing of them has kept constantly in mind our home, and the many valued friends there to whom, before another six months has passed, I hope to return and to meet once more face to face.

I feel that I cannot close these sketches without saying something of our own good city of Lynn, and its beautiful surroundings; for as I look upon it with my "mind's eye," I see that it is indeed, to me, the only earthly paradise. It has been my privilege to travel considerably, not only in my own country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but also "on this side," as I have already related in these letters; and I say to you, candidly, and I think without prejudice, that I have found no place so lovely as good old Lynn.

O Lynn! city of my life-work! with thy pleasant, peaceful homes; thy industrious, happy people; thy beautiful drives, and hundreds of natural charms, unsurpassed by any other single spot on earth! the longer I am away the more dearly I cherish thy memory, yearn for thy companionship, and look forward to the time when I can return, to pass my declining years and to end my earthly days with thee! Like Goldsmith's traveller, I, too, can truthfully sing,—

“ Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see  
My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee.”

*PART II.*



## INTRODUCTION TO PART II.

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The preceding pages of this book were printed and laid aside, partly from a loss of interest in them, and partly from the feeling that they were not of sufficient worth to be bound in book form.

During the days of a recent convalescence, however, the writer interested himself in re-viewing and re-arranging some notes of a journey made during the early months of 1877 from Paris to the south of France and Italy. So much pleasure came from this work, that the old interest revived, and he decided to add the new notes to those already printed and to bind them all in a substantial form.

He does this with a feeling that his intimate friends may perhaps be interested in their perusal, and that his family may have a printed record of a most enjoyable trip in Europe.



## CHAPTER I.

PARIS—MEMORY OF MR. DOAK.

PARIS, Jan. 26, 1877.

As we are about to leave Paris for a journey of two months to the south of France, and to Italy, I thought it would be pleasing to our friends to have a few brief notes of our travels in continuation of the rough sketches written last summer.

Our three months in Paris have been passed delightfully, and we leave the gay capital and its happy people with regret, for it has become almost like home to us. During our sojourn we have viewed the great city from the heights of Montmatre, and have descended into the marvellous under-ground sewers; we have attended the solemn Mass in the historic church of Notre Dame, and have visited the naughty Mabille and Valentino; we have been delighted with the superb singing of the artists at the Opera, and have been amused by the funny performances of the pantomimes; we have looked upon the brilliant and gay scenes at the

midnight "Bal Masque" in the grandest Opera house of the world, have listened there with thousands of other persons to the delightful music of two hundred performers, led by the world renowned Johann Strauss; we have been charmed with the mammoth picture galleries and museums of art, the magnificent public buildings and spacious boulevards; we have sailed upon the swift flowing Seine, and have been enchanted with the beautiful Bois de Bologne, Champ Elysees, and Place de la Concorde; we have stood upon one of the grandest works of modern times, the grand Arc de Triomphe, erected to perpetuate the memory of one whom France loved so well—the First Napoleon,—and have visited the magnificent tomb upon the banks of the Seine where the Emperor's remains lie buried; but I must stop, for I cannot tell you of Paris should I try. I might as well attempt to describe the beauteous heavens on a cloudless night. Both must be seen to be enjoyed.

But while my pleasures have been many, they have not been unmixed with sadness. On the 25th of November, on my arrival from

a visit to Havre, I found letters from home containing the mournful tidings of the death of my beloved friend, Mr. B. F. Doak. Although my mind had been somewhat prepared by previous letters for the sad announcement, yet the words, "Mr. Doak is dead," sank deep into my heart, casting a dark shadow over my otherwise peaceful spirit. I have known Mr. Doak intimately as a beloved brother, for over twenty-five years. Our early lives were passed amid the same scenes and associations, and circumstances having led us to adopt the same occupation in life, we struggled upward together without envy, and regarded with satisfaction each other's prosperity. Common pursuits and trials drew us into the most harmonious intimacy, which was increased by the strong mutual friendship of our families. We enjoyed the society of the same circle of genial companions. We worshipped in the same church, and for years worked together in establishing and extending the parish in whose prosperity we were sincerely interested. Two lives, not united by the ties of blood, have seldom been so interwoven through memories, associations,

business, and common tastes and aspirations. From the beginning to the end of this close friendship, Mr. Doak steadily grew upon my respect and admiration. I looked with pride upon his well balanced mind and his manly character, and regarded with satisfaction his record as a self-made man, rising, as he did, from humble life, to honor, influence, and fortune, by the power of his own strong and honest efforts.

In all business matters Mr. Doak was a man of the strictest integrity and honor, carrying into both private and public life, with modesty and without ostentation, all the traits and principles of a truly Christian soul. His nature was kind and sympathetic, and tempered by a mirthful and genial disposition, which, with his ready wit, made him a most agreeable companion, especially to those in whom he believed. His friendship was not an empty name, but a bright and solid reality, full of kindness and ready sympathy. The foundation stone of his whole being was the strong yet childlike faith in God, which he cherished with true devotion during all his active life, and

which made his days of suffering so beautiful, and enabled him to meet the dread hour of death so triumphantly.

But why speak further of his many virtues, which were apparent to all, attracting to him hosts of friends, who will regard his departure as that of a true man gone to his reward. Although I shall miss his manly form and never again behold his smiling face, nor hear his cheering voice, yet I shall always fondly cherish the memory and ever weave bright garlands to perpetuate the good name and faithful life of Mr. Doak. The conversation of my family to-day has been almost wholly about Mr. Doak and his household circle and our hearts have gone over the sea in tenderest sympathy to those on whom the great bereavement falls heaviest. May they find consolation in the sublime faith he cherished.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE SILKS AND VELVETS OF LYONS.

Early on the morning of the 27th we take leave of the boarders, to some of whom we have become much attached, and at eleven we are off for Lyons in the best of spirits. We first pass through the flat valley of the Seine and are surprised to see that its cultivated fields are as green as our own in June. At Dijon we stopped half an hour for refreshments. This old-looking town was once the capital of Burgundy, and is surrounded with vine-clad hills, the grapes of which produce the famous Burgundy wine. We go through many other large towns, such as St. Julien, Macon, and Beaurn, familiar in name, because of the wine they produce and send over the world.

At 10.15 we are in Lyons, almost before we know it. The children are awakened from their sleep, and soon we are in warm, comfortable rooms in the grand "Hotel Collet." Lyons is quite an interesting old city, so we hire an open carriage and ride through the streets,

observing the many places of interest which are pointed out by our French driver, who is generally understood and interpreted by Lillie and Edwin. After riding about an hour through the streets and over some of the numerous bridges which cross the Rhone and Sloane, we begin to ascend the steep hill of Fourrieres. On this hill is the church of Notre Dame which sustains an immense gilded statue of the Virgin Mary, which reflects golden light for miles around. From this height we obtain a magnificent view of Lyons and the surrounding country. We can even get a glimpse of Mt. Blanc and the Hills of Savoy in the far distance. Near by is the old church of St. Jeavill. A tablet informs us that in the year 202, A. D., the tyrant Septimus Severus put to death here over twenty thousand Christians who had met to pray. The manner of their death was most cruel, and their bodies were thrown into a vault under the church. Surely Christianity has made the world better.

We remain in Lyons a day longer than we intended, for Mrs. D. wishes to see the process of making velvet, which so delights the taste

of all ladies, so at ten o'clock, we get into a carriage and wend our way up the steep hill-side and through the narrow streets, some of them older than the Christian era. Finally we come to the small factory of M. Carquillat. We are conducted to the top of the five-story building, where in a small room we see six looms weaving fancy silks. The workmen explain the process by pantomime and poor French, but by the aid of Edwin we fully comprehend the work. No power is used in making the finest goods; all is done by hand.

We are next conducted into another room where specimens of the handiwork are exhibited and, of course, offered for sale. These specimens consist of portraits of prominent men of different countries, beautifully woven in black and white silk. In the collection we see portraits of George Washington and of General Grant, well enough done to touch the American purse. We buy two small specimens about a foot long at ten francs each, one of the Pope, for Baltimore friends, and one of Jacquard, the inventor of the silk loom, for ourselves. We next descend one flight to a

room below where velvet is made. A bright workman is selected to show us the process of its manufacture. He has in his loom a beautiful piece of silk velvet, which he is weaving by hand. He tells us that it takes six yards of silk to make one yard of velvet, and that he can make but one yard in two days; that to make one inch of nap requires sixty cuttings. In cutting, the workman runs a small grooved wire between the warps, then deftly runs a sharp blade across the groove thus cutting the upper strands to form the nap. Only expert operators can do this cutting owing to the fineness of the groove. He says the piece on which he is working is of the best quality. "Combien cela," I ask. "Trénte sept francs," (thirty-seven francs). Mrs. D. remarks, "Well! I will never complain of the price that is asked for fine velvet again."

Other men are making colored velvets, all very beautiful, which are to grace the form of some fashionable belle in New York or perhaps in Boston, or for aught I know in our own dear city of Lynn. We give the man a few francs for his kindness, take our carriages,

and are soon in the dirty streets of the city again.

We are told that the weavers in Lyons are never enrolled as soldiers, as their work makes them physically incompetent to do the hard duty of the camp and field. This statement hardly strikes us as being true, for the men appear no weaker than other indoor workmen. These laboring men earn from sixty cents to a dollar per day; they live in blocks often seven or eight stories high, where filth and wretchedness seem to prevail, and they subsist principally on bread and cheap wine. It is curious to see this bread carried about the streets in dirty wagons, or on the heads of dirty women. Some loaves are made with a hole in the centre so as to fit the head; some are made five or six feet long and almost trail on the ground when carried. As we were crossing a bridge one day we saw a boy about twelve years old carrying home a large loaf of bread. (Nobody makes bread at home in France). He wished to look at the river, but was not tall enough to see over the railing, so without hesitation he put down the bread and stood on it, thus raising himself enough to see over into the water.

In all the manufacturing districts I have visited I have been forcibly struck with the very great difference in the condition of our own mechanics and of those in Europe. Our laboring people are kings and queens compared to those in Europe, both in point of intelligence and in the general standard of living.

As we are riding back to the Hotel we stop at the "Palais des Beaux Arts" to see those celebrated bronze tablets on which is carved a speech made in the Roman Senate, 48 A. D., by Claudio, who was born in Lyons. The work is excellently done, showing how skilfully the old Romans engraved. These tablets were found on the heights of Sebastian in 1525.

## CHAPTER III.

### MARSEILLES—ODD EXPERIENCES.

On the 30th, at eleven o'clock, we leave for Marseilles. We ride through many towns and villages, all having the appearance of old age, which remind us of the ancient Roman cities so vividly described by the old writers.

Now we pass over a high bridge which overlooks an old and deserted-looking village, with buildings made of the gray cobble-stone of the neighboring hills, and with their tile roofs partly covered with moss. The streets are irregular and so narrow that two carriages can hardly pass each other. Here and there a church steeple, surmounted with the customary cross, rises above the common mass of stone. The whole is in keeping with the general dull aspect of the surrounding country.

As we pass Arles we see in the distance the fine old marble ruin of the amphitheatre built by Titus, which rises in its grandeur and dignity above the young and stately buildings of the modern city, to attest to the former size and glory of Arles.

At eight o'clock we arrive at Marseilles. As we alight from the car we hear above the din and clatter of the people a clear, distinct voice, shouting "Davis, Davis." We immediately seek the voice and find that it issues from the lungs of a porter from the "Grand Hotel du Louvre et de la Paix." He comes to meet us in answer to my telegram for rooms, and soon we are comfortably located in the hotel. Before retiring we walk out upon a broad, well-lighted street, from which we get a glimpse of the Mediterranean, which we have read about all our days, and which we have long wished to see.

After a good breakfast, Mrs. D., Lillie, and myself go out to see the city, but get no enjoyment, as the wind is blowing perfect torrents of dust. So we board a passing horse-car, which takes us to the palace of Longchamps. This fine structure, erected on the high hill of Longchamps, is composed of three parts, joined by colonnades in the Doric style of architecture. In its centre, under a triumphal arch, is a delightful cascade of water, representing the three rivers of Durance, Vigne, and Blé, in which sport Bulls and Tritons.

As the wind is still blowing hard after dinner, we take a close carriage and drive about the city, passing over the beautiful Prado, a long straight boulevard, which the people of Marseilles maintain is the finest road in Europe. Indeed they may well be proud of this noble avenue, whose walks and drives are arched by six rows of graceful elms and on whose sides are beautiful villas.

Through this delightful boulevard we drive to the park, a charming place, which seems hardly to have been touched by the destroying hand of man. We then return to the city by another road which is cut in the precipitous rocks on the edge of the Mediterranean, giving us a delightful view of this inland sea on whose surface to-day the wind seemed to be sending one white capped messenger after another only to fall headlong on the beach as if exhausted with their run.

As we are driving home through the city, we notice a package of lace in a shop window, marked "Valencienne 3 sous." Mrs. D. naturally understands this to mean three sous (three cents) per metre or yard. Her eyes

brighten as she remarks, "I really think this is genuine Valencienne edging. Isn't it cheap? and it is just what I want;" so alighting from the carriage and stepping into the store we find that it is the real article. We select three styles and order "cinque metres" of each. As it is being measured we conclude to double the amount so ask for "dix metres." The two saleswomen, mother and daughter, we judge, understand our French and roll up nicely our ten metres of lace. Imagine our surprise when upon handing them a gold piece, they take out three hundred and sixty sous instead of ninety as we expected they would. We are now in a fix, for we cannot command sufficient French to state our case. However, we shake our heads and pass the goods back, but no money is returned. I say to Mrs. D. "Do you think we are swindled or not?" "Yes, I believe they are deliberately cheating us, but what can we do?" We attempt by means of a yard stick and our slight knowledge of French to explain that the price was three sous *per yard* and not twelve, and hold up the yard stick and price tag of the goods as much as to say,

"explain if you can." The young woman understands our signs and coolly measures off with the yard stick thirty quarter yards, shrugging her shoulders at the same time, as much as to say "there! that is as clear as I can make it to you." I ask Mrs. D. if twelve cents a yard is high for the lace, and as she replies that it would cost at home probably twenty-five to thirty cents a yard, we decide to take the lace, although feeling that the method of advertising was intended to deceive strangers. This incident strengthens our belief that the French people are tricky and deceitful, taking advantage of everything in order to mislead one.

On the morning of February first we are awakened early by a great hubbub of voices accompanied by drums and bugles. It must be some *fête* day, so after a hasty breakfast I go out to see the excitement as well as to take a parting view of the city before leaving on the noon train for Nice.

I first stroll among the renowned docks of Marseilles. The four basins are situated nearly in the centre of the city, being connected

with each other and with the outer harbor by narrow passages which are crossed by drawbridges. These basins with the outer harbor cover an area of one hundred and twenty-five miles and can accommodate twelve hundred vessels.

In the street bordering the principal dock in the old city is a sight which quite excites me. Here are a variety of shows,—fat women, giant men, mammoth hogs and all such curiosities as we see at our country fairs, each show having a discordant brass band and a man at the door inviting the people with much suavity to enter. The street is filled with people of all nations, jabbering in every conceivable tongue and dressed in all sorts of costumes, the most motley crowd I ever saw.

I soon discover that this is drafting day for the army, and the freedom of the city is given to all, and everybody seems to think that freedom means a "general spree." I was interested especially in this scene because I saw an excellent painting in Munich which represented "drafting day," but no painter can do justice to the reality. It seems that at a certain age

every man is enrolled for military duty, and on the first of February of each subsequent year he is required to call at head-quarters in his city or district to draw for the army. As I observed the procedure it appeared that as many tickets as there are people enrolled are placed in a box; some of the tickets are blank, while the others have numbers on them corresponding to the regiments to be filled. As a man's name is called he walks up to the box and draws a ticket. If he gets a blank he is exempt from duty for a year, if a number, it indicates the regiment to which he is to be attached for five years service.

One can imagine what an excitement this drawing must produce, especially among Frenchmen, and as matters appear to-day, I should say that the man who draws a blank gets drunk from joy, and he who draws a number does the same in order to drown his sorrow. At any rate the street presents an animated appearance, with squads of men in every direction blowing bugles, beating drums, waving banners, jumping, shouting, and drinking, as if this was the only chance to have a

good time. The police could not check the frenzied men even if they wished to.

Before returning to the hotel I take a hasty look at some of the steeets of the old city. These are narrow, crooked, and dirty, flanked on either side by high tumble-down buildings which keep out every ray of sunshine. I could not but think what an awful place for the abode of human beings. I enter as far as I dare into one rather prominent street which I find by pacing is only twelve feet wide. I soon hurry back, however, into the pleasing sun-light, feeling that it is neither safe nor healthy to remain long in such a filthy place. But Marseilles, as a whole, is a very interesting city. A striking feature of it is the pretty and gayly dressed flower girls, who vend bright flowers and delicious fruits in the public squares. The fruits come from tropical climes across the Mediterranean in great abundance, and are the most delicious we have found in our travels.

The sun shines clear and bright as we bid farewell to Marseilles, where we might most pleasantly and profitably spend a few more

days, but tourists are generally in a hurry to move on to some new place of interest.

The train winds its crooked way along the banks of the Mediterranean, giving us for miles, on the one side, ever changing views of the placid sea, while above us, on the other, rise high precipitous rocks, seemingly ready to overwhelm our train. We pass through Toulon, the great seaport, with its grand floating docks and shipping; then we go by the immense prison called the Bagne, the largest in France, which is said to contain four thousand convicts at the present time. We thought of a contract for making shoes, but concluded not to stop at present to arrange for one, as we did not wish to mix business with pleasure.

Passing by other interesting towns and ruins of the old Roman time, we arrive at Cannes, where the train stops for some time. We enjoy seeing the people who alight at this famous watering place. They have the same general appearance as those we see at Saratoga, Newport, and such places, and appear to be mostly English. Near Cannes

is the island of St. Marguerite, upon whose summit is the citadel built by order of Richelieu. In this citadel, from 1686 to 1698, was confined that mysterious personage, "the man of the iron mask."

Starting again we pass through a more cultivated and less rocky country until we arrive in Nice, at half past six o'clock. We drive to the "Pension de la Metropole," where some friends, we met in Paris had engaged rooms for us, and we find them at the door ready to receive us with a hearty welcome. We are rather disappointed at our quarters, for the house is meanly built, resembling some of our own cheap sea-side shells, and our rooms do not have an inviting appearance, the very floors cracking beneath our tread; yet we get a good night's rest. Thus far we have all been well, and nothing has occurred to mar our pleasures, thanks to a good Providence.

We are now in a warm climate, where orange blossoms and tropical fruits lend their fragrance to the air. The children had never seen a full grown orange tree before this morning, and they came running into our room

exclaiming with delight, "Oh! aren't they splendid! Won't we have our fill of oranges now." No regular breakfast is served here before noon, so we order coffee and bread and butter to be brought to our rooms in the morning. After this light repast we go out to look about the town.

Nice has a settled population of 50,000 besides the large number of strangers who reside here during the winter season. The new town is composed chiefly of Hotels and Pensions, which are filled with visitors from all parts of the world, but I should judge a majority of them are English, for we hear more of our own tongue spoken here than of any other. Indeed, nowhere on the continent have we heard so much English spoken.

Invalids abound here, but I cannot understand why, for the climate does not appear to be a healthy one. The evenings are cold and damp while the midday is exceedingly hot. We think it prudent to have a fire in our room in the morning, and we rarely go out in the evening. In the midday we always carry an umbrella, for it is not considered safe to go

without one, as the sun is very strong and dazzling. Green goggles are much worn. Fancy your humble servant in white gloves and green goggles with sides to them, sauntering listlessly up and down the "Promenade des Anglais," supporting a large white umbrella, for white is all the rage and fashion makes slaves of us all.

The "Promenade des Anglais" is the principal street, and runs for a mile along the edge of the sea; while its inland side is beautified by charming villas and gay hotels, thus making one of the most delightful resorts for pedestrians and rich turnouts imaginable. Here one can see all sorts of carriages, from the light American "Brewster Buggy" to the heavy "English drag."

Every afternoon the fashionable world resort to the "Jardin publicque," where an excellent band discourses sweet music to those who wish to listen, while others banter, joke and talk nonsense. Lord Dundreary, you remember, has a brother Sam. Well! I am sure that I saw him to-day in the garden, and he was making "an ass of himself," as his brother in

America would say. Indeed, I have seen many "snobs" in our own country, but none who could compare with some I have seen here.

To-day (Feb. 3d), the London and Paris mails are due, so we hurry to the bank, where we find six or eight letters from home. How eager we are to read their contents. We hardly know which to open first, they all have such interest. What a pleasing fact, this being able, though separated from home by miles of land and leagues of sea, to sit quietly down and by the aid of these minute, mysterious messengers of the mind, the alphabet, to read our friends' thoughts and to know of their welfare and their varied experiences. This great blessing, it seems to me, is only fully appreciated when one is far from friends and native land.

After a quiet Sunday, in which we miss the Puritan sanctity, (for Sunday is made a holiday here), we take a carriage and visit the "Place Garibaldi," where we are shown the house in which that noble Italian was born. We then drive up a zigzag hill to

the ruins of an old Roman amphitheatre. Here we get a most entrancing view of the Mediterranean as it makes its graceful curves along the serpentine shore, ending at the old fort at Villa Franca. Inland we see many of the snow-capped peaks of the lofty Alps. On our return to the Pension the driver swindled us out of some money, but we are used to that, so it does not mar our pleasure.

The next day we visit the western part of the city where are pleasant gardens luxuriant with roses, violets and palms, and a private flower garden open to the public. As we walk through these delightful paths, fragrant with the various colored flowers, we talk about our friends at home, and imagine them, as best we can, shivering with the cold, the thermometer perhaps at zero, and snow a foot deep, while we are forced to raise our umbrellas as a protection from the scorching sun. Surely God is mighty in his ways!

To-day a party of five, including Mrs. D. and myself, visit Monaco, a small Italian principality on the coast of the Mediterranean. This monarchy, the smallest in Europe, in-

cludes the town of Monte Carlo, where the Prince of Monaco has sanctioned a gambling establishment. To get to the gaming house we ascend a terrace made beautiful by nature and art and soon are at the summit. Here we find an extensive and beautiful plat, around which are situated the Casino, hotels, restaurants, and excellent stores, with all sorts of fancy goods for sale. The plat is tastefully arranged with gardens, bowers, and fountains.

As strangers are not permitted to enter the inner courts of the Casino without cards of admission, an accomplished young lady of our party goes to the bureau, and in French, asks for permission to enter the rooms. The attendant politely gives permission, simply requiring our names and places of present abode, all of which he writes in a large book, probably so that none but *respectable* persons might enter the gambling rooms. Leaving our "impedimenta" in care of a polite servant, dressed in a gold-laced dress coat, silk stockings, and white gloves, we hand our tickets to another attendant at the door and are admitted.

We first enter a large and beautiful room,

whose walls are adorned with immense plates of glass set in gilded and polished wood. This makes the room appear double its real size. Its ceilings are beautifully ornamented in stucco and are frescoed in the most superb style of art. At each end of this room is a roulette table, around which are quietly seated the gamblers, while others stand near by looking on. Imagine our feelings when we notice that a majority of these players are women, old and young; some handsome, elegantly dressed, and bedecked with jewels. The latter have the appearance of the class of women whom one might expect to meet at such a place. But there are others that quite astonish us; a number of old motherly-looking women, past threescore years, are gambling with all the abandon of professionals. We notice a young girl not over eighteen years of age, with an innocent, child-like face, and of modest appearance, playing with an earnestness that betokens the most intense feeling. Besides these we see old men nearly ready for the grave, and young men just reaching manhood, all as deeply interested as if their

lives depended upon the result of the revolving wheel. Alas! they do not see that their moral life is lost which-ever way the wheel turns!

From this room we enter a larger and still more splendid room. In the centre is a roulette table and at each end is a table upon which a game is played with cards called "Rouge-et-noir." I could not understand the method of playing either game, but the latter seemed to involve larger stakes. In these rooms not a sound above a whisper is heard save the regular subdued announcement of the managing men at the tables. Players must not be disturbed, so all is hushed as in the chamber of death. Indeed, I feel that in this place many a man takes the first steps to an ignominious death. We are told that nearly every week some one commits suicide here in despair at financial losses or moral ruin.

As our cards of admission were good for the day we leave the Casino, whereupon the ladies give vent to their pent up feelings:—"Isn't it awful! I couldn't have believed it possible for women to gamble so coolly! I never saw such a sight before!" Mrs. D. remarking "Give me America forever!"

It is now time for the regular afternoon concert in the grand hall, so we enter and are conducted to seats, where we listen to some choice selections from the best operas, which are performed in the most perfect manner by an excellent band. We then go to the great reading room, where we find papers from all countries except our own; not one American paper is seen. This we regard as a compliment to our own country and indicates that but few Americans frequent the establishment to gamble.

We desire to see all that is possible of this noted place, now the largest gambling establishment since Wiesbaden and Baden-Baden have been closed; so we stroll about the grounds admiring the beautiful shrubs and flowers. While standing upon the broad terrace we hear the crack of guns. Looking down we see below us, rising from the bank of the Mediterranean, a terrace on whose green lawn were seven small boxes arranged in a semi-circle. Every few minutes one of the boxes opens letting out a pigeon to be shot at by some one firing from beneath the wall on

which we stand. Occasionally a pigeon escapes and flies away. We soon learn that this is a shooting match, and we are informed that an English gentleman (?) a few days previous won a prize of \$5000, as no pigeon out of a certain number escaped his shot. On receiving the prize the Englishman gave a grand dinner party at which there was "revelry by night."

The ladies denounce this shooting live pigeons as wicked sport, and we move on. Soon we notice an elderly lady dressed in widow's weeds walking alone in deep thought. As we overtake her, she recognizes us at once and greets us cordially. This lady boarded at the same house with us in Paris for over two months, so we knew her well. Mrs. B. is a full-faced pleasant looking lady, about sixty-five or seventy years of age, the widow of an Episcopal clergyman of England, who lately died and left her a comfortable property, the income of which she tells us is sufficient to support her well. She left Paris about two weeks before we did, apparently for Nice, but she came here and is board-

ing near the Casino. After a few general remarks she gave vent to her feelings as follows: "Oh! Mr. Davis, I have been gambling and have lost heavily. I dare not tell you how much I have lost. I have had no luck at all since I have been here." The ladies of our party are completely stunned at this announcement, and their faces betoken a mingled feeling of pity and of contempt—pity that an intelligent lady could so degrade her better nature, and contempt that a woman of her age should descend so low in the moral scale as to gamble.

As the rest of our party have gone back to Nice, Mrs. B. joins Mrs. D. and myself and we proceed again to the gambling rooms. If the scene in the afternoon was quiet and subdued, this evening it is animated and dazzling. The "grand salons" are brilliantly lighted and filled with the gayly dressed devotees of chance. We quietly promenade the rooms, admiring the rich toilettes of the women and the exquisite apparel of the men. Mrs. B. points out to us the most noted characters, or those who have lost or won heavily during

the week. She tells us of one man who has lost eighty thousand pounds during the season; she then points to another, as he struts around the room arm in arm with his wife, who has been winning large sums.

Leaving Mrs. D. with Mrs. B. on a luxuriously cushioned lounge that they may view the scene more comfortably, I take a stand near a table where the card game is being played, for I am interested in looking at the players. Eight men are at this table, four in the middle and one at each end; back of the middle are two men seated on high chairs, who I judge are the umpires to settle any dispute that might arise. These men are all fine looking, cool mannered and thoughtful in appearance. They look like philosophers meditating upon some great problem for the elevation of mankind rather than for its degradation. Near by sits a young man wholly absorbed in the game; his head rests upon his left hand while with his right hand he seems to be trying to calculate the probabilities of the game by mathematics, for he is continually marking the result of the games on a card. He has a large pile

of money before him and seems to be winning great stakes. Directly back of this young man stands a most striking character. His large, full face has a fine moustache and imperial. His forehead is high and his look commanding. His bright eye and obvious intelligence and nerve make me feel that he is throwing away high talents on unworthy pursuits. He is playing with gold, using only Napoleons (\$4) and twenty dollar pieces. He plays without any memoranda, unlike most of the players, and with a coolness and steadiness that quite excite my admiration. Not a muscle of his massive face moves whether he wins or loses. I soon see that he is winning heavily, for he places a handful of gold on the red, whereupon the managing man, with seeming indifference, pushes toward him with a croupier four or five times his stake. Quietly reaching over he gathers the shining gold into his trousers pockets, which are soon filled; he then fills up his coat tail pocket, with an air of indifference that pleases me. Now he places heavily on the black and wins ; again he bets lighter, apparently carrying the whole game in his head,

as if he had some mysterious knowledge that has unlocked the golden treasures of the capricious chance.

On my right is another person, younger and more fanciful in appearance, whose curled moustache indicates that he is a fashionable man of the city. His face, however, betokens a nervous and troubled spirit. He is losing. Soon a lady approaches and speaking softly in his ear says in the best of English, "My dear, I have lost all, all that I have won and my own besides; something that I never did before." He gives the woman a sympathetic look and says, "Ah! ah! well! my dear, don't be discouraged; it's a bad day for us." Then, putting the few gold pieces before him in his pocket, with his companion he walks away from the table, arm in arm, probably to await better luck.

In the evening as in the afternoon, many women are playing and some are betting heavily; it is a sight to inspire an artist, to see the various expressions of the players, both men and women. I now join Mrs. D. and we again, visit the tables to take a farewell look at the characters who are playing, for it is time to

leave for home. We thank Mrs. B. for the information she has given us, and bidding her good bye, leave the temple of chance.

I have tried only to give you an idea of this place; no one can fully describe it, for it must be seen in its various aspects to be comprehended. You will notice, however, one thing—that whoever controls this gambling establishment caters as well to the best elements of our nature as to the worst; for there are music, flowers, and art in rich profusion for all who may wish to enjoy their fascination, while within the precincts of the gilded salons moral death is dealt out in the guise of excitement, for in the end all gamblers must come to grief and desolation. At eight o'clock we leave this gay resort and in an hour are back in Nice.

Great preparations are being made to celebrate carnival, and everyone is on the *qui vive* in regard to it. We also have caught the contagion, and are busy trying to find a good place to see the procession, for it is necessary to have seats in the second story of some building, as the custom of throwing "confetti"

makes it very unpleasant to be on the street. At last we find a window, for the use of which, for two days, Sunday and Tuesday, we pay sixteen dollars. We consider this a good bargain, considering the prices generally asked.

To-day (Saturday, Feb. 10), the great carnival opens with a grand bazaar or charity fair in the beautiful little park called "Place Marsena." The park is closed in and numerous booths of various designs are erected along its shaded walks. Each booth is presided over by some fair dame of rank or wealth, who sells or puts up to chance the various fancy articles which are tastefully arranged on her table. In the largest Kiosque a princess attracts by her wit and vivacity a crowd of people to a great tombola or lottery, where are given out prizes, from a penny whistle up to a pair of horses. The princess, whose name is Sonvaroff, is bright, good looking, and exquisitely dressed. I look her over carefully with an eye to telling you of her dress. It is made of rich white satin, with a tremendously long train, I believe it is called. Over this is a beautifully figured, white brocaded satin over-

dress, elaborately covered with wreaths of bright flowers. The neck and sleeves are trimmed with delicate point lace. She wears elegant earrings and a brooch of emeralds and diamonds, while on her chignon is perched "a love of a bonnet," made up of white satin and flowers. In the evening she appears in another dress entirely different in color and style. It is bright red with—"No," says Mrs. D. "it is garnet trimmed with white with bonnet to match." Well, I must say I am out of my latitude in pretending to describe ladies' dresses, so must close by remarking in the schoolboys' lingo, "she is gotten up regardless." Her bright and pretty attendants, with their flippant French, are very successful in their sales, for few can resist buying from such enchanting creatures.

In the afternoon the price of admission to the fair is two francs, and only the gay and the fashionable are present, Mrs. D., Lillie and myself are silent observers of the scene. We enjoy the gayety and excitement, but I am forced to utter the cold, English monosyllable "No," to the fascinating importunities of many

a lovely French mademoiselle, for in selling goods they return no change, and I happen to have only gold pieces in my pocket.

In the evening the little park is illuminated most uniquely by small tumblers of all colors containing candies. These are hung around and over the buildings and paths in graceful curves, making the most brilliant combinations of colored figures imaginable as seen from different points. The price of admission is now but a few cents, and the populace gather in crowds; we go in to see the illumination, but are only too glad to get out of the crush as quickly as possible. The same attendants are present as in the afternoon, and are at work like heroines. They surely deserve great praise for their benevolent endeavors. The day's fair netted \$6000, a very good sum.

Sunday morning comes in clear and crisp. Cannons are being fired in different quarters of the city to announce that the great carnival has begun, and that the day is to be given up to fun and frolic. At two o'clock, Mrs. D., May and myself occupy our window, which is in an excellent position to see the proces-

sion. The street is filled with people, nearly all of whom have wire masks over their faces to protect them from the "confetti" which is flying in all directions. Confetti is pellets, about the size of peas, covered with lime, which leave a mark when they strike you. The boys, and men as well, are not satisfied with throwing it singly, but use a sort of scoop by which they can get greater power as well as a greater number of missiles in each discharge. Everywhere can be seen men with their black coats and once glossy silk hats covered with innumerable white spots, to show the skill of the people in using this polite ammunition.

The great procession is novel and grotesque, unlike anything I ever saw. It consists partly of elaborate caricatures and amusing mechanical contrivances, such as monkeys playing leap frog, crocodiles playing tag, squirrels whirling in their cages, and every conceivable thing. They are admirably and expensively gotten up. We spend three hours watching this burlesque show, and then return through back alleys and unfrequented streets to our

pension, for we do not dare to go through the main avenue, for fear of being pelted with confetti.

Monday opens with a donkey race and a foot race on the broad Promenade des Anglais, after which there is a grand procession of vehicles of all sorts. You see the fashionable belle drawn in a stylish barouche by a spirited gold-harnessed span, or the meanest huckster in his tumble-down cart worried along by a worn out, bony old nag. We take a stand on the sidewalk to see these sights, for to-day only flowers may be thrown, so we can have some comfort.

Tuesday is a repetition of Sunday, and the air is again thick with confetti. Mrs. D., Lillie, Florence and Miss Craig from their window enjoy the scene, which is quite as exciting as it was on Sunday. All business is suspended and everybody takes part in the gala day. In the evening the streets present a beautiful sight, with thousands of different colored lights reaching across from house to house, and every now and then the scene is enlivened by the moving fireworks which sport about their

more staid companions. At ten in the evening King Carnival is burnt amid the shouts and hubbub of the people. He stands as an immense effigy forty feet high, which is filled with all sorts of combustibles. The flames devour the mortal king slowly until they get to his vitals, when they leap up in great fury and surround his whole person. Then he explodes with a tremendous noise worthy of such a mighty king; finally after one great effort which shakes the earth the king's soul leaves his scarred frame and the people disperse.

On Thursday (Feb. 15), we begin to pack our trunks preparatory to leaving on the next day for Genoa. We have become accustomed to our pension, and have spent a fortnight very pleasantly in Nice, contrary to our expectations on arrival. Nearly all nations are represented at our boarding house, Russia, Poland, France, Belgium, England and America, so we have a good opportunity to study national as well as private peculiarities. Ladies from all these countries, except America and England, smoke their cigarettes at the dinner table, with as much ease and with more zest than the gentle-

men, and our Polish friend, who, by the way, is a real countess, amuses us with a singing monkey, which she brings to her meals and places on the table front of her. She evidently has a more kindly feeling toward her distant relatives than we have.

To Americans not accustomed to the use of tobacco it is not altogether pleasant to have people smoke at the dinner table—perhaps before you have finished your dessert; yet still, such strange customs give a piquancy to travel, and this scene of the ladies and gentlemen puffing their cigarettes at the table of the Metrepole, became rather a feature of the dinner after we had become a little accustomed to it, but the singing monkey was a feature we never liked.

## CHAPTER IV.

REACHING THE ITALIAN CITIES—GENOA—  
THE BEAUTIFUL “VILLA PALLAVACINI”—A  
FRAUDULENT COUNTESS—CORAL WORKERS.

We leave Nice February 16th, at half past two o'clock for Genoa. Our train runs along the coast of the Mediterranean, passing through Villa Franca, the rendezvous of the American fleet, when in the Mediterranean, and Mentone, a pleasantly situated watering place, preferred by many on account of its climate to Nice; to Ventimiglia, the Italian frontier, where the train stops and the passengers are driven like sheep into a narrow, dirty room, fit for swine and Italian lazaroni, but not for Christian men and women. A scramble ensues here among the passengers to get their baggage examined quickly. My English and Edwin's French are of no avail among these chattering Italians, but at last we succeed in getting them to examine our baggage, which they do more thoroughly than have any previous custom house officers. In one satchel the offi-

cer finds a large tin box. Thinking that he has got a contraband, he opens it with a most exultant smile, but when the contents are exposed, the triumphant look leaves his eye, and he angrily passes the rest of our small satchels without examination, for all that he found in the suspected tin box was some rye meal which we always carry to make poultices if the children are sick. When he gets to the trunks, however, he goes to the very bottom of the first one, at the same time asking questions in Italian which are as incomprehensible to us as the Egyptian hieroglyphics. Still I shake my head as if to say, *no*, and offer him more keys, indicating a willingness to have him examine more trunks, while in reality I wish he were in Joppa, and that we were out of this dirty pen so offensive to our nostrils. Finally our baggage is marked all right and we go to the station to wait half an hour until the train starts again. The room in the station is but little better than the one we have just left; indeed the nauseating odor of garlic, combined with a sort of homesick feeling has made Mrs. D. heartily sick of Italy.

In due time the gates are opened and we make haste to get to our compartment to breathe once more the pure fresh air. Soon we are all as comfortable as one can be in an Italian railroad car, and have a sleepy ride to Genoa, where we arrive at eleven o'clock. A coach takes us to the Hotel Genes, an old palace where we are conducted to a very high studded room, with a marble floor and with massive partitions over two feet thick. A fire soon warms this chilly room, and at twelve o'clock we are ready to retire for the night. Before daybreak the next morning I am awakened by the voice of Mrs. D., as if in fright, which calls me from a distant corner of the room. As I spring up in bed, she asks, "Do you hear that frightful noise? what is it?"

"I don't know, I should think though that Pandemonium was let loose." In fact I never heard anything like it before. Mustering up my courage I look out of the window and see by the light of the gas which illuminates the market place before the hotel, a most strange and grotesque sight. Gathered together are men, women, children, mules, asses and don-

keys; all loaded down with merchandise. The animals are braying, while the men and women are screeching at the bottom of their lungs and top of their voices. Soon the dumb (?) animals are unpacked and led away, but the human creatures remain to continue their shouts and to sell their goods. After satiating ourselves with this novel scene we return to our little beds to sleep, perchance to dream. In these countries the beds are made very narrow and will not permit of the delightful custom which prevails in good New England, by which man and wife sleep together.

In the morning as little May looks up from her bed, she exclaims, "What a pretty sky, mamma!" Well might she say this, for our room was full thirty feet high, and had a dome-like ceiling painted to imitate the sky on a spring day when the fleecy clouds are sporting in their litudesomeness.

The children are delighted with the market scene in the square, for they admire the gay colored bandana handkerchiefs worn by the female hucksters, and wonder at the big wooden shoes which they wear. The market is closed at nine

o'clock; the square is swept clean, and all is again quiet.

After breakfast we hire a carriage, at a franc and a half per hour, and drive through the narrow streets of the city, between lofty old palaces, to a villa in the suburbs. Alighting from the carriage we climb up terrace after terrace to a high hill, from which we get an excellent view of the harbor and its shipping. The harbors of the Mediterranean always have an ancient look, partly because of the ruins around them, and partly because of the rig of the boats, which carry one back to the time when only lateen sails were used, and it does not require a very vivid imagination to fill up this picturesque old harbor of Genoa with Roman merchantmen laden with the wealth of the East, and with the pleasure boats of the nobility.

We next visit a few old palaces, now somewhat neglected, but with pleasing galleries of paintings by the old masters. We wonder at the wealth and refinement of their former owners, and soliloquize on the fitfulness of honors, and the decay of wealth. Nor can

we help comparing the inconveniences of these dwellings with the advantages of the modern style, as the climate compelled them to live on the fifth and sixth story of their cold buildings, without elevators or apparently any of the modern appliances which now give so much comfort to the homes of the wealthy. From the palaces we go to the "Church of the Annunciation," whose interior, decorated in gold and marble, presents a maze of the most superb ornamentation. This fine church was built from the funds furnished by a family named Lornellina, the descendants of whom are still rich; a remarkable circumstance when one considers the great expense of this magnificent church, and the fact that it is still kept beautiful by the family bounty. At about dusk we return to the hotel, wearied out by our day's work. Mrs. D. says she is getting tired of contemplating these old palaces, which do not offer to her anywhere near as much attraction as a quiet, cosey New England cottage.

*Sunday, Feb. 18th.* It is a most charming Sabbath morning, reminding one of some of

our own balmy days in June. The soft air is redolent with the sweetest breathings, and nature fills our souls with its seductive beauty. We are inclined to bend the knee in reverent gratitude to the great Giver of these delightful days, who is so rich in love and so prolific in bounty alike to the high and the low, to the rich and the poor. It is one of those mornings when man's heart is made purer and holier, and he is brought nearer to the heaven his soul is striving after.

As there is no church service here in harmony with these sacred feelings, we decide to seek the pure air and the green fields of the country and thus worship in spirit the Giver of all good. To this end we drive to the "Villa Pallavicini," about twelve miles from Genoa. Here a guide conducts us through a grand entrance to a broad marble terrace, which commands a fine view of Genoa and the Mediterranean; then we pass through pleasing groves and shady avenues to a charming little Grecian temple, whose marble walls stand out in the green shrubbery as a white winged yacht upon the deep sea. Here we get another view

of vine-clad hills and of the great inland ocean which to-day glistens like silver in the sun's rays. Then we pass along another walk bordered with beautiful vases, filled with the rarest of shrubs and blooming plants, when suddenly we come upon a pretty cottage, one side of the interior of which is furnished most luxuriously to represent wealth, while the other side is very humbly furnished, to represent poverty. Still the whole building has the air of happy contentment. We now ascend a lovely zigzag path, between azalias, camelias, and great blooming rhododendrons, to the summit of a hill where there is a picturesque tower, built to imitate a vine-covered ruin.

After enjoying a broad and most enchanting view from the top of this old ruin we descend through other paths to a wonderful grotto, resplendent with sparkling crystalizations and adorned with fantastically shaped stalactites and stalagmites, bought at great expense in Sicily and Corsica, and arranged here so as to appear like a natural cave. Indeed our party believed the cave to be really a work of nature until told the contrary by the guide.

In passing through this cavern we see by the reflected light which plays about the pendant cones, a tranquil little river on which a graceful boat is waiting to receive us and we are rowed among these flaming stalactites under sparkling roofs, and through dark caverns, when suddenly we shoot out upon one of the most fascinating lakes imaginable, which is the centre of a landscape which would hold even the most unimpressive man spell-bound by its beauty. Indeed, as we glide silently along the peaceful lake, so many pleasing objects strike the eye that we seem to be in fairy-land, under charge of some fairy, who draws us to a miniature temple of Diana, where we see the chaste goddess herself rising out of the water to enter her temple. Then the fairy carries us to the border of the lake where Egypt is represented, and we see the ruins of Egyptian temples scattered here and there; and standing erect, as if defiant of time, is an obelisk, with its strange hieroglyphics. Then we are transported to China, and as we stand on a unique Chinese bridge we see a pagoda with its bell-shaped adornments, which seem to

ring their insensible chime to call the faithful to prayers. Then we are led back to our own land again, where there is a bower of pure white marble surrounded by lovely plants and flowers which make the air fragrant with their aromatic perfumes. As we enter this bower we experience another sensation of wonder, for we find ourselves surrounded on all sides by people of our own shape and features who repeat our motions. We look out of the windows of the bower for an explanation of this strange illusion, when lo ! the whole landscape becomes the most dazzling red, then it becomes a delicate blue and changes from one color to another in the most inexplicable manner. Physicists would say that the bower was lined with mirrors and colored glass, but who will believe these materialists.

Leaving our ephemeral friends, we pass over a number of small islands connected by delicately constructed iron bridges. On one island is a rich Turkish mosque, where we sit down in quiet rest to view the landscape and to recover our dazed senses. After our rest we are again guided to a cascade of water which leaps play-

fully over rock and crag into the lake below. Then we come to a hill-side upon which is a peculiarly constructed building, from which water is made to fall like rain. On opening a door we behold a lovely scene, for art has produced a refreshing summer shower which really appears to fall from the clouds; then from the sides of the walks, and over the bridges jets up delicate spray which is colored like the rainbow by the sun's bright rays. Now, that our return to terrestrial life may not be too sudden, we are conducted into orange groves, and through gardens filled with rarest shrubs, palms, and blooming magnolia trees, back to the entrance, where we take leave of our conductor, feeling better and happier because of this rich experience, and glad that we have so occupied our morning.

After lunching at an excellent restaurant, which was built by the owner of the villa, we drive back to the city and visit the Campo Santo. This cemetery is a quadrangle enclosed by marble corridors, in the centre of which is a large marble figure of the Virgin. We walk through the variously carved corridors,

admiring the beautiful statues and monuments, whose unblemished purity show the force and refined sentiment of modern art. We were impressed by the touching memorials in this celebrated burial place, and the two hours which we spent here will remain in memory long after we have forgotten the palaces and ancient relics.

We next ride to the public park, which is situated on a high plateau on the outskirts of the city. This park is the great resort for people on foot and in carriages. To-day the populace has turned out *en masse* to see a Russian countess, who is causing a great hub-bub in town on account of her apparent wealth and style. We notice that all the people are straining their necks to see a carriage which is approaching, so we tell our driver to stop that we, too, may get a glimpse of the inmates. The carriage approaches; it is a rich, open vehicle with a high box in front and one behind, and is drawn by eight spirited black horses. On the forward nigh horse is a uniformed postillion, while on the front box are the driver, who holds the gay yellow reins, and a footman,

both in close-buttoned coats, tight trousers and yellow-topped boots, and on the hind box are two footmen with powdered hair, long-tailed coats, knee breeches and silk stockings. Within the carriage are the countess and a friend, both dressed in very striking costumes, quite in keeping with the equipage. As the carriage passes, we catch a full view of the countess' face, which seems familiar to us, and I say to Mrs. D., "We have seen that woman somewhere." After some thought we recollect having seen her at the hotel in Milan, where she was conspicuous by her flashy style and general lack of those elements which make a lady. She was there reported to be an actress. Upon returning to the hotel, I take occasion to say to the hotel manager that in my opinion the countess, who is making such a stir, is a humbug. She was at the hotel in Milan where we stayed, and was there regarded as a cheap actress, which profession agrees more with her actions. He is surprised at my decided statement, and shrugs his shoulders, as much as to say, "It might be, but I doubt it." The following day the pretended countess

asked the manager of the opera to allow her to sing the part of Margaret, in Faust. This he declined to do, but she persisted in her demands, even offering him money if he would give her the part. He yielded to this proposal and advertised in the papers, that the Russian countess would sing. Crowds filled the theatre; she began her part and sang very poorly, but was excused by the people because she was a countess, but as she continued, she sang and acted worse and worse, and finally her performance became so wretched that the audience, forgetting her high title, hissed her off the stage. Hissing a poor singer on the public stage in Italy is no uncommon occurrence. Then it began to be whispered through the town that the countess was a fraud, and the rumor became fact when it was known that she had unexpectedly left town leaving her bills unpaid.

We devote Monday morning to shopping, as we desire to buy some of the delicate filigree work for which Genoa is so famous. So we wander through the old narrow streets on which are the principal shops, and buy dainty

little butterflies, charms, card cases, and the like, which are a marvel of skilful silver work. We also buy some photographic views of the points of interest in and about the city, which are cheap and good.

Having finished our shopping, we step in to see the old Cathedral of San Ambrogio, where there are plenty of relics, such as parts of the cross, nails which were used to nail Christ to the cross, besides many other such curiosities. But my credulity has been so much strained, that I am getting tired of seeing relics, and bones of saints, so merely glance at them as I would look at a passing horse car in Boston. Next we come to the Cathedral of San Lorenzo, which dates from the eleventh century. The chief curiosity of this grand Duomo is the Chapel of St. John, where the ashes of that good old saint are preserved in silver urns, most beautifully wrought by some celebrated artisan in the year 1488. Women are not allowed to enter this chapel except on one special day in each year, because of the animosity still cherished against the sex on account of the murder of St. John to gratify the whim of Her-

odius. On this account Mrs. D. had to be satisfied by a glimpse from the outside into this sacred place. More relics here.

We next visit a square near the railroad station, where stands the beautiful monument erected to the greatest of navigators, Christopher Columbus. This monument, erected in 1862, represents Columbus as standing erect and resting his left hand upon the kneeling figure of America. On the corners of the base are figures representing Religion, Geography, Force, and Wisdom, four requisites for the successful explorer. On the face of this base, excellently carved in bas-relief, are scenes from the life of this intrepid sailor. How much more one admires the bravery and self-sacrifice of Columbus and his followers after crossing the great Atlantic. The cylindrical pedestal of the statue is adorned with the prows of the queer ships in which Columbus braved his way to the new continent.

We next visit a coral factory, to buy something for friends at home, but we find nothing which pleases us, for this factory makes only cheap goods for the South American trade.

This establishment is on the fifth floor,—everybody strives to get as near the sky as possible,—and, as we at last reach the highest flight, out of breath by our climb, we are greeted very cordially by the proprietor, who speaks some English, which he is eager to practice. He kindly escorts us through his factory, explaining the process of manufacture and giving us an idea of the wages received by Italian workmen. Here are men and women at work earning only from twenty to seventy-five cents per day. Even the skilled laborers who do the ornamental work which adorns the coral jewelry worn by the ladies, earn but seventy-five to eighty cents a day. In the country factory of this firm, where only girls are employed, the wages run to about twenty cents per day, and the working hours are from five to twelve o'clock in the morning and from two to eight in the evening. These statements rouse my sympathy for the poor laborers of this bankrupt country. Thanking the proprietor for his kindness we return to the hotel.

After dinner I take a stroll about the city, for I love to walk alone through these ancient

streets and in thought go back to the olden time, far before the days of Christ, when people walked these same narrow streets and lived, loved and died in this same city. It is a clear, moonlight night, yet but a few of the bright, twinkling stars can be seen in the narrow patch of blue sky which forms a delicately tinted roof to the lofty winding walls of the buildings which flank the ten-foot street. As I am meditating upon the impressive scene, I am suddenly saluted by a friendly "good evening." I turn and immediately recognize the coral manufacturer, who is out for an evening walk. After cordial salutations I invite him to a cafe near by, where under the inspiration of music and some native wine, we have a pleasant social chat together. He proves to be a good natured, well educated gentleman, from whom I gather much interesting information in regard to Italy and its people. I tell him of America, toward which he has a very friendly feeling, and of which he wishes to know more.

He insists that we attend a concert together, so we go to a small concert hall. As it is late we take a seat in the rear, in order to see the

audience better. As we enter four Swiss girls are singing their native ballads in that pleasing liquid voice so peculiar to the Swiss. They are succeeded by other artists who have much better voices than the average concert singers. I am more interested, however, in the many noted people,—they are out in full force to-night—who are pointed out by my friend. Indeed I begin to feel well acquainted with the bonton of Genoa. Among the celebrities is the present owner of the Villa Pallavicini, which we visited Sunday. He is a son-in-law of Pallavicini and has a name equally hard to pronounce. He is said to be a generous and wealthy man. Indeed he must be, for he opens free to the public his villa where so much wealth has been expended with such refined taste. After the concert my friend escorts me to the hotel, where we part with mutual good wishes.

## CHAPTER V.

PISA — THE CATHEDRAL — THE BAPTISTRY —  
THE LEANING TOWER — FLORENCE — THE  
CHURCHES — THE GALLERIES OF ART —  
DRIVES ABOUT THE CITY AND ITS ENVI-  
RONS.

On Tuesday (20th), at half past one, we leave for Pisa. The journey is anything but interesting, for the road runs through a series of long tunnels which prevent us from seeing or reading. Yet at times we do get a momentary view through the openings, which brightens up our ride, as a holiday in the country brightens the dull plodding life of the city laborer. At half past seven we arrive in Pisa and are soon in warm and comfortable rooms at the Hotel de Arno.

Early the next morning, we take a guide and walk to the famous square of Pisa, where, separated from objects which might detract from their marvellous beauty, stand together the four great wonders of this ancient city: the

Leaning Tower, the Great Duomo, the Baptistry, and the Campo Santo. This picturesque group of pure white marble buildings stands alone and distinct in a border of fresh green grass, while as a frame to set off to the best advantage the magnificent proportions of the picture, is a high dingy wall.

Upon entering the cathedral, we are surprised to find so grand and so complete a structure. In fact it is the only cathedral we have visited that is completely finished.

The guide whom we have hired to show us the church has learned his lesson by heart and rattles off in a monotonous tone, and without the least trace of intelligence, the most grandiloquent descriptions of the beautiful carved work, the fine paintings and the bronze and marble statuary, some of which are by the hand of grand old Michael Angelo. When we ask him about anything not in his *repertoire*, he is completely non-plussed. Some of the things shown are well worth seeing, but their beauty is almost destroyed by the automatic explanations of our guide.

The most interesting curiosity in the church,

excepting the guide, is a bronze chandelier, from which Galileo is said to have got his idea of the pendulum. I give the venerable lamp a push with my cane (a fixture with me in my travels), and it begins to swing as majestically on its eighty feet of cable as it did nearly three hundred years ago, when Galileo stood in thought beneath its steady oscillations and conceived of the earth's revolutions.

From the cathedral we go to the Baptistry, a round dome-like building, used only for baptismal services. Within is a magnificent marble font, excellently decorated in bas-relief. The great attraction, however, to our party is the marvellous echo, which comes from the arched roof of the building. One of us, in a clear voice, sounds the scale, whereupon, as if from a full chorus, the most enrapturing strains strike our ears. Carried away by this delightful effect, I venture to try my own voice, when lo! I hear my tenor notes echo through the vast dome in harmony with each other, as in those resonant old rounds in which a single voice begins a strain, then other voices come in,

until at last the whole choir blend together in the most perfect harmony; then one by one the voices fall away until at last only a soft single echo can be heard. I am almost tempted to believe myself a singer, such is my success, but alas! as soon as I get free from the charmed building the voice again becomes rough and harsh.

We leave this superb baptistery and its delightful echo with regret, for we would have liked to remain longer in its pleasant walls, but stern time urges us on and we go to the Campo Santo, the burying place of the middle ages. Within its marble corridors we see many curious old tombs, monuments, and frescoes. I will not repeat the many stories told of the ground which forms the centre of this rectangle; how this holy soil was brought little by little in ships from Mt. Calvary and deposited here. They partake too much of the superstitions of their time.

Next we turn to the celebrated Leaning Tower, which rises one hundred and eighty feet from the ground. It is a cylindrical mass, surrounded by eight tiers or galleries upheld by

arched columns, the whole supporting a belfry whose seven huge bells call the religious to prayers. My common place rhetoric is useless for so beautiful a theme as the description of this finely proportioned tower, and abler pens fail to do justice to its grace and symmetry. As we begin to ascend the steps to go to the top of the tower, we feel a sort of dizzy sensation, for the steps slant as much from the horizontal as the tower does from the perpendicular,—about four degrees, and we are pitched from one side of the narrow winding stairway to the other, as if we were rolling in a heavy sea. Finally we arrive at the top and sit down on the marble steps, in order to recover our equilibrium, holding on at the same time to the rail near the wall so as not to tumble over.

While sitting here we wonder whether the tower was built with such an inclination from the perpendicular or whether it has been thrown over by time, and give up the idea of solving the problem, as all before us have done and as all in the future will do. The sensation which we experience at the top of the tower is frightful; it seems as though the whole structure

would tumble over. Mrs. D. is sure that it is really falling, but I calm her feelings somewhat when I tell her that this wonderful tower has stood for nearly seven centuries, and that thousands and thousands have ascended its deeply worn steps and have returned to the level earth safe again.

After becoming somewhat accustomed to the peculiar sensation, I make an effort to get upon the lower side, but my physical nature rebels and forces me to crawl back to the upper part by clutching hold of the iron rail. After recovering myself I glance at the scenery about us. In the distance as a background to the scene are the snow-clad Alps, while around us is a large plain through whose rich cultivated fields the river Arno winds like a silver thread. Then to give life to the whole a train of cars passes slowly along the horizon, leaving a graceful line of smoke behind to mark its path. We forget our dizziness in contemplating this charming view. Before leaving the top Mrs. D. gathers a few leaves which grow out of the cracks between the marble blocks, and she preserves them as valuable

mementoes of her visit. While descending, we are told that no party less than three in number is allowed to ascend the tower, for many are so acted upon by the peculiar sensations due to its leaning position that they are impelled to jump off the top of the structure.

We now take a carriage to ride about the city. We visit an humble looking house, where a marble slab informs us that "within these walls Galileo was born, in 1564." We reflect upon Galileo's life and great work for mankind, and then drive to the house in which Byron lived when he wrote much of his beautiful poetry. These sights are all that now remain to remind one of that powerful old republic, which once commanded the Mediterranean with its fleets and which swept the coasts of Sicily, Barbary, and Sardinia with impunity.

We leave for Florence at half past five, P.M., prepared for a four hours' ride, for the porter of the hotel, as well as the time table, informs us that we will arrive at a quarter of ten. At about eight o'clock the conductor asks for our tickets much to our surprise, for generally they

are collected just before arriving at the destination; still we conclude it is all right and settle back for a nap. At half past eight the train stops at an ordinary sized station. Wondering what place it can be, we look out of the car window, but see no great bustle nor the confusion incident to a large city, so we conclude not to get out of the car as we usually do when there is to be a considerable delay. Soon an officer opens the door of our compartment and shouts "Firenze, Firenze." We smile intelligently, as if to say, we are going to Florence and don't wish to get out here. Soon another man in uniform joins the first and they both talk most vehemently to us in Italian. Concluding from their motions that the train stops twenty minutes for refreshments, I alight to find the dining room. I now notice that the passengers have all left the train and are walking away with their baggage. As I stand in doubt what to do, half a dozen officers gather around me, all jabbering and gesticulating. Edwin is now out of the car and asks in French if this is Florence, but no one could speak French; finally, however, he

catches a sound which satisfies him that we are in Florence.

I immediately run outside the station to find the "bus" of the Hotel de la Paix, when I meet an English speaking porter of the house, who informs me that my telegram for rooms was received, but that he was about to return to the hotel without me, as he had concluded we would come on the slow train. As hotel porters are not allowed to enter the station, I rush back to the car, awaken the children from a sound sleep, get them out of the car and snatch up the baggage, just as the train starts to back out of the station. We are soon on our way to the hotel, wondering how a train could arrive an hour before it was advertised to and wishing that there had never been a confusion of tongues at Babel. Although the children were suddenly awakened, they are not troublesome and we are all glad that such a happy mistake occurred.

We devote the next day to looking up a boarding house or "pension," as it is called here. We are much pleased with one kept by a Mrs. Chapman, at No. 21 Via del Pandolfini.

Mrs. Chapman came from Salem, Mass., and is a pleasant and able housekeeper, giving us every Sunday brown bread and beans in true Beverly style. We soon feel quite at home, as the boarders, mostly Americans, are social, and appear interested in our children, which of course makes us very friendly with them, and all favors well for a three weeks' tarry in Florence.

*March 11.* We have now been in Florence about three weeks, spending the time most delightfully. Wilbur and Edwin have just returned from a short excursion to Rome and Naples, more than pleased with their visit. Mrs. D. and myself will soon make this same trip, leaving our family here in the care of Miss Craig and the boys.

Florence has so many attractions in its numerous churches, imposing monuments, and magnificent art galleries that I hardly know where to begin to mention them, much less to describe them. Still, the most striking of the objects to be seen is the group of buildings in the Piazza del Duomo,—the grand Duomo,

the rich Baptistry and the graceful Tower,—all near together, making an impressive picture, worthy of Florence,—the home of art.

The Cathedral is of immense size, and of beautiful proportions. It is composed of red, black and white marble, giving a pleasing effect to the eye. But its chief celebrity is due to its grand dome, the finest in Italy, which was designed by Filippo Brunelleschi, a great architect of his time. It is said to have suggested to Michael Angelo the tower of St. Peter's at Rome. The campanile or Belfry is a graceful tower, 275 feet high, adorned with many beautiful statues. The exquisite proportions and the perfect blending of its many colored marbles make this tower a rare gem in architecture.

The third in the group is the marble Baptistry, famous for its beautiful bronze doors, on which are figures in relief representing such well known scriptural scenes as the deluge, Esau selling his birthright, the queen of Sheba visiting Solomon, &c. It is said that the artist Ghilbert spent forty years of patient labor on these wonderfully executed figures.

Such is their beauty that Michael Angelo said they were worthy to be the gates to Paradise. Whether Angelo said so or not it is still true that the best critics of to-day pronounce these bronze doors sublime beyond conception.

As we stand before these majestic buildings we are pleased with their superb beauty and grace of form, but we are not inspired with such profound feelings of awe or reverence as we were when in the presence of other great buildings in Europe. It is as the brilliant eloquence of a Choate, compared to the impressive logic of a Webster.

Next in interest to the Duomo is the church of Santa Croce, founded in 1290. It is the Westminster Abbey of the Italians, containing the mortal dust of Italy's illustrious dead; and what country can boast of greater names than those of Alfieri, Michieavelli, Galileo, Angelo, and Dante, whose monuments grace this old church. The memorials to Dante and Alfieri are very elaborate and most suggestive of the lives of these great poets.

Besides these monuments there are upon the walls many bas reliefs, mosaics, paintings and

allegorical figures, all commemorative of famous men who lived and died years ago. We contemplate the many emblems of remembrance in this noble temple and admire the sentiment that prompted the designs and the love that caused them to be erected.

We visit the church of San Lorenzo, founded in 393 and rebuilt by the Medici family in 1425. Here are some of the master-pieces of Michael Angelo. Near this church is a chapel, or Mausoleum, where the renowned Medici family are buried. It is octagonal in shape and covered by a frescoed dome. Its exterior is exceedingly commonplace, but on entering its portals, one is completely amazed at its glittering magnificence. The walls are composed of Corals, Lapis Lazuli, Agates, Malachites, Mother of Pearl, and many other beautiful stones which I cannot name; all wrought into figures representing the crests of the different branches of the family, and so highly polished as to reflect our forms as perfectly as the best of mirrors. Then there are bronze statues of the family, which represent them as clothed in the habit of

the time, and bedecked with the rarest jewels. Beside these statues are the rich colored marble sarcophagi which hold the remains of this noble line of rulers.

We leave this rich monument to the dead, wondering at the great skill of man, who can produce such brilliant effects, and could easily believe that it cost eight millions of dollars to complete the work.

Immediately connected with this chapel is the sacristy constructed by Michael Angelo in 1525. It contains two monuments, which were erected by order of Pope Clement to members of the Medici family. Here we see the great sculptures of Michael Angelo, which form the base of these monuments. They are huge reclining marble figures called Day and Night, Dawn and Eve, and although unfinished are considered as among the best of Angelo's works. Indeed, their felicitous design and artistic grace would attract the attention of even the most superficial observer.

Florence was the home of Michael Angelo and his wonderful genius is everywhere apparent. We are greatly pleased to see the original

works of one of the greatest and most renowned men of the world. For he is truly great who can bring from cold lifeless marble sentiments and ideas which move the hearts of men.

Let us now leave the cathedrals and chapels and visit the wonderful art galleries, which surpass all others in the world. But how can I give you even the faintest idea of those great storehouses of art — the Uffizi, the Pitti gallery, the Gallery of Fine Arts — of their miles of galleries filled with sculptures and paintings. We walk through these halls day after day in astonished admiration. Think of mingling with the great works of such artists as Angelo, Raphael, De Vinci, Titian, Corregio, Andrea del Sarto, and hundreds of others whose names and fame are immortal. Who, if he has any trace of a soul, can help being moved by the sentiments of love and adoration which these great paintings inspire.

The eye may become tired of viewing these pictures because of their numbers, yet the heart beats quicker because of their presence, and one can but feel that he is communing

with the spirits of men, who were inspired by God to do great works for man that shall endure for all time. These vast galleries contain the grandest works of nearly all the best artists, so that one can find subjects which will appeal to his own tastes and which he can study and calmly enjoy, unaffected by the vast numbers of surrounding pictures whose different styles may suit the minds of others.

It is our custom, in visiting these galleries, to select a few pictures, ignoring all others, and then to gather from them what sentiment the genius of the artists may have intended to convey to the heart of the beholder. We thus get better results and leave the galleries more satisfied than if we had attempted to comprehend the whole collection.

The art galleries of Florence are not the only receptacles of works of art, for the public squares are filled with some of the best pieces of statuary, notably the Piazza della Signoria.

How we delight to stroll, on these soft, delicious spring days, about the splendid Plazzas, among the beautiful statues and monuments ; across the picturesque bridges, for which Flor-

ence is famous; the quaint old bridge Vecchio on which the jewellers sell their goods, and along the banks of the Arno which flows so lazily through the city. Such walks incite the most delightful meditations and give the mind and heart quickened inspirations !

The environs of Florence are charming, and after wearying the mind in the long halls of the picture galleries, one gets a most delightful change by riding through the fresh fields and picturesque heights about the city.

The hill on which stands the old church of San Miniato is the most conspicuous place about Florence, so we take our first drive to this historical hill. We pass by the Piazza or square of Michael Angelo, where a beautiful bronze monument is erected to that greatest of artists. Then we ascend the hill which overlooks the city and see traces of the old fortifications which Michael Angelo laid out when Florence was hard pressed by her enemies. Here is the old church of St. Miniato, interesting to the archæologist because of its old frescoes and monuments, and to the geologist as showing by the huge gaps in its walls that the

whole hill is slowly but surely sliding into the river below. From the cemetery near the church we get a pleasing view of the city and its enclosing hills. We now drive still higher until we come to the old home of Galileo.

Here in a cosey little room, built in the high tower of an old house, Galileo used to observe and study the heavens with results which the modern astronomer, with his delicate instruments, unknown to Galileo, might well be proud of. We almost envy the quiet, lonely home of the old astronomer, as we look out upon the surpassing view of forests and hills, and we can imagine with what a thankful spirit he must have turned his weary eyes to the broad expanse of green fields about him, to drink in their restful spirit.

We return home through a road bordered by the villas of the rich and titled, which though beautiful, is yet surpassed by many a road in America. As we reach the lovely home of the Empress Eugenie, widow of Napoleon III, we see her coming toward us in an open barouche; so we get a view of that face which has been called so handsome, and we are not at all dis-

appointed, although some traces of care are depicted on her noble features.

As we return to our pension we learn that the Empress and the young Prince attend mass at the Cathedral of St. Croce, so, since Mrs. D. and Lillie are greatly interested in Kings and Queens, we attend church the next Sunday and get an excellent view of the two as they walk down the long aisle to their private chapel. They are certainly noble looking people. The prince has a majestic bearing, worthy the name which he bears. They live in a very quiet way in Italy, still not without hopes of a restoration of their family power some day in France, when the prince would become Napoleon Fourth. Let us hope that they will be disappointed and that Republicanism will always be the rallying cry of France.

Another charming drive is up a steep hill by a zigzag road to the town of Fiesole, the ancient Florence. Here as attractions, which the sight-seer must look at, are an old Cathedral of the tenth century, whose only value is its age and one or two old-master paintings and some mosaics, and the remains of an

ancient amphitheatre, built before the time of Christ. Here we are shown the caves, where the wild beasts were kept, until let out to devour some miserable culprit.

The people of Fiesole make beautiful straw work and we buy some little nick-nacks, by which to remember the place. Taking a last look at the magnificent panorama spread out before us, we return to Florence.

The most fashionable drive in Florence is to the Cascine, a narrow strip of land just outside the city walls between the rivers Arno and Mugene. Shady groves, smooth lawns, luxuriant flowers and an excellent band of music serve to attract on a pleasant afternoon all the fashion and gayety of the city. We frequently drive here to see the splendid equipages and to observe how the higher classes of Italians appear when on exhibition.

Another drive is to La Certosa, where stands an old but grand and imposing Carthusian Monastery which resembles in form a Mediæval fortress. A monk dressed in white, shows us through the numerous chapels and rooms, many of them underground, of this ex-

tensive building, pointing out with evident pride the room which Pope Pius IX. occupied when banished from Rome by the French.

This institution, which was once exceedingly rich, as shown by several excellent old pictures and statues, is now in decay and nearly deserted. Only about a dozen monks remain to show strangers through the Monastery. They occupy themselves in this old retreat, when not mumbling prayers, by making excellent perfumery, which they sell to visitors very cheaply.

## CHAPTER VI.

ROME — ST. PETER'S — ST. PAUL'S — THE CATHEDRAL SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE — THE BASILICA OF ST. JOHN LATERAN — LEGEND OF ST. PAUL AND ST. LUKE.

*March* 12. Mrs. D. and myself, leaving our family in Florence in care of Miss Craig, take the 8.30 train for Rome. We ride through a picturesque country and across the low plains of the Campagna, seeing on all sides hints of the interesting things we are to meet with in the eternal city. Our interest increases as we approach the city, for the ruins and scenery reminds us more and more of old Rome as described in our histories. Arriving at 4.30 we are driven with little delay up the Quirinal Hill to the Quirinal Hotel, where we obtain bright and cheerful rooms and are soon enjoying a sumptuous dinner in this new and splendid hotel.

The next morning we have delightful weather, so we start out early to get our first taste of

Rome. We first engage a carriage, and are pleased to find that the charge is only forty cents (2 lira) per hour. It is with feelings of veneration almost that we ride by the remains of the very buildings from which Cicero appealed to his hearers or Cæsar addressed stirring speeches to the Roman soldiers. Then what strange thoughts spring to mind when we pass over the identical stones that were worn by the chariots of the great Roman generals. The streets that once were merry with the shouts of the war-like multitude and that rang with the tramp of prancing steeds, bringing home victorious heroes, are now only disturbed by the sad voices of the dejected people, and by the weary tread of the tired hack-horses, bringing foreign tourists to see Rome in decay.

This first ride of a few hours convinces us that we cannot describe the things of interest in Rome, for it would occupy all our time which we need for sight-seeing, so we will simply catalogue the chief objects and trust to our memory to tell you in person of the details.

In the afternoon we stroll through the prin-

cipal streets of the city and unconsciously are drawn by a subtle power over the Tiber on the old Pons Aelius (now called the bridge of San Angelo), to the mighty Cathedral of Saint Peter's. Soon we stand on the grand square beside the greatest obelisk of the world, and in its classic shadow get our first view of the great Basilica. We are greatly disappointed. It does not impress us as much as other cathedrals which we have seen, and we can hardly believe that this building before us is the veritable one whose description has exhausted all the skill and genius of poets and travelers. With such disappointed feelings we enter its vestibule and begin to see something of the sublimity we had expected from a building so renowned. We push aside a leather curtain and enter within the sacred walls. All our doubts and disappointments vanish in a moment, for we recognize that we are indeed in the presence of one of those sublime works of man which seem to transcend his own power and to borrow that of a higher might. Byron only faintly describes it when he says:—

"Vastness which grows, but grows to harmonize  
All musical in its immensities;  
Rich marbles—richer paintings—shrines where flame  
The lamps of gold, and haughty dome which vies  
In air with Earth's chief structures, though their fame  
Sits on the firm set ground—and this the clouds must claim."

It would be almost irreverent for me to mar its sacred beauty by attempting to describe St. Peter's. I can only give you an idea of its size by telling you that twenty-eight churches as large as our Universalist church could be set on its floor. Yet, although our church at home is so insignificant in size, we must not lose our pride in it, for although I have seen nearly all the great churches in Europe, there is none so hallowed and none which causes so much fondness in my heart as our own little church, so beautifully situated in our dear city of Lynn. As I write to-day, our church in its pure simplicity and quiet architecture seems like a gem, and I hope before many months have passed to sit again with my family and friends within its sacred walls in humble worship of that good Providence who has vouchsafed to us such health and happiness during our journeying in this distant land.

Among the objects which arrest our attention after we enter the cathedral is the shrine where the remains of St. Peter repose. The shrine is a crypt enclosed by rich gates, and is perpetually illuminated with over a hundred lamps. In one of the chapels a male chorus is singing a vesper chant, which adds greatly to the reverential feeling inspired in us by the grandeur of the church.

Another striking thing is an immense bronze statue of St. Peter, who is represented as sitting on an elevated chair, so that his feet come about as high from the floor as a man's head. We are rather amused to see persons of all grades, some in rags and some in silks, approach the statue, reverently kneel before it, rise again to their feet, carefully wipe St. Peter's big toe with their coat tails, stand on tiptoe and with a solemn look soberly kiss the cold, lifeless bronze, then press their foreheads to it and pass along. Poor Peter's toe is nearly kissed away by these zealous devotees of the Roman church.

Next in magnificence to St. Peter's is St. Paul's, which is situated outside of the walls

of the city. It has some beautiful pictures wrought in mosaics, and along the walls are hung medallion portraits in mosaic of all the Popes from St. Peter to the present Pope Pius IX. In this imposing and beautiful cathedral rest the ashes of St. Paul.

On the way to this church we pass a small chapel above whose door is a rude bas relief, which represents St. Paul and St. Peter embracing. This is the spot where they bade farewell to each other when on their way to martyrdom. About two miles further on, in an uninhabited but cultivated flat is a group of three churches which are evidently fast decaying. They have no beauty, but have a wonderful history, for here is where the sturdy St. Paul was decapitated. When the martyr's head was severed from his body it bounded three times. At each of the three spots where it touched a fountain of water burst forth. One fountain gave forth warm water, another gave tepid water, the third gave cold water (no curative properties found). The fountains are ten feet from each other, are in a straight line and protected by a marble wall. Here also is

the block upon which St. Paul was beheaded. Before leaving the sacred place we taste the water from the three springs, but our dull taste unhappily could not distinguish any difference in temperature between them. As we are about to fee the unshaven monk at the gate for showing us around, he is most eager to tell us, in exceedingly poor English, that he was a native of America. Of course, after believing that St. Paul's head bounded a distance of thirty feet, we were perfectly prepared to believe that this pious monk was a fellow-countryman.

Next to be mentioned is the cathedral of Santa Maria Maggiore, founded in 352, so called because it was the first building in Rome dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Some of the chapels in this great cathedral are most gorgeously decorated, especially the Borghese and Sixtine chapels. The latter has been lately restored by the Pope as a repository for his remains after his death. His body, after remaining one year in St. Peter's will be placed in a beautiful gilt sarcophagus richly inlaid with rare stones and supported by four bronze

angels. It will then be buried in this Sixtine chapel, which has been so providently enriched.

Near by is a magnificent shrine, where, encased in the most costly marbles, is preserved the manger in which Christ was laid. That is, the priests told us the manger was there, but we did not see it, as it is shown only on special occasions.

Next we come to the mother and head of all Catholic churches, "The Basilica of St. John Lateran," where the Popes are crowned, after which they take possession of this Lateran Basilica, which is their first act as supreme Pontiff. Before the Vatican became the home of the Popes they resided in this church. Among the many relics which attest to the importance of this church of churches is the table on which our Saviour and his disciples ate their last supper.

Opposite this cathedral is a building called the *Sancta Sanctorum*, in which is the Holy Staircase by which Jesus ascended to the judgment hall in the house of Pilate. These marble steps, twenty-eight in number, are said to have been brought from Jerusalem by St. Helena, the mother of Constantine.

As all Catholics consider these steps sacred, they allow no one to put vulgar feet on them, so if any one wishes to worship at the oratory, which is at the top, he must crawl up penitently on hands and feet. As we are watching some poor, deluded Catholics painfully kneeling their way up, and stopping at every step to mumble a prayer, we notice a young American and his bride, evidently on their wedding tour, holding a low conversation with each other. Soon with a happy expression, such as the old Feudal knights wore when going to the joust to win a favoring smile from their lady love, the American begins to crawl up the stairs on his knees. At last, after a brave struggle, he reaches the oratory and is not long in coming down another flight of stairs to the side of his pretty bride who rewards his silly zeal by exclaiming "How foolish, my love!" He spoke of his feat with gusto and said that he had also kissed St. Peter's toe, remarking that "he meant to do Rome up brown." This foolish exhibition was quite in contrast with the action of brave old Luther, who years ago when kneeling up these same

stairs to gain some indulgence, was struck with the thought that "the just shall live by faith," so he rose to his feet and returning down the holy stairs left the building with new and better ideas of devotion and of duty.

The church of Santa Maria is interesting to us from the story told by our intelligent and apparently truthful guide. This church is built upon the remains of St. Paul's "hired house," where "he dwelt two whole years" and where he wrote the Epistles to the Ephesians, to the Hebrews and to Timothy. St. Luke, we are told, here wrote the Acts of the Apostles and painted a picture of the Virgin. We ask if we can see the real rooms in which these good men lived. An affirmative answer is given, whereupon a young priest giving us each a lighted candle conducts us down a dark, crooked flight of stairs to a small room about ten feet square, below the street level. We pass into other rooms similar to the first, all damp and dark, each containing a dingy altar. We ask the priest if these are the veritable rooms in which St. Paul and St. Luke wrote their wonderful epistles, for our credulity is

put to the test. "Oh, yes, there is no doubt of it, there is so much evidence to prove the act," said the priest, and we somehow believed the statement to be true, and were more than interested in our visit. These venerable places and their associations have a delightful charm for us, especially when we believe in their authenticity.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE PANTHEON — THE PALACE OF THE CÆSARS — THE COLOSEUM — BATHS OF CARACALLA — THE TOMBS OF THE ANCIENT CITY — THE VATICAN — LAST DAYS IN ROME.

We next visit the church of St. Pietro in Vinculi, so called from the fact that the chains with which St. Peter was bound in prison are preserved within its walls. Here we see Angelo's "Moses," the great marble master-piece which caused the celebrated artist so many years of labor and anxiety, which stands as a centre to the memorial monument to Julius II. The lines have been chiselled out so skilfully, and the whole work is so true to life that the beholder almost expects to see the noble form rise in all its majesty and repeat those eloquent words which have been such an unerring guide to the Christian world.

In a small church on the Appian Way (Santa Maria della Piante), we see the stone upon which our Saviour once stood. Indeed, we are

shown the very impressions of His feet to prove the truth of the fact. We unbelieving Christians cannot overcome the idea that these footprints are the work of some cunning artist, and we look with pity, perhaps with contempt, at the credulity of a couple of devout nuns who stoop to kiss the footprints. We feel grateful that we live in a country where an enlightened reason has done away with such superstition. History records that many thousand Christians were burned to death here in the time of Hadrian, so the church is sometimes called St. Maria delle Palme, as these Christians carried palms in their hands when going to their martyrdom.

Another church which we visit is that of St. Stefano Rotundo. It is peculiar in shape, being in the form of an upright cylinder, inside of which are two rows of concentric columns that support the arched roof. On the interior of the circular walls are rude paintings of the martyrdoms of the early christians. Never before have I so vividly realized what fearful tortures our religious forefathers underwent for opinion's sake. We begin to view them, but Mrs.

Davis cannot endure even the representation of such horrible scenes, so she withdraws to another part of the building to wait until I go around the circle, for I am interested in the pictures, although they are so shocking, for they convey to the mind a more vivid idea of the inquisition than any mere words can give. We come out of this building, thankful that we were not alive in the olden time when such infamous deeds took place.

The oldest and best preserved of the ancient churches of Rome is the Pantheon, which is used to-day as a place of worship, and bids fair to be so used for many years to come. It was built in the year 27 B. C., by Agrippa, as a vestibule to a bath house, being the first of the kind, called Thermæ, that was opened to the public in Rome. For some cause unknown to us, probably on account of its magnificence, a portico was added to it, and it was converted into a temple dedicated to Jupiter and all the gods. The Pantheon was evidently used by the old Pagans for the worship of their gods up to about 400, when by a law of Honorius all the Pagan temples were closed. When

Boniface was elected to fill the Papal chair in 608, he obtained from the Emperor Phocas the authority to consecrate the Pantheon to the service of Christ, and he dedicated the temple to the Virgin Mary and to the martyrs. Since that time it has passed through many vicissitudes but stands intact to-day, a pleasing and impressive monument of the stateliness and rugged beauty of Roman architecture. The only object of special interest to us in this building is the tomb of Raphael, and we can but think, as we gaze upon this modest tomb, that he is one who needs no elaborate monument to keep his memory green, for he has built his own memorial in his undying genius.

All of the churches which I have mentioned, and many others in Rome, have a history, some of them most remarkable, but it would take too long and require too much study to relate their various histories, as most of them were founded far back in the Christian era. They have been destroyed sometimes by earthquake and fire, sometimes by the caprice of a powerful ruler, to be restored by some successor, but amid all these changes they have kept their

general form, and still remain to teach the present age high ideals in architecture.

At one corner of the ruined forum is the celebrated Mammertine prison. We go down into its deep dungeons, where in the flickering lights of our candles, we shudder as we listen to the dreadful stories connected with its history; how Cethegus and Lentulus, the accomplices of Cataline, were dropped into this damp dungeon through a hole above and left to die of cold and hunger; how St. Peter and St. Paul were chained to a column, which is shown; how a terrible earthquake took place, which so terrified St. Paul's jailor that they consented to be baptized, for which purpose a spring of water miraculously sprung forth. Other stories are told, until we are glad to leave the dark holes and once more breathe the free air.

We are now near the Palace of the Cæsars, so we walk through the sixty acres of ruins, observing the relics, which give a hint of what the old Emperors did, and how they lived so long ago. The palace was built on the Palatine hill and was connected with the forum and

public buildings by underground passages, so that the rulers could pass from their homes unobserved. The palace was begun by Augustus and passed through many changes at the hands of his followers, until its history was lost in the disturbed times of Rome's decline. Nero was said to have nearly doubled its original size. He built magnificently, even erecting a gold house to gratify his prodigality and to outdo his predecessors. The great ruin was covered with rubbish and vegetation until 1861, when Napoleon bought a portion of the hill and began to excavate it. After his death the Italian government repurchased it and have excavated very slowly, as they lack the proper funds for carrying on the work. So even to-day all its vast treasures and wonders are not revealed. The coloring on some of the walls is as bright to-day as it was eighteen centuries ago, showing the durability of the painters' art in those days.

The temples in the palace seem to have been most beautifully adorned, and in them are found the best statues. The Pagans worshipped marble gods and lavished their wealth

with an unstinted hand to decorate their temples. While we deprecate their idolatry we can but admire their seeming sacrifices and devotion to what they believed to be the true gods. It is a natural instinct for man to worship something, and we can but be thankful that we live in a Christian age and have a loving God to worship. Could our hearts go out to Him with such devotion as the Romans showed to their gods how much happier and better we should be amid the turmoils and disappointments of our every-day life.

At the foot of the Palatine Hill is the Colosseum, an enormous amphitheatre capable of seating about ninety thousand people. It was built by Vespacian in the year 72, on the site of the lake in Nero's garden, in order to satisfy the desire of the Romans for greater gladiatorial shows. Thirty thousand Jewish prisoners of war were employed eight years building it. Titus opened it with the "greatest show on earth," which lasted three months, and in which nine thousand wild beasts were slain. The ancients were very fond of such amusements and when any great exhibition came off,

such as the slaughter of men and women condemned for crime or for neglecting to worship false gods, the inhabitants turned out in a mass and flocked to the coloseum. At times, to give greater zest to the performance, some prominent man like the Christian Ignatius was thrown to the wild beasts to be devoured.

As though to wash their hands of their sins the Romans were wont to bathe frequently, often two or three times a day. For this purpose they erected many magnificent bath-houses. The largest are those of Diocletian and Caracalla, and now after the lapse of centuries their ruins remain to show the vast wealth of those old soveriegn's and to attest to the glory of a race which seems to have possessed greater resources than we of the present generation. The Baths of Caracalla are the best preserved and have more interest to us than either the Coloseum or the Palace of the Cæsars, because of the remarkable illustrations they afford of the slothful luxury and vain pride to which the Romans attained.

We have but a vague idea of a Roman bath

house, as we drive one bright morning to visit this celebrated ruin. Imagine our surprise, then, when we come to a building with walls twenty-two feet thick, which extend a quarter of a mile on each side, and are told that this is the Bath of Caracalla. We learn, however, that the bath houses in those days had immense rooms in which the philosophers gave lectures and the youths performed athletic exercises. The baths proper occupied only a small portion of the immense building, yet they were capable of accommodating sixteen hundred bathers at once. A circus ground closely adjoined these Baths, showing that the people made them their lounging place. Our intelligent guide shows us the various rooms in which the philosophers held disputations; where the poets and authors read to the public their latest works; where the children played ball; where the water was warmed for the hot baths, and where the slaves waited to rub down their masters with perfumed oil. As far as we know the Roman baths were similar to the Turkish baths, which are so much in vogue to-day.

In the various rooms and halls we see niches which had been filled with the finest statues and bas reliefs, giving evidence of the wonderful manner in which the walls and floors were decorated. The sculpture itself has been exhumed in the present generation, and placed in the public museums to be preserved. Among the best found were the celebrated Farnese Hercules and the Farnese Flora. We see traces of an aqueduct which Caracalla built in order to convey water from the main Claudian aqueduct to these baths.

We ride one cold, windy day out of the city along the Appian Way, over the very paving stones which the chariots of the Cæsars have crossed and which the heavy wagons of traffic have worn to ruts. It is a most interesting ride. The road is as straight as an arrow and looks like a long white ribbon as it passes between the green fields and woods over the Alban Hills until it is lost in the horizon.

As it was forbidden by law for anybody to be buried within the city walls, the Romans used to bury their dead along the roads which

radiate from the city, so we see scattered all along our way fragments of tombs and broken statues, many of them large and substantial looking. We finally come to the best preserved of all these roadside tombs, that of Cecilia Metella, a warlike looking tower bristling with battlements, much more like a fortress than a monument to the dead. Very few traces of decoration can be seen and it probably was not much adorned. This tomb owes its preservation to a family named Gætanis, who recognized the strength and solidity of the tomb and made it their "Round Tower," by which they commanded the Appian Way, and demanded a high toll from all travellers passing by. The people then, as to-day, did not like to pay tolls; so, early in the fourteenth century, they communicated with the city by other roads, and the Via Appia fell into disuse, and in time became covered with the debris and dirt of centuries. In 1842, the rubbish was removed and the smoothly-fitted pavings again felt the weight of passing wheels.

The tomb is now the habitation of a squalid Italian family, one of whom guides us to the

summit of the structure, where we get a superb view of the far reaching campagna and of the various ruins which lie so picturesquely about Rome. We see the great Claudian Aqueduct, which is so conspicuous a feature in all pictures of Rome, and we can trace its course almost to the hills from which the water was brought to the city, to supply its four million people. Rome has to-day only about one-twentieth as many inhabitants.

As we return to the city, we stop to visit an ancient burying place, or rather resting place, for the incombustible portions of the old Romans. We enter a large marble building, now underground, and find ourselves in a square room along the sides of which are little niches in which are urns containing the ashes of the dead. Each pigeon hole is labelled, so that one can tell to whom the ashes belonged, and the urns are of various shapes and values, and are generally decorated with family crests. The vault is well preserved, and is not unpleasant to our sight. It is entirely unlike the catacombs, with their ghastly skulls and bones; indeed, we did not

visit the catacombs of Rome, as we had been so sickened by those of Paris.

We visit the Vatican, where the Popes have brought together the greatest works of art that the mind of man has ever conceived, with which to beautify their residence; for you must know that this is now the home of the Popes. It is called by the Catholics the "Pope's prison," because in his anger at losing his temporal power over Italy in 1870, Pius IX. vowed never again to put his foot out of its sacred precincts. We can not help thinking that many a free mortal would be only too happy to give up his freedom in order to live in this luxurious palatial house, with its two hundred stair cases, its twenty courts, and its forty-four hundred and twenty rooms, in even numbers, especially if he had the power, as the Pope has, to leave his "prison" and go wherever he pleases.

The collection of pictures in the Vatican is small, not containing more than fifty paintings, but like the Queen of England's crown, it consists only of gems of the first water, and is not debased by ordinary brilliants, as are most

galleries. In one room only three pictures are hung, but no one can come out of that room with the same feelings with which he enters, for those three pictures are the "Transfiguration" by Raphael, the "Communion of St. Jerome," by Domenichino, and the "Madonna da Foligno," by Raphael. I need but mention their names. We all have seen copies of them, but copyists have striven, and will continue to strive in vain, to transfer that exalted expression of faith and of transcendent virtue with which these masters have ennobled the blank canvas. As to the other paintings in the gallery, all we can say is that to place them in any other collection would be to make them shine forth as gems of the first water. They are like those members of the famous Literary Club of London, who were out-shone by Johnson and Garrick in their meetings, but when in other circles they were conspicuous by their surpassing brilliancy.

But paintings are not the only works of art collected here, for the walls of the Vatican enclose many of the most wonderful sculptures to be found in the world. Here one may see

the Laocœon, that wonder of ancient art. In looking at the scene you can hardly resist the impulse to run and tear the writhing monsters from the limbs of the father and his sons as they struggle in their agony; and when you leave the terrible conflict you instinctively seek a more peaceful object to calm your excited nerves. Near at hand is the beautiful Apollo Belvedere, which typifies as no other statue does the true idea of graceful, perfectly-proportioned man. The erect mien, the light springy step, and the manly, intelligent features are superbly represented. You may go through room after room filled with statues,—here a Venus, there a faun, until your head becomes dizzy with the wealth of beauty to be found in this wonderfully rich collection.

In this one building are brought together enough sculpture to give sufficient material to write a complete history of Rome or of Greece. You can come face to face with the Cæsars and all the Emperors; you can look upon the eloquent face of Socrates or of Cicero; you can view the battles in which the Romans conquered the world; or you can

see the peaceful matron sitting in her door-way spinning yarn for the household.

In other rooms may be seen a few of the presents which the poor prisoner has received as a solace to his durance, such as the Baptismal font of the Prince Imperial, sent by Napoleon III.; a tazza of Scotch granite presented by the Duke of Northumberland; and a portrait, double the life size, of himself painted on glass, that was done in Munich and presented by the city. The Pope is seated on a kingly chair with all his toggery about him. Mrs. D. thinks that this is among the most beautiful works she has seen in all her journeyings.

A part of the Vatican is the Sixtine Chapel, the private sanctuary of the Pope, made celebrated by Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment." This fresco was painted by order of Pope Clement VII., and required seven years' labor in its production. In the centre of the group is the Saviour, with his right arm upraised, in the act of saying, "Depart from me, ye wicked, into everlasting damnation." All about him are the angels and martyrs, with their proper

symbols. The dead are seen rising from their graves and many are being dragged by the Devil into the lower pits, where they are met by Charon, who transports them across the Styx and bids them "good bye" with a whack of his spear. Hundreds of figures are represented in the fresco, and each has a character peculiarly its own. It is wonderful in what a variety of ways he has depicted anguish, both in mind and body, in his faces.

In the lower right hand corner of the picture is a figure which has quite a history. A painter named Biagio had the impudence to criticise this work of Angelo's, saying that the figures were nude and indecent. Angelo did not like to be criticised, so determined to punish this upstart Biagio. He therefore made a figure in the likeness of Biagio, put donkey's ears on him, wound a slimy snake around his body, and not satisfied with that put him below everybody else and made him the most prominent object in the deepest depths of Hell. Surely nobody in any path of life ever took such a horrible revenge on an enemy, or one which was more enduring. This fresco of

Angelo's, without question, is a marvellous creation, grandly executed; still, it is a most repulsive picture, because it represents so vividly one of those frightful dogmas of the old church which our modern intelligence is gradually eliminating from the religious world.

Opening out of the chapel is the Loggia of Raphael, an open balcony in which are frescoed ceilings, which represent scenes from the Old Testament. These were painted by scholars of Raphael, from his designs and under his guidance. These frescoes serve as a great storehouse of ideas for the less imaginative decorators of the present day.

We visit the Capitol, passing up a beautiful incline, which is guarded on either side by colossal statues of Castor and Pollux with their snow white horses. Besides being used for government officers, the Capitol has a large collection of statuary. Here we see that wonderful production, the "Dying Gladiator," who, with resigned yet conquered mien, rests on his arm, until the drops of blood which flow from his side shall exhaust the last life-pulse. Here is the "Faun" (an ancient

copy from Praxiteles), which Hawthorne, with true literary skill, has transformed into life and made to mingle with those artists who lingered about Rome in daily converse with the inspiring souls of these marble forms. Here also is the beautiful Venus of the Capitol, considered by artists as only inferior to the Venus de Milo and the Venus de Medeci. I can see no difference between the three. They all are, no doubt, excellent samples of female beauty of form.

We visit many old palaces of extinct families. Rome is full of them, and they all contain excellent pictures, which the public can see without cost. In the Palace Rospigliosi is that renowned fresco of the "Aurora," painted by Guido, which serves in engravings to adorn the humble rooms of the art-loving poor as well as the gilded parlor of the rich.

Opposite this palace is the garden gate of the Colonna Palace. We ring a bell and are admitted to a path which leads to a high terrace on the Quirinal Hill, where we get an excellent view of Rome. Strewn about on all sides are enormous blocks of marble, which are

supposed to have belonged to the Temple of the Sun. We can now realize how solidly they built in former days, for we stand beside a beautifully carved fragment which rose to twice our own height and which weighs one hundred tons. This block, which was not of its original size, formed the architrave to the old temple, which fact may give an idea of the enormous proportions of the columns necessary to hold those massive ornaments.

One pleasant day we leave our hotel in a carriage, and drive through the Corso, where the fashion of modern Rome are wont to promenade, to the Piazza del Populo; then leaving behind the mystic obelisk, we ascend a series of winding terraces, whose sloping sides are dotted here and there by a marble statue or column, until we reach the top of the Pinician Hill. Here we see the beauty of Rome, in rich carriages, passing slowly along the charming drives, by the refreshing fountains and groves, caring nothing for the marble gaze of the illustrious heroes who stand along the roadside, but only too flattered when they got a smiling nod from some silly coxcomb as he lolls lazily in his barouche.

Near this drive is an old decaying palace, to which our guide obtains entrance after much difficulty. Entering, we ascend by shaded walks through a grove of the most beautiful Black Oaks to an observatory which our guide inform us was the highest point in the city. He then tells us all about the wonders of Rome, beginning with the famous four hills of the old city, telling us how, although some are now ploughed by the modern share, that in the time of Marius and Sulla these very hills were washed with the blood of Rome's noblest heroes. Then he points out the three modern hills, which are now adorned with stately buildings, but which in early days were covered with thick woods. Then he tells us about the different ruins and buildings which lie all around us; about the mausoleum of Hadrian, which stands out conspicuous among them all. This huge tower was built by Hadrian as a resting place for his remains and for those of his descendants, but like the warming pans which \* Timothy Dexter sent to West Indies, it served another purpose better, so was used as a fortress. Later still it was changed into a prison.

To connect with his mausoleum, a bridge was necessary, so Hadrian built the present Ponte San Angelo. This bridge received its name from the fact that along its parapets, were the images of the very angels who floated over Hadrian's mausoleum, while the Archangel Michael "flamed the bloody sword" to stay the plague in the year 590.

This is the only bridge which has resisted the passionate floods of "Father Tiber," and it stands to-day as it did in the year 135, as a monument to the science and solidity of Roman structures. But I cannot tell you all that our guide relates to us, for he has a tongue which flows as easy as the Tiber itself, and no pen could keep pace with him. But I will say that if the reader wishes to get a good knowledge of Rome and its history, let him slip over the Atlantic, ascend this observatory and listen to the talk of a guide as intelligent as ours, and he will come away fully satisfied, with a more thorough appreciation of the sturdy old Romans.

We had heard that the "Villa of Pamphili Doria," had a most delightful drive, so, think-

ing a guide unnecessary, we hire a very good looking carriage and ask the driver, as best we can, if he will take us through the park. "Si, Si, Signore." So we get into the carriage and start off. Just before we reach the entrance to the park, our "coachey" drives to one side of the road, into the shade of the trees, and jumps from his box with a pail and a brush. We do not understand the meaning of this action of the driver, but as we have become used to strange actions on the part of foreigners, we do not pay much attention to him. Soon, however, we notice that everybody who passes by, glances at us and smiles. We then look behind and see that our driver is painting over the large numbers on the back of his vehicle, so as to make it appear like a private carriage. Turning to our guide-book for information we find that only private two-horse carriages are allowed to drive through this park. We then attempt to remonstrate with our cunning driver for venturing to deceive us, but our English re-proofs fall harmless on his Italian ears, and with a bland smile he jumps lightly on the

box and we enter the exclusive park unchallenged. But although the park is very beautiful, we do not enjoy the drive, for those big figures stare at us through the black paint all the time, and we imagine that everybody is looking at us through those same figures, although they are so well covered up. When we return, however, we console ourselves with the fact that we have seen the lovely Villa, and are unknown to the elite of Rome.

I must not close my hurried memorandum of Rome without making a note of a grand military display which happened on the King's birthday. On this occasion, early in the day, the city is astir with people in their gay-colored costumes, all busy decorating their homes and shops with the tricolored bunting. Not a flag, with the Papal emblem, the crown and keys, is visible, and in the streets, where ordinarily you could not turn without tripping over the gown of some greasy priest, you cannot see a single skull-cap. We follow this anti-popish crowd to the parade ground, where thousands of good-looking soldiers are drawn up in a hollow square ready to receive their king.

Soon, amid the applause of the crowd, Prince Humbert rides up with his clanging escort. He is stern looking, homely in features, but appears like an able general. He gives some orders to his staff and immediately they gallop to the different regiments. The square is broken and the whole army passes respectfully before an open carriage in which Margherita, the handsome wife of Humbert, is seated. Mrs. D. pays more attention to her than to the army, for what woman would not rather see a queen or princess-royal than a body of soldiers with its incomprehensible tactics. We are all disappointed at not seeing the king, but kings are subject to illness as well as the rest of mankind, and Immanuel is a little under the weather himself, so he does not appear. From what I see on this holiday, and from remarks made by intelligent Italians, I am convinced that the largest party in Italy is in favor of the King, rather than of the Church. Some Catholics, even, speak openly against the holding of temporal power by the Pope. Our guide says, "no man can carry the sword and the cross at the same time." An-

other Italian, a Catholic, says that "the priests have had their day in Italy; they have exhausted the strength of the natives, and now they look to America for their future power." That there is truth in these statements is proven by the fact that in 1871, when the Pope lost his temporal rule, there were eighteen thousand priests in Rome, and to-day there are only three thousand, the fifteen thousand being starved out of their former sinecures, by lack of support by the people and the government. As a result of this change of feeling, Rome is beginning to come out of that state of financial and mental oppression in which it lay as in a stupor, and as the popish pressure is removed more and more, it will regain something of its former strength and wealth.

Thus ends our two weeks in Rome. Although we have spent eight hours each day in the most busy manner, we have not had a single attack of sickness. We probably escaped from the malaria, by which so many Americans are made ill, by our regularity. We used to leave the hotel at nine o'clock, with a guide, visit some special objects until one o'clock,

when we took lunch. Then, starting at two, we worked till six, when we spent an hour or two at table d'hote. After dinner we remained in the hotel, for the night air of Rome is cold and piercing.

When we were heated by our work, we did not enter any cold, damp church, for one could as safely jump into a big refrigerator.

A good, intelligent guide is indispensable in Rome, if one wishes to see the city quickly, for not only do they relieve you from all mental care, but they know exactly where to go, and how best to get there.

## CHAPTER VIII.

NAPLES AND ITS ENVIRONS — POMPEII — THE  
MUSEUM IN NAPLES — FLORENCE AGAIN —  
ITALIAN SOCIETY — RETURN TO PARIS.

*March 26.* Leaving the ancient ruins and historic relics of Rome, we take seats in the morning railway train for Naples. We arrive in the afternoon, and under a bright, shining sun, go through the dirty streets to the Hotel Washington, which is located on the principal avenue of the city, on the borders of the beautiful Bay of Naples. Here we find pleasant rooms and a very agreeable landlord. Our first visit is to the bank, to obtain money on our letter of credit. We receive much valuable information from the polite clerks, for our guidance in exploring the city quickly, for we begin to feel eager to return to our family, which we have left alone for the first time in Europe.

Naples is an interesting city of about half a million people. Beginning on the borders of

the celebrated Bay of Naples, it rises in a graceful incline to a semi-circular ridge of hills, while all about it are places of rare beauty. In the near distance, Mount Vesuvius belches forth its black smoke, which, spreading out in the light air, serves as a border to the charming picture. Nature seems to have done her best to make Naples the most beautiful spot in the world, but, as we regard the great volume of sulphurous smoke, as it shoots high into the sky, we almost feel that an eruption may take place at any moment, and Mrs. D. says with a shudder, "There is so much filth and wickedness in this wretched place, that I should not wonder if Vesuvius buried it up some day, as it did Pompeii." As we wander about the city, we are besieged by sore-eyed, dirty human creatures, begging for money. To get rid of their annoying importunities, we supply ourselves with a pocketful of pennies at one of the booths erected for this very purpose. By giving to all, we are enabled to pursue our ramblings with more comfort. The native people that we meet are wretched, woe-begone, and apparently without ambition, living in rags and dirt.

Much has been written about the great beauty of the Bay of Naples, and volumes of rhetoric have been spent in describing its scenery, but to my mind it does not greatly surpass our own bay, with its lovely beaches and pleasant drives. The two are similar in the graceful curvings of their shores, but Naples has the advantage in its outlying lands, which are more bold and picturesque. Our harsh northern bay also is lacking in that dreamy atmosphere which so opens the feelings to beauty and to pleasure.

One prominent feature of the Bay of Naples is the beautiful Island of Capri, which rises from the waters, a silent sentinel to all visitors. Its cool shades attract the rich merchants of Naples to-day as they seduced the haughty emperors of Rome, in days gone by. But the day is far spent and we return to our hotel, where are gathered guests from all parts of the world, a goodly number being from America. We soon become acquainted with some of our compatriots, and spend the evening together in pleasant conversation.

Early the next morning we engage a car-

riage and "valet de place," and, full of expectation, start for Pompeii. As we drive through the suburbs of Naples, we view with sadness the shiftless lazzaroni, in their dirt and degradation. We stop at a factory to see maccaroni made, and we decide, then and there, never more to eat Italian maccaroni. Passing through a number of old towns, which have been often destroyed by spiteful Vesuvius, we finally come to the buried city. What strange emotions fill our souls as we enter the excavated portions of Pompeii; learn of its early history, of its untimely fate, and reflect that here a people lived and flourished long before the time of Christ! Think of walking on the same pavements that were trodden by men and women over two thousand years ago, and of being able to see their ovens and even the bread they baked, and to see the gilded altars before which they worshipped their gods.

Pompeii was a fashionable resort for the rich and titled nobles of Greece and its surrounding country, and contained about twenty thousand inhabitants, who lived in great luxury and in almost indecent lasciviousness, judging

from what we see by its relics, which suggest the reflection that the people of the present day are much more moral in their habit and thought than they were in those early days, especially if Pompeii represented the best class of the ancient people.

In the city, are seen the ruins of many grand buildings, such as those of the Forum — the great amphitheatre — the Basilica and many places of private note, such as the house of Sallust, of Diomede, and of other nobles. The streets of Pompeii were narrow, the houses were open and luxurious, and the people apparently lived in the open air most of the time. The "street of the tombs" is, perhaps, the most interesting, because of the sepulchres of the dead, many of which are very well preserved. We ramble among the ruins of this dead, silent city, with the most intense interest, and toward evening we ride back to Naples, more than delighted with the day's experience.

Perhaps a few facts about the destruction of Pompeii may be interesting. We first hear of it as being shaken by a tremendous earthquake, in the year 63, which caused great consterna-

tion among its inhabitants, many leaving the place; but the city was not totally destroyed until the year 79, when Vesuvius belched forth its hot lava and ashes. At that time, the whole town was covered twenty feet thick, yet not before many of the terrified people had had time to escape. Thus Pompeii lay buried and forgotten until 748, when some people who were living over the city, in sinking a well, dug into the buried ruins. Thus began the excavations, which have continued with long interruptions and with little zeal up to the present day. The excavations have to be carried on slowly and very primitively, as a spade or pick might destroy some valuable relic; yet, to-day, one can get from the ruins which have been exposed to light, a good idea of the real character of its buildings, and of its arts and domestic life.

Our third day in Naples we spend in strolling about the fine streets and among the stately buildings, dropping in at the Cathedral, viewing the great theatre of San Carlo, and tarrying at the docks to see the odd-looking ships. We walk through the pleasant plazzas and

rest in the refreshing little park, which is cooled by the delightful sea-breezes from the bordering bay. We do some shopping, for here is found coral and tortoise shell, beautifully wrought into all sorts of ornaments for the person. We also buy photographs and water colors of the many gems of Neapolitan scenery. Again, we think of friends at home, for we must not forget any one in buying our presents; so we keep a memorandum, and pleasantly debate what will most please each of them.

Toward evening, we ride over the high ground which skirts the city, commanding a most charming view of the Bay and the fresh hillsides, as far as the famous Grotto of Posilipo. We enjoy this long drive very much, the only interference to the complete satisfaction of our senses being the persistence of the wretched beggars who beset our way.

We remain in our excellent hotel during the evening, for the guests tell us that it is hardly safe to go out after dark, for the desperate thieves of Naples are ready at any moment to

waylay an American. We believe this, and even suspect our own guide of stealing a guide book and umbrella from us, but, as he has a "good character" from the hotel, we quietly bury our doubts, and take our losses philosophically.

We give a whole day to the great museum in Naples. In many respects, it is the most interesting museum we have visited on the continent, for it contains so many articles of every-day use, which have been dug from the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and placed here to be preserved as a text-book, in which future ages may read about the customs and manners of those who lived more than two thousand years ago. Their domestic utensils differed little from those of our own day. The frying pans, copper kettles, lamps with wicks, portable cooking stoves, bath tubs and iron bedsteads, that we see here, would not attract special attention if transported to our homes and placed beside our modern implements. Neither, I fear, would the cup for holding "rouge" be much out of place in the making-up-room of many a modern belle.

Besides these domestic implements, the museum contains many rare pieces of sculpture and of vases, mostly from Rome, Pompeii and Herculaneum. One room in the building is private, open only to men. It contains obscene frescoes, cut from the public houses of Pompeii; also, various nude articles of ornamentation. I am shocked at the extreme indecency of what is contained in this room, and leave it, feeling sure that the world is really much better than it was at the time Pompeii was in its glory.

When we return to the hotel, tired out by our tramp through the long halls of this splendid museum, we find a telegram, which informs us that our little daughter Florence is sick. We intended to visit the many suburbs of Naples, over which writers have gone into ecstasies, such as Sorrento and Capri; but love knows no delay when sickness calls us to action, so we regretfully leave for Florence on the nine o'clock evening train.

With no sleeping car, and with our mind absorbed in the loved ones at Florence, but little sleep comes to us on this first night

ride in Europe. On the next afternoon, March 30, we are with our family again. Florence is sick, but kindly nature and good nursing soon restore her to health. The kind reception of Mrs. Chapman, and the cordial greetings of our fellow-boarders, whom we had left behind, make us feel at home once more, and we are so pleased with "Florence, the Beautiful," as the natives delight to call it, that we decide to remain two or three weeks longer among its hospitable people.

We find the better class of people in Italy social, gentle, full of refinement and of sentiment. Our stay here has thrown us into personal relations with some of the educated Italians, and we are delighted with the sweetness of their every-day life, and enjoy much of their delightful society. We have been particularly pleased with a young Italian artist, of good family, who married a Boston lady who went to Italy to study art, but, in so doing lost her heart and married her tutor. We had the pleasure of dining with them, in their beautiful villa, in the charming suburbs of the city, and we spent a most enjoyable evening together.

Of course, there is a great difference between the refined and the common classes of this country, a much greater difference than there is in our own country, a fact which tickled our national pride, for our common people are far above those of Italy in general intelligence and enterprise.

While here, we do considerable shopping, for how can one resist buying such elegant things, which are sold so exceedingly cheap. We are especially tempted by those wonderful pieces of handiwork for which Florence is famous all over the world,—her mosaics,—and we buy jewelry, little boxes, paper weights, and other ornaments made of the different colored stones, which are put together so skilfully. We never weary of visiting the many delightful resorts of Florence, and now that we have become so well acquainted with its people, a new charm is added to our ramblings.

We love to rise early in the morning, and visit the market-place, where we can observe the country people and study their odd customs; we like to go into the private studios of the many artists in Florence, and to admire their

works ; or, to go to the bankers, to read the American papers ; or, to attend vespers, and listen to the sweet music of the singers. We often attend the opera, where for a small sum we can hear the best artists sing their native melodious music. Indeed, we are constantly finding new places, and fresh scenes in which to spend many a pleasant hour.

Thus, amid charming rambles, pleasing incidents, and the numerous delights of classic ground, the time slips by so fast that we are surprised and sorry when the day comes for us to leave Florence, for we almost seem to be leaving home. Yet, the time has come (April 19) ; so, with adieu to Mrs. Chapman and her genial boarders, we leave for Turin. We arrive in due time, and go to the Hotel d'Europe. We spend our evening in walking through the brilliantly-lighted streets of this modern city, and in gazing in the shop windows of its grand arcade, the favorite promenade of Turin. We cannot help noticing the active step and clean appearance of the people, which indicate so clearly an intelligent and enterprising population.

The morning comes in bright and cheery, as we again take train for a twenty hours' ride to Paris. As this is to be the first night ride in Europe with the whole family, we try to make the best preparation possible for the children's comfort. Never before have we realized what luxury can be had in our American sleeping cars. The best we can do here is to get two compartments, which seat ten persons each, for our party of eight.

At ten o'clock we are off, and are soon speeding through a richly cultivated country, to the foot of Mt. Cenis, where another locomotive is added to our train, and the two engines puff and strain, as they haul their heavy load up the sloping sides of the mountain. Suddenly all outside is darkness. We are passing through the famous Mt. Cenis tunnel, the longest in the world. Again we shoot into the clear light of heaven, and begin to creep down the mountain, like some huge serpent, as he wiggles and twists round a projecting cliff, or slips from crag to crag. Once more we reach level ground and come to the frontier of France, where our baggage is quickly passed by the

soldierly official, and we have a half-hour for dinner.

As we start off again, the misty shades of evening are making all colors one, so we prepare for rest, but it is not an easy thing for five persons to sleep where only ten are meant to sit; a church pew is the only place in which it can be done with comfort. About midnight, a man of doubtful appearance, who can not understand a word of English, forces his way into our compartment, and we are so disturbed by his suspicious air, that sleep is driven from our weary eyes for the rest of the night. Yet, although Aurora's horses seem to be unusually slow, they do, at last, bring in the welcome morning, and before long we are in the great depot at Paris. After a little delay, our baggage is on a 'bus, and we are gliding over the smooth, clean pavements to the Boulevard Hausmann, where Madame Deane is in waiting, to welcome us back to her comfortable pension.

## CHAPTER IX.

PARIS — THE GRAND PRIX — HOTEL DROUET—  
PARISIAN MORALS — PLEASANT CUSTOMS.

We have now spent two more months in Paris, reviewing the same old scenes, and enjoying the same experiences, as in the autumn. Mrs. D. has been busy completing her purchases and preparing for the homeward journey. Lillie and Florence have attended their old French school, while Wilbur, Edwin and myself have been living a sort of lazy, do-nothing life. Still, the time has passed off pleasantly, for no one can live a dull life amid the cheerful gayeties of Parisian scenes.

At intervals, some unusual occurrence claims our attention; to-day it is the great horse race called the "Grand Prix." Shall I say it is on Sunday? — But we are in Paris, so we conclude to go. With great difficulty we get a cab, for most of the carriages have been hired days before, and in our best finery we join the merry stream which flows to the race course

in the Bois de Bologne, for your Frenchman does not go to any amusement with the grim, determined air, that the Anglo-Saxon puts on, but is all smiles and happiness. As we get nearer our destination the stream broadens, and, mixed together in the most democratic way, are the rich drag, with its six in hand and its richly dressed occupants, and the unpolished cart, with its hard-working but jolly peasant's family.

At last we are in the park, and striving for as good a place from which to see the race as our late arrival will admit. We leave our carriage and look about to see the sights, and what an immense crowd of happy people ! All Paris is here; but oh, how hot it is! If our Calvinistic friends were here they surely would be terrified. We are only too glad to get back again to the shelter of our carriage-top.

The first race is called. The people stand on tiptoe, and strain their necks to get a peek at the glossy racers. The word is given, the horses are off. How eagerly, and with what different expressions, the crowd

look to see which color the leading jockey wears. The panting horses approach the wire; Bourbon has won. The people clap their hands as the winning horse is walked before the admiring throng. But the multitude seem to be waiting for the fourth race, which is the exciting one. At last the bell rings for the Grand Prix. The people on the drags and in the rich carriages, who have been feasting themselves on the delicacies in their hampers, now leave their champagne and sweets, and strain their eyes to catch a sight of their favorite horse. All about can be seen colored ribbons and handkerchiefs, which show at once, by the color, which horse the fair-one favors. What a splendid start! fifteen, neck and neck. Soon Rothchild's Straechino forges ahead; see how exultingly the red handkerchiefs wave in the air; but hold! The yellow seems to be gaining. At every leap he gains a little; he ties the leader! what excitement! The friends of Jongleur are perfectly wild with delight; they shake hands with each other most frantically. The racers are now on the home stretch. Will Jongleur hold out? But nobody

has seemed to notice St. Christophe, whose sturdy wind has been saved for this last grand struggle. He is now urged by his determined jockey; on he comes with a dash; he passes Stracchino; can he catch Jongleur before the wire is reached? Everybody's nerves are strained to their utmost; not a murmur is heard in that vast concourse; every eye is fixed on these two champions, struggling for the lead. They are almost to the post, when St. Christophe, with enormous leaps, passes Jongleur and wins the 100,000 francs by a head's length. What a hubbub; the excitement, before so tense, now gives way to the wildest joy, for the backers of St. Christophe are numerous, and they cannot restrain their enthusiasm. Now, for the first time, I realize what a French crowd is capable of doing when under excitement. They seemed to be perfectly frenzied, rushing about, hat in hand, waving handkerchiefs, shouting, and apparently deprived of their reason. Rank and wealth are forgotten for the time, and all seem to vie with each other in making the most noise and in performing the wildest antics.

Finally the people calm down somewhat and begin to depart to their homes. Here and there we see a carriage with despondent inmates. They have bet on the losing horse. But the great number have not risked their money, so go home satisfied with their holiday.

On another day, we visit the great auction room of Paris, the Hotel de Druet. There is a sort of mournful attraction which draws one to this place, where the worldly possessions of the unfortunate, rich and poor, are mercilessly sold, to the highest bidders, by the machine-like voice of the auctioneer. On this day, the library of an aged and unfortunate musician is to be sold. We sit in a corner and musingly observe the people, as they look over the poor musician's dearest friends. Here is a flashy and portly gentleman, dressed in the height of the fashion, and with a face which shows marks of arrogance and haughtiness. What does he want of such books? forsooth, he wishes to fill up his library with gilt bound works on art and music, such as would take the eye of his visitors. Among the crowd, we notice a tastefully dressed man, with a thoughtful,

intellectual face. He desires to read the books, for one can see he has a deep soul which can enjoy such works. Next appears a sharp-featured, oddly dressed man, who seems to pay little attention to those about him; he runs over the books, looks at the type, at the date of printing, and the publisher. What does he want here? He is an antiquarian, looking for some rare copy to add to his collection. Beside him is another man, with long, curly hair and fine features. He looks over the books as a mineralogist would look over a pile of ore, picking out, here and there, a piece containing gold. He can, however, afford but a few books, and he wishes the best, so he selects with care and buys with caution.

Thus we muse and observe the buyers until nearly all the old musician's library has been sold, and scattered here and there among unfeeling strangers. Ah! well, we say, such is life! Its ups and downs are beyond our comprehension. One curious thing about the auction is that a maximum price is put to each article which is sold, beyond which no one is allowed to bid. Indeed, the whole sys-

tem of the auction is entirely different from our own.

My old ideas of Parisian life and morals have been somewhat dispelled by what we have seen here. Perhaps our observations have been superficial, but we believe the domestic life of the cultured Frenchman is as true and loving as any in the world. Americans who have lived here many years concur in this opinion. As far as the moral aspect of Paris is concerned, we see nothing bad; nothing on the surface to be compared with London, and nothing worse than is seen in Boston.

Many of the customs of the Parisians are pleasant, and impress us favorably. For instance, when a funeral procession is passing through the streets, everybody, from the highest to the lowest, reverently raises his hat until the procession has passed, quite in contrast to our rude habit of staring with covered heads at the mourners.

Calling one morning at the bank for our letters, I noticed that all the clerks were dressed in their best, and that the office was about to be closed. I then learned that it was

the day on which all the employés in the firm paid their respects to the head of the house, and were entertained by him. This is a delightful custom, as it tends to create a kindly feeling between the employed and employer, besides cultivating a social character among the clerks.

In Paris, the cab system is perfect, and riding is cheap. When you enter a cab, the driver hands you a slip, on which is printed his number and the rate of hire. If you should leave any article, as I did my cane, in the cab, you can get it again by presenting the slip at the police station, with a description of the lost property. This system could hardly be carried out in any city but Paris, for nowhere else are the police so perfectly disciplined.

After five months' experience in Paris, I can well understand how American tourists go into ecstasies over this charming city, its gay and happy people, and its fascinating sights; for the most of our countrymen who visit Europe are active, but tired, business men, in the prime of life, who, in the whirl and excitement of money-getting, have worked their brains beyond the strength of nature. Such

men cross the ocean to Europe, where, away from the telegraph, the exchange, and business associations, they strive to rebuild their strength, in order that they may again rush into the scramble for more wealth. Here, amid a people who have turned a similar nervous energy in another direction, they find an excitement and bustle which does not allow them to settle down into moody calculations of principal and interest, but which keeps their minds employed in restful pleasure. Hence the delight active Americans take in Paris. You do not shut up your tired, over-worked horse in a stable, but you turn him out into the green pastures, with its fresh brooks, and let him gambol there. Tired men need the same treatment.

Our pleasure here has been enhanced by the acquaintances we have made with American families, who are making Paris their temporary home. Many of these pleasing friendships were formed at parties and entertainments, given by the hospitable Doctor Warren, a former resident of Baltimore, whose home is the favorite centre for American residents.

But our eyes are turned homeward, for we have been just a year away from America, (June 17), so we must bid au revoir to the gay capital of France, and to its many attractions, and cross the dreaded channel to the dignified capital of the mercantile world.

## CHAPTER X.

RETURN TO LONDON—IMPRESSIONS OF THE  
CITY—THE RETURN VOYAGE—INCIDENTS  
ABOARD SHIP—OUR WELCOME HOME.

*June 18.* Again we find ourselves in our old rooms, in New Cavendish street, and again we are visiting museums and picture galleries, for who would dare to face an old traveller and say, with unblushing face, that he has not visited the British museum and the National gallery, those great store-houses of fine arts, which are filled with many of the rarest wonders of the world. We do not; and as we did not visit them before, we do so now. But I hardly think there is any crime in not writing about them. This may be a mistake, but I will run the risk.

What a change a narrow channel of water, only twenty-two miles wide, makes in the custom and habits of men. Beyond is a nervous, gesticulating people, uttering sounds which are as unintelligible to us, as are the

pattering of hail stones, as they leap joyously about our window panes. On this side we meet an outwardly cold, inexpressive Anglo-Saxon race, but with what pleasure do we hear words which have a meaning to us, and which make us feel that we have really a kinship with the people. Yet what a wonderful city this same phlegmatic race has built up. What miles upon miles of solid granite buildings filled with a hard-working humanity, striving for bread,—a strife greater than that of the battlefield, for it is without glory. Then the thousands of streets filled with a surging crowd of mankind. What power is it that rules these four million souls, making each thread his own way among the throng, find a place to fill, and so continue on through life with but an insignificant hindrance from the other millions around him.

It is a great study, this surging mass of humanity; what wealth and luxury,—what poverty and wretchedness,—what sorrow and what sin is depicted in it. We can but wonder at the inequality of man's estate. We are often touched by the poverty we see in the lanes and

market-places, and wish we had the power to relieve the suffering and raise this cast-down class to a higher station in life. We see more drunkenness here than anywhere on the continent; indeed, we saw little or none there. Gin shops are on every corner. Often men, women, and even children, may be seen reeling from these dens of iniquity, making a sight which saddens a heart brought up in sober New England.

But we will turn our eyes from such sad scenes, for it has been, and is now, our purpose, to see only the bright side of life, in this our journey of pleasure. In this great universe of souls, our little world is busily occupied until the time comes to leave for Liverpool.

We arrive in Liverpool, July 11, about dusk, get two hacks with difficulty, for there seems to be something unusual going on here, and drive to the Washington Hotel, where we are met by our old friend, the porter, who says, "The 'ouse is full, sir, we haven't a single spare bed." He tells us of another hotel, so we drive there. We meet with a similar reply. So we drive from hotel to hotel, until the clock strikes midnight.

We have inquired of everybody we met, where we might get a place to sleep, but here we are still, in a couple of cabs, in a strange city crowded with people, and with not a place to sleep. At last, however, we procure a room with two beds, in a boarding house, where wife, myself, and our daughters find rest. At a third-class hotel we secure a bed for Miss Craig. At about one o'clock, the boys find a bed in the garret of a sailors' boarding house, near the docks, to the inconvenience of the poor proprietor's son, who is turned out of his warm sheets to make way for them.

The morning for our departure from the old world (July 12), has come in dull and cheerless, but our minds are too busy, in preparing for the long journey, to think of weather. We see that all our numerous trunks and packages are in the proper hands. At three o'clock, a puffing little tug takes us, with others, on board, and with an important swagger, which makes all the boats about smilingly nod their heads, carries us to the massive, but friendly, steamship, "City of Richmond," which lies in the stream, waiting for the word to put its

huge forces to work, and to carry its precious burden safely across the uncertain waters. All are aboard. The word is given, and the mighty wheel begins to revolve. Slowly it creeps out of the stream, but when it gets from its narrow channel, it begins to show its might and to forge ahead to Queenstown. As the mails for America are behindhand, we take the opportunity to visit this Irish city. The city is uninteresting, but we are much amused at the Irish people, who throng the wharf and importune the passengers to buy their wares. The youthful portion of our passengers banter good-naturedly with the women, and are answered with pure Irish wit, and with a keen eye for a shilling.

After five hours delay, we are again speeding over the great billowy ocean, toward America. About the same members of the family are sea-sick, as on our outward voyage across the unsteady sea, but as no one is seriously ill, we get along excellently. Nothing of special interest has occurred on the voyage; the passengers are not so jolly and good-natured as those who came over with us

a year before, probably because of the fog which has surrounded us during the whole voyage, making pleasure on deck nigh impossible. Very likely the interminable blowing of the monotonous fog whistle has had something to do with it.

One morning when we are in mid-ocean, the huge wheel, which has been beating the waters so steadily for five days, suddenly stops. The ship comes to a standstill, and all aboard is hushed. The vast silence is not broken even by a ripple on the ship's side. What a strange sensation it produces among us all, as we see the ponderous ship, which has been before so full of life, now lying a helpless mass on the mighty sea. We try to ascertain the cause of the stop, but in vain. The coolness of the officers, however, and the undisturbed manner in which the chief engineer walks the decks with his hands behind him and with a cigar in his mouth, give us a restful assurance that nothing serious has happened. After an hour's delay, we are again speeding on our way, none the wiser as to the cause of the incident.

Two or three days before our arrival in New

York, the subject of custom duties begins to be discussed by the passengers. Could the question of protection have been put to a vote (suppose female suffrage granted), then and there, I have not the least doubt that Free Trade would have carried the day, for all the ladies with their silk dresses and their kid gloves, are eager to pass the custom house, free.

Prominent among the passengers is a little sharp-featured, loquacious lady, who makes much amusement for the passengers by her great solicitude in regard to a silver communion service, which had been given her by some English friends. She is the wife of an evangelical clergyman, who watches over a pious flock of communicants, in the state of New York. When the question of duties came up, Rev. Mrs. A. became intensely interested, and proceeded to interview everybody on the ship, asking them whether they thought she would have to pay duties on her "communion service." Getting the answer of one passenger, she would go to another and so on. Three days did this poor soul seek information, until there was hardly a man, woman or child

in the cabin whom she had not interrogated about "my communion service." One day, she captures me, for a second time, in the corner of the saloon and begins her story, which I have heard repeated, time and time again, by the passengers, for it has become a by-word with them.

"Now, Mr. Davis, I want to talk with you about duties. What do you think? I have got a communion service—"

"Yes, I have been told so. Is it valuable?"

"Oh, yes; it is rich and valuable, I grant, but it was a gift of friends in England to our parish. It cost me nothing. I cannot sell it, and our parish is poor. Now, do you think I ought to pay duties on it? I would like your advice just what to do in the matter. It is nicely packed in my trunk. Do you think I had better tell the officers, or would you say nothing about it? I think it would be mean, if they charge me anything, considering the circumstances, don't you? It was a gift, you know; it cost me nothing. I know it is valuable, but still, I think, considering the circumstances, that it's a gift for a church and that I

did not pay anything for it, that it ought to pass free of duty, don't you, now? I would like your unprejudiced opinion. You understand, it is a gift."

As soon as her tongue ceases, and I can command myself, I answer. "Yes, I think I understand, madam. My advice is that you calmly, but frankly, state your case to the officer, who examines your trunks, telling him that you have a communion service which —"

"Yes, and it's a beautiful one."

"I would say nothing about its worth, for you really know but little about its money value."

"Yes, I do; I know it is very valuable."

"Yes, but I would not speak of its value; simply tell the officer it is a gift — but you know the story, and how to tell it. My opinion is, that if you tell him the whole truth frankly, he will let it pass; but, if you should attempt to conceal the service, it might be discovered and confiscated, and you, the wife of, no doubt, an excellent christian husband, and —"

"Yes; there never was a better man than William."

"If the service should be confiscated, the

charm of the gift would be gone, not only to yourself but to your church, and you would be liable to criticism."

"That is so. Well, I think I will do as you say." So saying she seeks some one else for advice.

We arrive in the lower harbor early Sunday morning, July 21, but are delayed some time in quarantine, for there are a few cases of small-pox in the steerage. The cabin passengers have been ignorant of the fact that this dread disease had broken out aboard the ship. This shows how well the passengers of the steamers are managed. We are in sight of our native land, and are impatient at the delay, for we are eager to set foot on our own soil once again. About noon, we bid farewell to our good ship and its gentlemanly officers, and are taken in a tug up the harbor to the dock. The poor steerage passengers, however, are left below in quarantine to be vaccinated.

Whose advice Mrs. A. took, out of the multiplicity of her council, I forgot to learn, in the bustle and confusion incident to landing.

Our own experience in passing the custom

house was very pleasant. During our voyage, we became well acquainted with a sedate, kind-hearted and substantial gentleman from New York,—a retired merchant. We mingled much together, and Mr. B. took considerable interest in my family. The day before we arrived in New York he said to me, "Mr. Davis, you have a large family and must have a great many trunks to look after. I presume you and your wife would be glad to be relieved of all care and anxiety about passing your things through the custom house."

"Certainly we should, and would most fully appreciate any relief in that direction."

"Well," said he, "give yourself no thought about the matter, and leave it to me. My brother John is coming out on the custom house boat to meet me, and he will look out for all our trunks. He knows all the custom officers intimately, and will have your baggage passed without delay. All you need do is to give him your keys and put your trunks with mine on the dock."

This was a very grateful act to Mrs. D., for she had hired in Paris a professional trunk-

packer to pack her dresses smoothly, so she did not want to have them disturbed.

On the tug, which brings the custom officers down the harbor to meet us, are our friends, Mr. George and Mr. Keene, whose welcome faces give us great pleasure. There is also a gentleman whom I had quite taken to on my journey to Europe a year before. My friend Mr. B. takes me by the arm to introduce me to his brother John, but before he could do so John, who is no other than my old steamer-friend, recognizes me, and exclaims familiarly, "Why, how are you, Davis. Have you just returned? Do you know my brother William?" William smiles, and thinks it rather a good joke, and tells John that he had offered to get him to relieve me of all trouble in regard to my trunks, whereupon John B. takes my keys and says that he will see that everything is all right. When our trunks are on the dock, an officer marks them all, opening only one, the contents of which he hardly disturbs.

We thank both William and John for their kindness, and bid them an affectionate good-

bye. Leaving Mr. George and Mr. Keene to care for our baggage, we proceed to the St. Nicholas hotel to spend the night. Next morning we are speeding home as fast as the engine can carry us, but not fast enough for our thoughts. They are already in the family home from which we have so long been separated.

A little before seven o'clock we are in Lynn. A scene now presents itself quite in keeping with the dream which so impressed Mrs. D. while in Italy. Friends and relatives have gathered in our house, and have spread for us a bountiful New England board. Mottoes, such as "Welcome Home," are hung upon the walls, and the sincerity of the greeting touches all our hearts.

Never before have I been so profoundly moved with gratitude to the great Giver of all our blessings as at this time. I have been travelling with all my family for thirteen months. Health and unbounded pleasure have attended us in all our wanderings, and now to be all well and safely home again, under our own roof, with these loving friends

to welcome us back, stirs our souls to their depths. Indeed, we should be other than human were we not reverently thankful for such a successful ending to so important an event in our lives.

Our journey is ended, and my health is fully restored. Soon, I shall be busy again with the problems of life, and I ask for a brave spirit to enable me to meet them triumphantly—whether they be of joy or sorrow, of success or defeat; never forgetting the Omnipotent One who guides the destinies of mankind.









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